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THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1891.

NO. I.

IN THE FLATHEAD COUNTRY.

If you will get your Geography and turn to the map of the United States, you will notice in the extreme north-western part of Montana a body of water of which probably few North Carolinians have heard. If situated east of the Mississippi, Flathead Lake would undoubtedly be quite famous; but lying, as it does, in the far north-west, and off the great thoroughfares of travel, it has heretofore been almost unknown except to the government surveyors and Indians.

It had long been known that the "Flathead country" was one among the finest vallies of the Rockies, but being somewhat inaccessible, immigration had not found its way into the valley until within the last few months. The projection of the great northern railroad through it last spring was the beginning of the rush into the valley of settlers, prospectors and

the ever-present town-site boomers. Since coming to Montana the principal topic of conversation it seems to me has been concerning the Flathead country and of the rival towns which have sprung up there during the past spring and summer.

A few days since, Judge Woody, a New Garden student of 35 years ago, I suspect with a view of giving me a taste of genuine western experience, asked me how I would like to take a trip up into the Flathead. Said he had some collections for an eastern firm in the valley and if I would make the trip I could start that evening. Of course I was only too glad to accept—so seven o'clock found me at the depot waiting for the Northern Pacific train. I will confess I felt some misgivings, as recollections of stories came to mind of western desporadoes, whose especial delight was shoot-

ing at the feet of an eastern tenderfoot, "just to see him dance." But as one of the sheriff's deputies was to be company for part of the journey, I felt somewhat reassured.

In a few minutes the Pacific express from St. Paul to Portland pulled into the station and we boarded. A ride of two hours down the Missoula valley brought us to Ravalli, where we were to take stage in the morning for the foot of the lake.

Ravalli is only a station situated in the Flathead Indian Reservation, and derives its importance only from being the shipping point of the whole Flathead country. It was dark when we arrived there, and as we got off and walked up the station platform, crowded with teamsters, half-breeds and an occasional Indian, wrapped up to his ears in his blanket, I felt for the first time that I was actually in the genuine "wild and woolly west." Finally we found the stage waiting, and we climbed in among Swedes, Germans, Irish, half-breeds, a Chinaman and half a dozen other nationalities, all bound for "the Flathead."

Three or four hundred yards brought us to the hotel where we were to put up for the night. The hotel is kept by a half-breed, as white men are not allowed a permanent residence on the Reservation. Wishing to get all the sleep

we could, preparatory to our long ride the next day, we immediately called for our room. The hotel proper being full, the proprietor called a dirty "one gallused" Indian and directed him to show us our sleeping place. Taking a candle he told us to follow. About one hundred yards out we came to a log shanty; the Indian opening the door entered and we followed. There were something like a dozen fellows already occupying our apartment, but finding an empty bed we were soon inveighing the aid of Morpheus.

About two o'clock in the morning we were awakened by our guide of the night before, calling out that the stages were nearly ready. Hurriedly dressing, we found our way back to the hotel, and asking for breakfast were directed to the "dining room," a few yards across the railroad track. We found a Chinaman in charge. There were eatables in profusion, but the taste of the Celestial kingdom was too prominent to make the breakfast enjoyable.

The stages were now nearly ready to start, so paying John his "four bitte" for the breakfast, I hurried out. The inside seats were already taken, but a quarter breed Indian girl up on the driver's seat told me I might sit by her "if I would be a good boy." I promised to be one and climbed

up. I soon found that I had been fortunate in getting the driver's seat, as it was more comfortable than those inside, and commanding a much better view of the country. Everything was now ready, and the driver giving his whip an extra crack or two around the ears of the lead horses, we were off.

The first few miles were up a steep grade over the mountain. It was yet dark and we could see the lights of the other two stages far ahead. My somewhat versatile quarter-breed companion now exchanged seats with a young Englishman, on his way to join a party of Government surveyors. He had been a Cambridge student and I found him to be quite interesting. Daylight found us at the St. Ignatius Catholic mission. A little beyond we drew up at a *corral*, where we changed horses. Then for thirty miles the road was over what had evidently been, at some former period, a lake—a rolling prairie, covered with fine grass, dotted here and there with bands of horses and cattle and flanked on either side by mountains. It was a sight beautiful to see.

To our right was the mission range—a range of foot hills running parallel with the main chain of the Rockies. They were over twenty miles away, but in the clear atmosphere did not appear

to me to be over three or four. One of the peaks was covered with snow and is the year around. At eight o'clock we again stopped; this time at Allard's ranch, the half-breed who owns the stage line, for breakfast and to change horses. I was not hungry and took advantage of the stop to take a walk to rest myself from the long ride. Breakfast over we again started and a ride of seven or eight miles brought us to the top of a hill, where spread out before us was the lake itself.

It is not within the limits of this article to attempt a description of the scene, but by a unanimous vote of the entire company we voted it the prettiest scenery we had ever looked upon. A few miles from the south end of the lake four islands lie across it at right angles to the shore. To our left, in the distance, we could see the *Pend d Oreille* (*Pond-de-Ray*) river, the outlet, threading its way to the south-west to join the mighty Columbia.

We were yet two miles from the boat landing, and down the hill the stages went, the horses in a gallop, the drivers handling their six horses with more ease than I would have handled one. Between holding on to the seat with both hands and trying to get all the views of the lake possible, I had a "sincere desire both uttered" and expressed, that our brake rods

were made of good tough iron; for had they broken during our, to me, too rapid descent, we must have been landed in the lake, a mile or two from shore. We however reached the bottom in safety and found the steamer already loaded and waiting only for the stage passengers. In a few minutes we were all aboard, the cables unfastened, and the "State of Montana" ploughing her way across the clear limpid waters of the Flat-head.

A two and a half hours run brought us to the north end of the lake, where we entered the river of the same name. The thirty-five miles of the river was through the most fertile country imaginable. Although settled but a year or two, we passed ranch after ranch, with fields of wheat and oats just beginning to ripen—August 10. About four in the afternoon we reached Demersville, the head of navigation, a typical new western town, hardly a year old, houses mostly planked up and down, six or seven hundred inhabitants, something like twenty "real estate" offices, some of them canvas tents, and, as the hotel keeper told me, 43 saloons. I didn't ask concerning the voting strength of the Prohibitionists there, as I thought he might consider the question somewhat irrelevant to the situation.

Finding that the parties I was

to see had taken their departure some days before, leaving other unpaid bills besides the ones I held, early the next morning I took the stage for Columbia Falls, twenty-five miles up the river and fifty from the British line. If Demersville was new, Columbia Falls was superlatively newer. It had only been five months since the first house was built, yet the town boasted of 500 inhabitants, water works, electric lights, a \$40,000 hotel—yet to be—half a dozen additions to the town site, and many other improvements, most of which I found to be on paper. Yet these towns are now what nearly all western cities have been within the last twenty-five years, and will no doubt in a few years be cities of importance, the latter one especially, for, situated on the river just where the great Northern railroad breaks through the mountains from the east, and within a few miles of the newly discovered coal beds, it must eventually become a place of some importance.

The next day was Sunday, and as there were no churches in the place I went up the river Canyon two or three miles before noon. If I had had some one with me to have enjoyed the scenery, it would have been quite pleasant, but being alone I soon tired of the beauties of nature—worried just a little by the thoughts of

meeting a grizzly—and started back towards town. I intended returning to Demersville that afternoon, but missing the stage and hearing that a band of Chipewewa Indians were in camp half a mile from town I thought I would go out and investigate. There were something near fifty of them, and a stroll around the camp was convincing evidence that they were genuine sons of the forest, whose natural tastes and manners had not yet been warped by the confining bonds of civilization. They were at dinner when I went up. Upon three poles standing on end and fastened together at the top, something like the tripod to a surveyer's compass, was swung a pot in which was boiling some kind of meat—hair and all. Whether it was deer or dog I could not tell, but three fat puppies close to the "door" of the "tepee" aroused the suspicions in my mind that I did not care to put an end to by any gastronomic investigations. Upon a tin pan, around which were seated ten or twelve of the company, was some of the meat, from which common dish each one helped himself at will, using his fingers for knife, fork, plate or napkin as occasion required.

Having a paper bag of candy in my hand, I inadvertently offered a piece to an old squaw as a peace offering and as a sign of

my good will and intentions, but was somewhat disconcerted by her, when she had tasted it, to thrust her hand into the bag, grabbing what she could and calling out to the others what a bonanza she had found. I was soon surrounded by squaws and papooses begging for more; when the crowd becoming too many for me and their embraces too embarrassing, I modestly dropped the candy and elbowed my way out. There was quite a scramble for the remnant and when it had disappeared the squaws seemed to enjoy my discomfiture immensely; for from their signs and laughter I judged they were making merriment over the very tender "tenderfoot" they considered me to be.

Seeing some moccasins lying near the tepees I inquired the price. The one finger held up I took to mean a dollar and made signs in return that I would take a pair; but wanting one in ladies' size, none would answer. I tried to explain that those were too large, but they would point to my feet and shake their heads, all the while talking and laughing with each other. I could not make them understand till finally I explained as best I could that I wanted them for "my squaw."

This seemed to convey the desired information, so measuring off on the squaw's foot the desired length and showing her a dollar as evi-

dence of my bona fide intention of purchasing she got buckskin, sinew, beads and needles, and the work commenced. One of the "bucks" reclining in ease against the side of the tent becoming interested in the trade came up and after a few words passed with his squaw as to the terms of the bargain and learning from her that it was my intention of waiting for the moccasins, pointed to the sun and then to the western horizon, which I interpreted to mean that it would be sundown before they would be finished. Having nothing else to claim my attention for the afternoon and having a desire to learn more of their domestic affairs, I concluded to wait. It was surprising to see the amount of gambling going on among the male portion of the outfit. Nearly every one, even the little fellows scarcely large enough to walk were engaged in the sport. Getting down on my knees to take an inside view of one of the teepees, I was somewhat surprised to hear from an old buck on the inside, dressed principally in an old plug hat and a linen duster, an invitation in tolerably fair "pigeon english," to take part in a game of "seven up;" but I declined with thanks. Noticing preparations of a somewhat unusual character going on a few yards off from the tents, I went out to see what was the matter. They

had made the frame work of a tent of boughs stuck in the ground and bent over, something like the picture of an Esquimaux house, about five feet in diameter and three feet high; this they covered with two or three thicknesses of blankets. They had built a fire on the outside on which they were piling stones. I soon learned from a half-breed who had come up that the "medicine man" was going to doctor two of his patients by putting them through a primitive "Turkish bath." There was a hole dug inside the "sweathouse" and when the stones were hot the medicine man and the two sick ones got inside. They first smoked the pipe, chanting in the interval between whiffs, some kind of a doleful strain. Finally the stones were taken from the fire, put in the hole inside the sweathouse and a bucket of water thrown on. The opening was now closed, making the hut almost air tight. We could hear the chant going on inside, varied with a clapping of hands. This continued for something like 20 minutes, when we heard a whoop from the inside, which was the signal for opening the tent. Several young bucks on the outside quickly removed the blankets and the medicine man emerged, followed by the other two. They were fairly streaming with perspiration, and throwing themselves on the ground pro-

ceeded to cool off. It seemed to me it would have suffocated them, but one of them smilingly made signs to me that his pain was all gone.

I have since heard of white men who had gone through the same operation, but could not remain inside more than five minutes. It is said to be an infallible remedy for colds and rheumatism. Who knows but what the modern "Turkish bath" had its origin in this? Several other things I saw that were interesting to me but I fear it might prove tedious to the "COLLEGIAN" readers to enumerate them. The next day I returned to Demersville, and the morning after took the boat for

the foot of the lake, then by stage to Ravalli, where we only waited a few minutes for the east bound Northern Pacific train. Coming back across the Reservation the dust was literally horrible. I had the driver's seat on top of the stage and sometimes the dust was flying so thick we could not see the horses. I imagine my feelings when I again reached Missoula and the hospitable home of Judge Woody, were somewhat akin to those of the children of Israel when after wandering 40 years in the wilderness they at length reached the Promised Land.

J. M. DIXON.

Missoula, Montana.

ORCHIDS.

No less than five orchids are found every year by some members of the Botany class at Guilford College. The most beautiful and consequently most eagerly sought for among these is the *Cyprideum*, familiarly known as "Lady Slipper" or "Moccasin flower," so called from the fancied resemblance which its inflated saccate petal bears to a moccasin or slipper.

Of the genus *orchis* there is but a single representative in Ameri-

ca, so far as is known, "*orchis spectabilis*," and this is frequently found about the College. The habitat of this plant is generally a rich moist woods. It has two oblong shining leaves, from three to five inches long, between which rises the flower stalk, about six inches high, bearing a few handsome white and pinkish flowers.

Another variety which is very common in our woods is *Aplectrum hyemale*, commonly known as "Adam and Eve" or "Pully

root"—the latter name referring to the appearance of the root, which is a globular.

The plant has a single elliptical ovate leaf, which is green all winter. In the early spring a dozen brownish racemed flowers are borne upon a tall scape from twelve to eighteen inches high.

Other varieties not so showy but none the less interesting to the botanist are the "*Liparis liliifolia*" or "Sway Blade," and the "*Spiranthes*" or "Lady tresses," both of which are found in our woods.

Orchids are found in nearly all countries except the very cold and very dry. In northern localities the species are terrestrial, usually inhabiting marshy places or shady woods; in tropical countries many of them are air plants, growing from branches of the trees in dense moist forests, without contact with the earth. In this country there are east of the Mississippi about 70 species, all of them terrestrial except two epiphytical species found in Florida. Only in the tropics does this order reach its highest development.

Orchids are among the most valued of cultivated plants, some for their beauty, others for their fragrance, and some for their grotesque forms.

Their simulative forms are wonderful—the flowers of one species

quite resemble the mouth of a cuttle fish. In others the resemblance to a large spider is equally strong, and in several species the flowers almost exactly imitate various insects. This is especially true in the butterfly orchis—the flowers of which in size, form and color are like a gaudy butterfly. Its being an air plant only makes the resemblance more striking.

To the Botanist orchids are interesting on account of the peculiar manner in which fertilization is effected. In many species—owing to the arrangement of stamens and pistil—it is not possible for the pollen to fall upon the stigmatic surface without artificial aid. In the majority of orchids the pollen is agglomerated into two or more masses, in which the grains are held together by minute elastic threads, or are in a waxy mass. These pollen masses are lodged in the cells or pockets of the antler, have often a little pedicelar stalk, at the base of which is a viscid disk or gland. This coming in contact with an insect visiting the flower adheres to it, and the pollen mass is thus withdrawn from the pouch and carried by the insect to another flower, where, as the proboscis and head are bent down the pollen mass is brought in contact with the stigmatic surface—thus fertilization is effected.

Indeed the structure is such,

throughout the entire family, varied in different genera, that the flowers cannot be fertilized without the aid of insects.

Though so large a family, the orchids yield but few useful products; the most important commercially are the pods of several species of *Vanilla* found in South America. Some varieties are remarkable for the duration of their

flowers, which renders them especially valuable in floral decorations.

Among wealthy horticulturists the cultivation of the orchid becomes almost a passion, and fine specimens of rare species are often purchased at almost incredible prices.

GERTRUDE W. MENDENHALL.

EMIGRATION FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

A correct statistical History of Emigration from North Carolina during the present century would present facts and figures that would almost pass belief; those who have not thought upon the subject would be astonished to find Carolinians and their children so widely scattered, and in such astonishing numbers.

The census of 1850 brought out the fact that nearly one third of Indiana's population came from North Carolina, with nearly as large a per cent. in Ohio, while Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Kansas each had a large per cent. in their population. There has been a constant tide of emigration into Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama and Arkansas since 1800. During this time tens of thousands settled east of the Mississippi. In 1835 the

region in the far north-west was opened for settlement and Carolinians were among the first to enter the new territory, and like birds of passage were found "wide wandering, yet not lost" upon the vast prairies.

In 1849, when the gold fever started in California and extended to Oregon, North Carolinians were among the first to meet the perils of the overland journey and blaze the way for the subsequent wonderful national migration; and to-day they are in every State and Territory west of the Mississippi, filling positions from village cobblers to Governors of States, and Judges of the highest State and National Courts. They are living in every condition, from the *dug-out* and *shack* on the wide plains and wild mountains to halls

of wealth and pride—everywhere active, earnest, ambitious, industrial and successful; giving tone, strength and honor to all social, civil and religious institutions with which they are connected.

The wonderful *adaptability* possessed by all who grow up in this climate gives them advantages over other states and makes them the equals of any race on earth. This is claiming much, but facts will bear it out in history.

After satisfying myself of the *equality* if not the superiority of Carolina blood and adaptability, I set about collecting facts and figures. With this object in view, on one of my trips through the far north-west and Pacific coast, I made it a point to call out at every stop where there seemed to be one hundred or more people: "Is there any one here from Indiana or North Carolina." In answer to from three to four hundred such calls would come in eager tone: "Yes, I'm from both," or "my parents came from North Carolina, or they came to Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa or Missouri, and I came from there." Some of those calls led to pleasant surprises, for many times it would be an old friend of early life, whose history I had lost; other times it would be the children of my early playmates. Far up in North Dakota, near Devil Lake, I found a colony of young men who

had gone out many miles ahead of the settlements, where they had located and were holding their claims; their parents were all from Guilford county and all old friends. At every stop in the Yellowstone valley the call was answered, and at many places there were strong settlements. At the far end of Galletan valley, at the head of the Missouri, I found Frank Dunbar, from Randolph county. He had been there 20 years and was one of the first pioneers of the valley. In some of the wildest regions of Idaho and eastern Washington and Oregon, they would come up with bright eyes and warm shake of the hand, and "are you from Caroliner."

Over on the coast, at Tacoma, Seattle, Olympia, Portland, Salem, Eugene City and up the whole length of the Willamette valley they were found not by dozens and hundreds, but by thousands, always in the front rank of that wonderful region where seemingly there is more push and vitality than in any other corner of the earth. Amid the inspiring influences that seems to fill every one with new life and energy, no class seems to drink deeper of that inspiration than the sturdy Carolinians.

I found them everywhere in southern Oregon, in Rogue river valley, the Mount Shasta region,

down the fertile, luxuriant Sacramento valley, in Sacramento City, at all the way stations, at Oakland City, by the thousand in San Francisco, in San Jose, up the Santa Clara valley, down the coast to San Louis Obispo, up the San Joaquin valley, at Merced and amid its grand surroundings, at Fresno and its wonderful orange orchards and vineyards, at Bakersfield, with its 70,000 acre ranch, standing by me on the platform as we passed Tehatcape Loop, shouting and waving their caps in the mountain breeze as if delirious with wonder and delight; and when we reach the Paradise of Beauty in the region around Los Angeles, *they were everywhere*. In many neighborhoods and villages Carolina blood predominated, and in making others made a large working minority.

In like manner and in like proportion they are found in all the vast intervening region west of the Mississippi.

Looking over the State as we find it to-day the question arises, how has it been possible for it to stand the constant drain of population? for more people have em-

igrated from than now reside in its borders.

History reads that in all similar cases there has been a slow but sure decline, physically, intellectually and morally, but it proves the contrary in this instance. By careful observation and measurement the average height of Carolinians is two inches greater than that of any other State, and their mental and moral capacity is equal if not superior to all the outside world, as shown in the per cent. of success when compared with equal numbers from any other State or Nation.

The question naturally comes up, how did so many thousands find their way across mountains and rivers, across trackless forests, among merciless savages, without protection or guides, long before steamboats came into use or were known, and before railroads were constructed?

This subject is destined to become of more and more interest as we rapidly drift away from the landmarks of our grand-parents. At another time I will try to answer this question.

ADDISON COFFIN.

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON.

On the 18th of May I left Leominster for London alone. I had hoped to have the company of my good English friend, Henry Stanley Newman, upon my first visit to the greatest city in the world; but on account of sickness he was unable to be with me. On the two previous days, the 16th and 17th, we had snow, and my journey on the morning of the 18th impressed me much with a sense of chilliness which was difficult to resist. The atmosphere of England is penetrating; and to get along comfortably at that season of the year one needs heavy clothing and abundance of good English mutton. London atmosphere is especially hard to endure; the fog and smoke and the constant recurrence of scenes of historic or literary interest seem to combine to exhaust one; and after being in London a few days one is refreshed by taking a train into the country. The impression of London may be best understood by comparing other cities with London. There is nothing so overpowering in any other city I have ever visited. It seems limitless, and you may travel for miles in any direction and not find the city less city-like. You can find your way easily by

inquiry. There is so much irregularity about the streets that you cannot depend upon the directions of the streets. Policemen in London, so far as my impression goes, are ever ready and willing to render any needed assistance. You can but admire those large, strong, obliging men, who exercise great authority in the public life of London, and who appear to show a discriminating sense of justice and kindness in the difficult task of regulating the enormous travel on the streets. Being in London on the day of the reception given to the Emperor of Germany, I had a fine opportunity of seeing the manner in which vast multitudes are handled by the police force of the city, of which occasion, however, I cannot speak now.

One feature of London is the apparently endless mass of human life. I sometimes found myself saying "people, people, people!" You soon learn to make your way skilfully through a dense multitude. It is often dangerous to undertake to cross a street. Yet with all this mass of human beings, seemingly of all nations, without a companion, one often feels a sense of loneliness. On a rainy Sabbath afternoon I

went to St. Paul's Cathedral, and heard the service, the music, the prayers and the sermon. In the midst of the numerous statues of military and naval heroes facing me in the vast building, I was not specially impressed with any religious feeling, but was overcome by the spaciousness of the cathedral itself.

After the service I made my way back to my boarding place, a temperance hotel, by a London street train, having made my way to the Cathedral on foot in the rain. But you never mind the rain in England. The underground railway attracts one's attention; and I generally found myself disinclined to make use of this means of travel in London. While New York puts her railroads over your head, London prefers to go down into the ground and put her roads in tunnels.

One likes to walk in London. To pass over some of the bridges

over the Thames, as the London bridge, and behold the unending stream of wagons, four abreast—two one way and two the other, closely joined together—is a privilege not to be forgotten. The river so historic, the very bridge itself, the traffic on the river beneath and on the bridge, the crowds of people passing both ways, the city on either side, all invite the stranger to linger to survey the strange scene. All the more imposing is the sight when one remembers the beautiful sonnet of Wordsworth on Westminster Bridge at morning:

"Earth hath not any thing more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty.
The city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theaters and temples lie
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendor, valley, rock and hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt a calm so deep!
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!"

LEWIS LYNDON HOBBS.

The Guilford Collegian.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

LITERARY SOCIETIES
OF GUILFORD COLLEGE.

SEPTEMBER, 1891.

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Address all business communications to
MENDENHALL & WILSON,
Guilford College, N. C.

Subscription price: One year.....\$1.00
Club rates: Six copies..... 5.00
Single copies..... .10

THE COLLEGIAN is entered at Guilford College Post
Office as second class matter.

MONARCH AND EXECUTIVE.

Every American who has watched the course of events in the old world during the past few years cannot fail to look with wonder and admiration upon two of Europe's greatest nations—Germany and France.

These two nations are recording each day history which but few were ever lead to expect; and while we rejoice with them in their present state of prosperity, we are also interested in the whys, wherefores and causes of these conditions.

To make a long story short we would simply remark, that the existing state of affairs in both these countries, is without doubt, largely due to the men who are at the head of State.

And while the one is a Monarch and the other an executive officer by choice of the people, they may both be called with propriety servants of the people.

First let us glance at the Emperor of Germany, William II.

Although his reign covers but the short period of three years, the fatherland has flourished during that time as it has never done before. It must be conceded that the present Emperor is a self-made man. Neither his father's greatness nor that of his grandfather has made *him great*. When he came upon the throne he made a solemn promise that "he would be the first servant of the state," and while the people looked upon this promise as being only a "commonplace remark," yet all Germany realizes now that he fully meant what he said.

He has been criticised on all sides, but why? Because *he was honest*. If Germany and every other nation had more public men to be criticised for their honesty we would, indeed, have an "honest world."

William II. is a friend of every class of people in his domain. He believes in *upholding the weak*

and *restraining* the *strong*; and as a noted writer has already expressed, the great secret of his success lies in three indisputable facts:

1. He is honest.
2. He is courageous.
3. He is a thorough German.

Truly, Germany is at present the most unreal Monarchy we have ever known.

But what of France?

Four or five years ago the French Republic was at its lowest ebb. Her government was unstable and tottered under oppression and vice. Her greatest statesmen expected her downfall at any time. The project of her great Exposition seemed destined to fall through. But in 1887 Carnot was placed at the head of the government. He was worthy of the honor—if it *was* an honor; manly and dignified; imperturbable during exciting times; firm and courageous.

But the secret of *his* success seems to have been that *he possessed no selfish ambition*. How *unlike* his predecessor—Grevy. How *unlike* Boulanger and Floquet, who, although claiming to be “broad-minded” statesmen, were only hastening the time for the downfall of their republic.

But we see France in a more prosperous condition to-day than she has been for years, and above all things else we see a man at

the helm of her government who seeks no individual honor, a man who was reared in the school of liberal statesmanship.

Thus it can be said in truth—Germany has an Emperor and France an Executive, upon whom the whole world looks with admiration. It is well for their people that they live in this progressive age. Their lives are true examples of liberality, justice and right.

And even America can say to each one of them in the language of the poet Horace, *Serus in Cælum redeas*.

C. F. T.

TO NEW STUDENTS.

The present term opens with a greater number of new students than any previous one in our collection, and the prospects for a good year's work are indeed flattering. Whether or not the many opportunities here offered are improved—whether or not, in after years, the students can look back and realize that the promises of these flattering prospects have been fulfilled, is almost entirely for the students themselves now to say. Every stage in life has its particular advantages, and the many battles to be fought, the essential duties to be performed, the conquests to be achieved, and the various acquirements and at-

tainments requisite for a noble character and a useful life are incident, each to its peculiar stage, in the drama of life. These must be taken in their order, each succeeding and depending upon, and fully completing the previous one. Then it follows if one be neglected the succeeding ones must necessarily be impaired by such neglect, for by it one link in the chain which binds the deeds of a lifetime is broken—one important and potent factor in the structure of character has been left out, and the structure itself must be incomplete. Furthermore, each stage has its particular duties to be performed, its own urgent demands to be heeded; so the golden opportunities of one once passed cannot be recalled.

It is generally admitted that "college life" is among the most important of these different stages, and we claim that among the many duties under this head, that of active society work deserves the careful attention and support of the student. It is not in the limits of this article to enter into a discussion to prove the necessity of this work and the good to be derived therefrom, which will prove a great benefit in any vocation in after life, as we presume this fact to be evident and admitted by all who have given the subject any thought. Yet we would speak a word to those who

have allied themselves with any of the Literary Societies by way of encouragement, and we would impress the fact that the mere joining a Society is not sufficient, nor will it alone be productive of much perceptible good; nor indeed, is the best debater or declaimer necessarily the best member, or the one who will realize most from his money, time, or work invested therein.

A lively interest, a constant vigilance for the welfare of his society; a careful study of the laws and rules by which she is governed, a square stand and bold espousal of her constitution, a prompt attendance and willingness to sacrifice some time and labor, if need be, for the earnest discharge of the duties she enjoins upon her members—*these* are the great essentials which are characteristic of a good member, and when we find these qualities we always find those who are not only an honor to their societies and institutions, but who reap the greatest benefit from the advantages they offer.

Those who get the most from our State University, who take the highest stand in state and have a higher appreciation of their Alma Mater, are, as a general rule, those whose names stand as an ornament to their society rolls. This must be true in respect to any other institution.

And again, the sooner a new member manifests an active interest the sooner will he have an incite into the grand possibilities for rapid development in such a course.

R. H. H.

AIM HIGH.

It is during a young man's college life that his ambition, if there be such a thing in him, reaches its culmination.

As has often been stated before in these columns and elsewhere, *that* period of life is a time when a great problem is solved—a future destiny settled. And at this, the beginning of another college year, we wish to impress upon our fellow schoolmates the necessity of starting out in the right direction. The influences which are thrown around us play an important part in deciding the course we take. On the one hand our environments are such that we are continually strengthened and uplifted; and from *such influences* it is that any young man gets his highest and best aspirations.

On the other hand there are influences which weaken, and it is these latter influences that should be shunned.

Therefore, to be able to shun them we should "*Aim High.*" These words have often been

spoken by wiser heads, but do we appreciate their real meaning?

To "Aim High" is not simply to raise our eyes toward some realm above—unseen and unknown—but it is to take a step toward things that are higher and better, and to have a purpose in doing so.

If every school-boy would, as he begins his college career, make a resolve to "Aim High," and *carry it out*, it would be a true starting point of a useful life. "Aim High" is an injunction which any person may be proud to give. *Those* words will never be cast aside for want of usefulness—they will throb through the ages.

C. F. T.

A STUDENT'S WORK ASIDE FROM HIS BOOKS.

No student can place too high a value upon his four years at college.

With all of its hard problems and severe tasks, this period of his life is not unmixed with pleasure. It is at college that he learns something of the value of systematic methods of work and thought; here his views of life are broadened; here lasting friendships are formed; and this is the place, the scene that memory paints so vividly in after years.

The best periodicals and news-

papers of the day, found in our college libraries, the literary societies, generally not less than three or four in number, the Y. M. C. A. organization, the Y. W. C. A., the Y. W. C. T. U., Christian Endeavor, Temperance Union, the college classes, and other organizations connected with most colleges, constitute, aside from the regular studies of the student, a work which he feels he cannot and should not wholly neglect. So he comes face to face with a factor which cannot be eliminated, and that factor is the element of time. It takes time to do every thing, and the time which a student has at his command is limited and the amount of work to be done in the given time is quite sufficient to consume almost every moment.

But here are, as we might say, two divisions of work—the student's regular studies and his duties in these societies connected with the college. Both are conducive to the highest development of the student, but there is a difference in the degree of importance. The former is the primary object of his being in school and should not under any circumstances be slighted, because only thorough work in this line brings the desired result—a well trained and well disciplined mind. To-day it is the trained mind that is demanded in every line of busi-

ness, housekeeping not excepted.

It is true a student may go out from college halls to a busy life and find little time for carrying out any plans he may have formed for continuing his studies. His herbarium receives few additions; Greek and Latin may be forgotten; the once familiar constellations grow dim, and no practical use may be found for any of the hard problems in higher mathematics. But into whatever profession he may enter he will find need for the discipline and training of mind which hard study in these branches is calculated to give. No student ought to be satisfied with anything less than thorough work in his studies, and yet by working systematically, according to a well arranged program, he may find time to take an active part in the second division, which is supplementary to the first.

"Reading maketh a full man," says Bacon, and with such opportunities as our libraries present, containing as they do the choicest books, the best magazines, periodicals, and newspapers of the day, no student can afford to shut himself up in college walls and know nothing of what goes on outside for four years. By economy, some time can be found for reading each day.

A well organized literary society, places before every stu-

dent such advantages for improvement as he cannot afford to pass by. Some of the many benefits derived from a good debating society are clear and independent thinking, facility of expression, and self-confidence enough to communicate the products of thought to others. The amount of literary work which any student will find time to do may be embraced in the literary societies. We do not think it absolutely necessary to the best interests even of a sophomore class that three plays of Shakespeare be discussed at a regular meeting, a review of each written and a selection from each read.

The Y. M. C. A. is a thoroughly organized force against the evil, and each year grows stronger. What effect this organization is having upon the colleges throughout our country cannot be told in this limited article. But we think it more a privilege than a duty for every Christian young man to connect himself with this organization while at college, not because of the amount of work he may be able to do, but because he becomes interested in this noble work and leaves college filled with the desire of helping others. Some one has said "that the secret of reform is hand to hand philanthropy." Many students go out from colleges every year deeply

interested in the cause of the Y. M. C. A., and by the power of personal service, the uplifting influence of friendship reach many of the unsaved.

A young woman no longer leaves college as "fashion's gilded lady," but through the influence of the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. W. C. T. U. organizations she goes forth, willing to "lend a hand."

We see four years at college means a great deal. There is much to be done, many opportunities to be improved, a work to do aside from that for self. And in answer to the question of time we would say that the secret of finding time lies in knowing how to use it.

S. J. F.

THE NEW PARTY.

Almost in its infancy and apparently contrary to its primary principles, the Farmers' Alliance is fast assuming the shape of a "political party"—locally speaking if not nationally.

In Springfield, Ohio, the Peoples' Party held its nominating convention on August 1st and adopted a platform on which it will launch its reformatory demands on the turbulent sea of politics. In accordance with former demands of the order it adopts a plank which favors the

abolition of the National Banking system—that the Governments issues money direct to the people, prohibits foreign ownership of lands and declares that the right of suffrage is, and should be inherent in citizenship irrespective of *sex* or *color*.

Among its other demands are free school books and compulsory education.

Better, however, can the people of the North afford a step of this kind than those of the South.

The responsibility assumed on either side is great, and a movement whose universality is so largely due to appeals to sentiment, from a class who are not presumed to be acquainted with the intricate relation which the different political questions must bear to each other, and the dependence one has upon another when practically applied to our civilization—we say such a movement in the past has proven dangerous, and but for the conservatism and patriotism of the American people might, even in the 19th century be cause for serious apprehension. It is to be hoped that the leading characteristic of the American people and their power of perception will manifest themselves more clearly than ever in the approaching political troubles of our country.

R. H. H.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

Along with North Carolina's phenomenal industrial growth we should not forget the continual growth of education in our State. The old foggy idea—that getting a college education should be treated as a mere matter of pleasure—is rapidly finding its termination. It is more clearly exemplified every day that the greatest need of our State—financially, politically and otherwise—is more educated men and women who are live workers.

* * *

It is with pleasure that we notice the numerous improvements made around the College during vacation.

We are sure that all such things are appreciated by the students, especially by those who have been here before.

A new atmosphere seems to pervade everywhere. The lawns around the buildings never appeared more pleasing to the eye. Every building is in splendid condition and we cannot conceive of anything which stimulates a desire for study and moral improvement *more* than the healthy condition of our "*habitation*."

* * *

Considerable interest has been aroused in religious circles concerning the exhibition of the

"holy coat" at Treves—a town of Rhenish Prussia. This coat, it is claimed by a conservative class of Catholics is the same one which our Saviour wore prior to the Crucifixion.

This interesting relic was presented to the church at Treves by the Empress Helena and from time to time it has been exhibited publicly, the last exhibition having been in 1844. The Bishop at Treves is strongly of the opinion that the exhibition of this coat has wrought many miraculous cures. This assertion has brought out many severe criticisms from noted scholars and commentators, and there seems to be no veritable proof that the coat which is now being exhibited is the real seamless garment worn by Christ.

* * *

On the 3rd of August, 1891, the State of Kentucky adopted its fourth constitution. In many respects it is quite different from the ones under whose provisions she has attained her present position as a commonwealth among the States of the Union. It makes ministers eligible to her higher offices, who were deprived of this freedom by her previous statutes—the old constitution carrying the idea of separation of church and State to the extreme of thus defining the limits of their usefulness.

It also adopts the Australian Ballot System; forbids bribery at elections and makes the penalty of such offense disfranchisement. It revokes all lottery charters and forbids them in the State limits for the future; empowers the State Legislature to take steps against any pools, combines, trusts or organization to depreciate, below its real value, any article, or to enhance cost of same above its real value, and forbids slavery, the old statutes relating to which have never been removed until now.

* * *

The experience of the Kansas Prohibitionists seems to impress the doctrine that great reforms are not accomplished until the "times and circumstances are ripe for them." In 1880 that State passed a prohibition amendment and the following legislature passed an act to enforce it and after ten years trial it seems that it is about to prove a failure. Mr. E. Lonardson, State organizer of Prohibition Party, states that there is more liquor sold and consumed in Kansas to-day than at any time since the adoption of the amendment. He says there are 150 saloons in the city of Leavenworth and four wholesale liquor houses; that nearly all large towns in the State are collecting revenue from saloons.

PERSONAL.

We regret that Eula Dixon, the former personal editor, has not returned. She remains at home this term, improving her musical talent by exercising it on the banjo.

Herman Woody, class of '90, is now attending school at Earlham College, Indiana, where he expects to graduate in '92.

Zella McCulloch is teaching at Graham, N. C. We had hoped to see her in school this term.

Samuel Hunter has lately entered Adrian College, Michigan. We wish him a very pleasant term.

Sallie Stevens now teaches stenography and typewriting at this college.

Lucy Raine, *nee* Hancock, in company with Mary White of Greensboro, paid a short visit on Sept. 2d, to friends at the college.

Lola Stanley, '89, is Professor of Greek and Latin in the Fairview High School, Fairview, N. C.

Elma Hoskins is engaged in house-keeping at her home in Summerfield, N. C.

Leonard Van Noppen, a member of the class of '90, has been attending the summer Law School at the State University.

On Sept. 14th Minnie Copeland

was married to Robt. C. Benjamin of Chattanooga, Tenn. May the sweetest of conjugal happiness be theirs.

Flora Spenser has charge of the school at Deep River, and we hear is quite successful.

James Craven has lately been united in marriage with Sallie Steele, of East Bend, N. C. The COLLEGIAN extends congratulations.

Dora J. Bradshaw now has charge of a prosperous school in Raifordtown, Va. The Junior class no doubt sustains a great loss on account of her absence.

On account of the illness of her father, Mary Ballinger, a member of the Senior class, has not as yet entered school. We hope, however, that she may soon be permitted to return.

In her course of visits among relatives and friends in the State, Sophronia Reynolds, *nee* Elliot, stopped with us a few days. She is a former student of this place and since her marriage resides at Sing Sing, N. Y., leading a life thoroughly devoted to home missionary work.

It is with a feeling of sadness that we record the death of Cora Perkins, who separated from us no longer than last commencement. The following resolutions have been passed:

WHEREAS, since it has pleased our all-wise Father to remove from our midst Cora Perkins, whom we had learned to love, having been intimately associated with her as student and co-worker—therefore be it

Resolved, 1st, That we the members of the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union of Guilford College do fully realize our loss in the early death of her who was so zealous in her efforts to bring others to a knowledge of Him in whom she had believed.

Resolved, 2d, That we very much appreciate the christian influence which she exerted among us, and the exemplary life which she led.

Resolved, 3d, That we wish to express to her family and friends our deep sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved, 4th, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to her parents and that a copy be inserted in our minutes and published in the GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

The death of Walter M. Hammond occurred on the 21st of July at his father's residence, Archdale, N. C. For nearly a year he had suffered with consumption, exhibiting much patience and submission. Since graduating at N. G. B. S. he has also taken the degree of Ph. B. from the University at Chapel Hill. He afterwards took

charge of the public school in his native town, and then accepted a position as principal of the Hertford High School, Hertford, N. C. But his constitution being insufficient for the demands upon a teacher, he was compelled to give up his position before the close of the term, and returned home a physical wreck, but laden with the love and good wishes of his pupils. He was one of the pioneer members of the Websterian Literary Society of this College, which society has recently passed the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, since it has pleased God in his all-wise providence to remove from our midst our brother Walter Monroe Hammond—be it

Resolved, 1st, That in his death the Websterian society sustains an irreparable loss of one of its most devoted members; our state an intelligent and patriotic citizen, and society a noble christian young man.

Resolved, 2d, That we extend to the family bereft by his early death, our heartfelt sympathies, and commend them to the love of Him who doth all things well.

Resolved, 3d, That we send a copy of these resolutions to the bereaved family; to the GUILFORD COLLEGIAN for publication; and that they also be spread upon the minutes of our society.

LOGALS.

New Students.

Which Society are you going to join?

School has again opened and vacation has left at our faculty's disposal fresh brains in the familiar heads of last year, as well as in the heads of new students.

The brick work on the Y. M. C. A. Hall is complete, and we look forward with pleasure to a time when the members will have an elegant home.

The Y. M. C. A. members seem to be taking a renewed interest in their work this year, and we are glad to know that the new students are so willing to clasp hands and help us work. The Reception given on the first Saturday night of the term was enjoyed by all. Very appropriate speeches were made by the President of the Y. M. C. A., the President of the Y. W. C. T. U. and by Prof. E. C. Perisho, welcoming the new students. We think the reception did much to make all feel at home.

Base Ball is on the boom, and one of the first questions which confronts the new student is, "Can you play ball?" and one of the first things which meets his eye is a subscription list for "Base Ball purposes."

New Student (seeing typewriter.)—What kind of a trick is that?

Another New Student (seeing the letters)—That is to learn your A B C's on.

The lecture on Saturday night, the 5th, was given by President L. L. Hobbs. The subject was his trip from New York to Lancaster. He gave some very interesting notes upon the novelties of an ocean steamship, the beauties of the ocean, and the danger of steaming through the dense fogs off the coast of Newfoundland.

After the lecture on the evening of the 5th occurred the first social of the term. After several games in which most of the students participated the couples paired off for regular business.

Boys, how do you like the plan of chance in selecting your partner? It is too much like the Louisiana Lottery, isn't it?

Students, please keep out of the kitchen.

We are glad indeed to see so much improvement in the appearance of the lawn, but there is much to be done yet.

Our little village is steadily growing. We are glad to know that a two story brick store is soon to be erected.

On Wednesday, the 2nd, quite a number of the students went to the the home of Prof. J. W. Woody to bid H. H. Woody good-bye, as he was about to take his leave for Earlham College. We, as fellow students wish him much success in pursuing his studies in a sister college.

A match game of base-ball was played by the Juniors and Freshmen on September the 5th. To the regular ball players it must have seemed to be a very timid affair, as only a few of either class are "ball players."

How sad! The class tree of '92 is dead. But it is to be hoped that the aspirations and ambitions of the noble members of this class will not flourish and wither so soon.

New chairs in the library is a splendid "edition."

Herbert, what is the difference between zero and infinity?

The Trustees of the College have found it advisable to give the students an opportunity of learning the art of type-writing and we hope that many will avail themselves of this opportunity, as they will get good instruction and the use of a good typewriter.

When the students came back this term they were disappointed

to find their rowing expeditions at an end, for a time at least. The exceedingly heavy rains had done the destructive work by carrying away the dams of both ponds and wrecking some of the boats.

A young white crane has recently been procured as a valuable for the museum.

Go to Reynolds Bro's for a cut shave and shine.

Ask Hawks how he likes to "Pattonize" the Robert's House.

Notice what the managers of of THE COLLEGIAN have to offer in their advertisement.


Dr. Nereus Mendenhall gave an interesting and instructive lecture September 11, on "Hygiene." He dwelt principally on the necessity of pure air and cleanliness, for the protection of the system. We would be glad to hear from the Doctor more frequently, for we always get something good from him.

Miss Gertrude Mendenhall started on the morning of the 15th for Bryn Mawr. Our best wishes go with her.

Mr. R. A. Cooper, an old student of Guilford, paid us a short visit some days ago. We are always glad to see old students among us.

Single copies of The
Collegian can be had
for 10¢ pr copy by applying
to Either of The Managers
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See opposite page



THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

VOL. IV.

OCTOBER, 1891.

No. 2.

SOMETHING ABOUT ORGANIZING A NATIONAL BANK.

BY PROF. W. A. BLAIR.

To the mind of an average student there is always, perhaps, some little mystery connected with the workings of a bank. At the request of the editors of the COLLEGIAN, it is my purpose to endeavor to explain in a "plain, blunt" way something about the organization of a National Banking Association. Let us suppose that Guilford College has grown into a town of some three thousand inhabitants. It has factories, mills, stores and various other enterprises. Winston and Greensboro are too far away for our convenience. Some energetic citizen says, "let us have a bank of our own;" "that's a good idea," is the almost universal reply, and, after the question has been thoroughly discussed at the post office, on the street and in the stores, some of the best business men agree that such an institution will be a great convenience and benefit to the community and that it will pay. Some wealthy gentleman offers to be one of three to subscribe for the required amount of stock, but a student from the College who has been looking into the matter says the law requires not less than five "natural" persons. The next question is what shall be the amount of the capital stock? Somebody suggests \$25,000 to begin with, but another student gives the information that the minimum capital required of each national bank is based upon the population of the town or city in which it is located, as follows: \$50,000 for 6,000 inhabitants or less; \$100,000 for over 6,000 and not more than 50,000 inhabitants, &c. "Indeed," says our young friend, "the law states that no Association shall be organized with less than \$100,000

capital, but gives the Secretary of the Treasury power to grant special privileges in the case mentioned above." The Comptroller of the Currency, as requested, has looked into the needs of Guilford College, investigated the men who propose to become stockholders, and at last the stock is subscribed for "The Guilford College National Bank," with a capital of \$100,000, and the stockholders meet to elect their directors, of whom there must be at least five, each owning not less than \$1,000 of the stock. The directors elect the officers of the bank, which cannot begin operations until 50 per cent. of the capital stock is paid in. Ten per cent. of the remainder is to be called for monthly until the whole is received. When a certificate to the effect that half the capital has been paid reaches Washington, the Comptroller makes a thorough examination, and, if he finds that the law has been strictly complied with in every particular, he sends the Association a certificate and authorizes it to begin business. The certificate must be published for sixty days in THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN or some other paper. Now your bank, with \$50,000 of its capital paid in, must go into the market and buy U. S. bonds equal in amount to one-fourth of its capital stock. U. S. 4's are to-day quoted at 121½. The bank

must therefore pay \$30,375 for its \$25,000 of bonds which it deposits in Washington. The cashier is somewhat startled to see how little cash he has left on hand after purchasing the necessary bonds, books, safes, &c. &c., but is partially consoled by the fact that the bank is allowed to issue \$22,500 of its own notes, or 90 per cent. of the par value of the bonds purchased. So he pays the government \$75 for engraving a plate, and before long the notes come in blank. But again the officers are unhappy, for they must keep on deposit in the Treasury of the United States a sum equal to 5 per cent. of the circulation, for the purpose of redeeming notes that are worn, defaced or mutilated. In other words, \$5,375 has been sunk in premiums and now here is \$1,125 more "tied up."

I was much amused and not a little disgusted some time ago to hear a prominent Farmers' Alliance "worker" explain how the banks made money by receiving 4 per cent. interest from the government on the bonds purchased and then loaning the money to the "poor farmer" at 8 per cent., thus receiving at least 12 per cent. on the notes in circulation. The hearers applauded the statements, which were utterly and absolutely false and misleading. I am making no charge against the "Alliance" whatever, but ask you to note:

1: That the bank must pay a premium for its bonds. In our case we have seen this amount to be \$5,375.

2: The Guilford College National Bank must keep 5 per cent. of the circulation at all times on deposit in Washington—\$1,125 more to be "counted off."

3: We must pay the Government 1 per cent. each year, tax, upon the average amount of circulation.

4: We must pay a State tax of \$250 besides the regular state, county and town tax on any property owned.

5: We are allowed to issue to the extent of but 90 per cent. of the par value of the bonds purchased.

6: The banks must pay the expenses of an office in Washington where the notes are received, sorted, send back if in good condition, or destroyed if mutilated.

7: Every week or two a package of bills is sent home, and the bank must pay express charges at the rate of 75 cts. per thousand.

8: The bank must pay for engraving the plates from which its bills are printed, &c.

What is the actual result? Simply this: There is little or no profit to the bank in issuing notes, and many of our best banks have given it up altogether. Almost the only advantage is in the increase of circulating medium for

which our ignorant or misleading orator was crying.

Let me refer to one other point in this connection:

You hear it stated that banks make large amounts from bills which are lost or destroyed. This statement is also false, as the government reaps the entire benefit, the banks none.

But Guilford College National Bank has now opened its doors and is ready for business. In what ways is your community benefited? In many that, perhaps, "you know not of." Let me enumerate a few:

1: You have a place of security for depositing your money.

2: It is a great saving of time and a great convenience to be able to write a check instead of counting out the money.

3: If you wish to send \$100 to Boston it is not necessary to ship the currency. Your check, too, saves the sending of money from the state and goes with less risk than bills or silver.

4: The bank loans money which develops your manufacturing, farming and other interests. People know where to find needed money, and the bank knows to whom it ought to loan.

5: A vast deal of money would otherwise remain idle and unproductive in the hands of individuals, but when deposited in the bank it becomes active.

6: The bank stimulates saving and accumulating.

7: Your check book tells you how you have expended your money and encourages strict business habits.

8: There is less danger of making mistakes when you pay "by check."

9: If a payment is disputed, the check, endorsed by the payee, settles the question forever.

Gilbart says: "Banking also exercises a powerful influence upon the morals of society." It tends to produce honesty and punctuality in pecuniary engagements. Bankers, from their own interest, always have a regard to the moral character of the party with whom they deal; they inquire whether

he is honest or tricky, industrious or idle, prudent or speculative, thrifty or prodigal, and they will more readily make advances to a man of moderate property and good morals than a man of large property but inferior reputation. Thus the establishment of a bank in any place immediately advances the pecuniary value of a good moral character. In many ways bankers perform the functions of public conservators of the commercial values. From motives of private interest they encourage the industrious, the prudent, the punctual and the honest, while they discountenance the spendthrift and the gambler, the liar and the knave.

Winston, N. C.

EMIGRATION FROM NORTH CAROLINA—No. 2.

BY ADDISON COFFIN.

If the young people of this generation could see the roads used by the emigrants seventy-five years ago in crossing the mountains on their way to the region now composed of Tennessee, Kentucky and the Ohio valley they would be filled with astonishment and be ready to exclaim *impossible*.

It has been my fortune to make three journeys on foot from North Carolina to Indiana, and each time over a different route. This gave me opportunity to see and study the difficulties overcome by the early emigrants.

The early settlers in upper North Carolina soon learned that the buffalo and deer migrated

westward in the Spring and returned in the Fall to the rich Peavine region, where they found abundant winter pasture. Some of the more adventurous hunters determined to follow the well worn trails and see what lay beyond the boundary of their knowledge; they were led across unknown rivers and mountains into new and beautiful valleys, and finally into the beautiful region of what is now Tennessee and Kentucky.

As the years passed on these explorations were repeated and extended, and when the successive reports of the wonderful fertility and beauty of the land beyond the mountains became generally known, the spirit of adventure and hardy daring took possession of many leading spirits and they determined to take possession of that beautiful land.

I shall not attempt to give a history of the dangers, privations, battles, sieges, massacres, disastrous defeats, decisive victories and long years of darkness, blood, and suffering that the brave pioneers passed through; all that is written by our early historians and can be found in all public libraries. It is the unwritten history of how the emigration was done, that will be given.

The first emigrants followed the winding buffalo trails, for the instinct of that animal had invari-

bly found the best fords on the rivers and the most practical passes or gaps in the mountains, and any pack-horse could go where a full grown buffalo could ford, swim or climb

All the early emigration was on horseback and by pack-horses; each company having at least ten well-armed riflemen as guards and scouts to prevent surprise from the Indians and more dreaded and cruel white robbers. In many companies all the women and boys above twelve years carried smooth bore guns and were expert in their use, and many were the examples of self-devotion of brave boys who saved mother or sister from the uplifted tomahawk by an unerring shot in the hour of peril.

As the importance in the settlements in Cumberland and Kentucky increased the government established block houses or military posts at the various gaps or passes in the mountains and an escort of soldiers was sent with the companies of emigrants across what was called the wilderness, a region about 60 miles wide where the Indians and robbers always lay in ambush. Among the block houses were Old Fort, Poplar Camp, Tuggles Gap, Cumberland Gap, &c. The government first opened wagon roads to these posts, then opened wagon roads over the mountains through the

passes. Then there were times set in the Spring and Fall when the emigrant wagons rendezvoused, and then crossed the mountain in a body. But this crossing, in the light of modern facilities for travel, would seem impossible to this generation that loaded wagons were ever taken up and down these old trails where it would seem almost impossible to take one empty.

Many times there would be twenty to fifty wagons with two to four horses, with probably fifty horsemen and women.

When it was necessary to cross a mountain teams were doubled or trippled to each wagon and a stout man to each wheel to push and two to four behind and two to *chock*. Sentries would be stationed at regular intervals, and a party of horsemen and women sent forward to form a camp beyond the mountain and act as guards; then the ascent would begin; the steady, well-trained horses with their experienced drivers, would slowly move up the steep slope, without noise or confusion, the clatter of the horses feet, the low encouraging word of the drivers and the "steady, boys" of the boss was all that was heard until the long Who-o-o-oe rang out, then the chock went home and all was safe. The horses breathed free, the men sat down, and the girls

and boys stood wonderingly by, taking lessons never to be forgot. Soon "all ready" was called out and at the word he-o-he-e-eve every nerve was strung and the wagon went steadily up the hill. And so it would go all day, and by nightfall reach camp on the other side. Next morning all but the guard would return and the same thing would be repeated till all were over the mountain. During the passage it was the duty of the loose horsemen to carry water both for the men and horses, for some times there was no water on the mountain.

As the Indians were slowly dispossessed and the merciless robbers destroyed, the dangers and difficulties of a trip to Cumberland, Tennessee and Kentucky diminished and single families would go alone, and as the settlements increased and mechanics of various kinds, especially wagon makers and smiths, began to establish themselves, entire families of six to twelve in number would go on horseback. It would surprise this generation to see how much could be carried on an emigrant horse in those days; the saddles had a strong crupper and breast strap to hold them in place going up and down hill, a large pair of leather saddle-bags was thrown across the saddle and sewed to the stirrup straps, and a bundle fastened on behind with

straps similar to a shawl strap of to-day; the women had in addition a bundle hung on the off saddle horn. Boys and girls under ten years rode two on a horse, and *children* were put in a double pack saddle and father or *big brother* lead the horse.

When a family thus equipped reached their destination a part of the horses were sold and a wagon, farm impliments and household outfits purchased; in this way the time of the journey was greatly shortened, but the expense was increased, as they

had to stop at the regular taverns to lodge.

In the early Spring and late fall these horseback rides were very enjoyable and remained one of life's bright pictures.

What of rainy weather? Well, in those days the women could spin, weave and have *fulled* cloth that was absolutely water proof; the men had overcoats, the women cloaks with capes to them that *never* wet through. A rainy day only gave variety to the journey.

Hadley, Ind.

THE CRESCENT CITY.

BY EUNICE M. DARDEN—'93.

Unlike many of her northern sisters, New Orleães cannot boast of unprecedented educational facilities, nor of eminence in mechanical pursuits, nor of renown in song or story; neither, like her more youthful sister of the west, does she claim superiority in enterprise, but without presumption she deserves and receives the honor of being a typical southern city.

The town, from its unique, half moon outline, was in its pioneer days quite appropriately designated the Crescent City, but sub-

sequently so marked has been its progress up stream that it quite clearly defines in configuration the letter S.

New Orleans, lying about one hundred miles from the mouth of the Mississippi and several feet below the level of the great Father of Waters, is, indeed "beautiful for situation."

Unceasingly does this majestic river lash its waves against the sides of the great mound-like embankments and constantly protests against man's intrusion.

These dikes are from twelve to

fifteen feet in height, and, while preventing the inundation of the surrounding country, they serve also as convenient storage room for the hundreds and hundreds of bales of cotton with which the negroes are daily loading the large iron steam-ships.

In its pleasant harbor, vessels floating French, Spanish and Italian flags are seen, schooners from the neighboring lagoons with their burdens of luscious, semi-tropical fruits, and numerous other crafts, bearing mahogany and log-wood or perhaps bringing fish and oysters, sugar and rice from the curious little bayous.

All this immediately arouses in the visitor to this peculiar city a hitherto dormant interest which is by no means abated when he becomes familiar with its other scenes.

Though on account of the prevalence of northern winds the winters here are colder than in many places of the same latitude, still they are pleasant, seeming "not the death of the year but only a brief sleep with dreams of summer."

In the city proper handsome residences with pillared fronts and excellent finish, alternating with neat, simple cottages, border the wide, well-kept streets, some of which are adorned with date-palms, magnolias, orange-trees and live-oaks, artistically fes-

tooned with Florida moss, while beyond the business districts are the verandaed homes, in whose lawns are beautiful roses, fragrant violets and even fig and banana trees bearing their fruit in rich profusion.

In style and elegance of architecture, the public buildings of New Orleans are excelled by few cities of our country.

The Custom House is the most splendid structure of its kind in America.

It is an immense granite edifice extending over a whole square, and with its heavy iron stair cases and huge pillars of white marble it presents quite an imposing appearance.

Doubtless, however, the Old Gothic St. Louis Cathedral, with its beautifully carved and frescoed front, surmounted by a tall steeple which is bordered by two towers upon each of which rises a smaller column, is the most impressive.

The view afforded by this magnificent structure, together with the surrounding residences and the statue of brave Old Hickory standing near is pronounced by many one of the most interesting sights in the Crescent City.

Perhaps no monument has ever been more judiciously erected than the one in grateful remembrance of the labors of love of Margaret the Good, who, having been left an orphan at an early

age and realizing from experience the great value of sympathetic friends, devoted her whole life to promotion of the welfare of the motherless and fatherless of New Orleans. All hail to the noble citizens of the Crescent City, who were so ready to render "honor to whom honor was due" and who have erected to her the first monument ever made to the memory of a woman upon American soil.

The unique cemeteries are, perhaps, not among the least interesting things of New Orleans. On account of the exceptional lowlands, underground burial is impracticable, but instead stone or marble vaults, above ground, are employed. Some of these are very elaborately carved and are often-times large enough to contain the caskets of whole families.

The variety of the inhabitants of this city of the Old Creole State renders New Orleans of unusual interest to the Southern tourist. Originally settled by the French, Louisiana was held alternately by them and the Spanish until purchased by the United States. And, today, in the population of this easy-going city may be seen many characteristics of these nationalities.

Thy French, Spanish and Italian languages are spoken almost as much as English.

Here quite a number of associa-

tions, designed for the perpetuation of the ancient festivals of the Old Country, still exist. From Christmas to Lent these various societies parade through the streets giving entertainments, which excite universal gaiety, unequalled elsewhere in America, and which culminate in a grand display on Mardi Gras or Shrove Tuesday—a souvenir of the old-time carnival festivals of the Italian and French.

In history, little mention is made of this beautiful semi-tropical city until the year 1812, when, in consequence of the first victory won by the steamboat, labor, capital and talent hastened to the new and promising town.

About this time occurred the famous attack on New Orleans by the British, whom Jackson so successfully vanquished with only a comparatively small force.

Chief among the men of eminence, whose names are associated with the Crescent City, is Edward Livingstone. Though not a native of the South, after losing his fortune he removed thither, joined the New Orleans bar and ere long attained not unmerited prominence. It was through his untiring efforts that the Civil Code of Louisiana was adopted in 1823, which is undoubtedly the most successful adaptation of the old civil law to the condition of modern society.

But it was his Criminal Code favoring the abolition of Capital Punishment and the introduction of a Penitentiary System that has rendered so famous the name of Edward Livingstone, winning or him, not only the praise of his own country, but the congratulations of England, France and Germany.

Scarcely less honored where'er waves the "Star-spangled Banner" is the author of "Old Creole Days," for by that production as well as by articles of more recent date, has George W. Cable portrayed, not only the excellencies of his native State, but also of the whole southland.

In the civil war, Louisiana having seceded from the Union, New Orleans became the chief confederate centre both of commerce and of military operations.

But New Orleans belongs to the living present, ranking as the ninth city in the United States and being from five to ten times larger than any other in the south.

Such cities as Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Paul were unknown when New Orleans had already reached a height not very inferior to its present attainment. Why have they so surpassed her? The reason is easily seen; the energy of the people of New Orleans must be spent first to prevent the encroachment of the sea

and then to internal development, while enterprise alone claims the attention of other cities. Besides, who does not know of the languishing effects of a tropical climate? How sluggishly the blood flows through the veins! How depressing the atmosphere! save when relieved by a refreshing shower or cooling zephyr; and how crushing the tidal wave of an epidemic; though here they are not more fatal than in many places in higher latitudes. The Exposition in 1884, produced renewed activity in this Gateway of the South. Through the perseverance of Maj. Burke, an able editor, and also Treasurer of Louisiana, The World's Industrial and Cotton Exposition was a success—the American display being more impressive than that of the Centennial of '76.

Our ears were made to tingle as we read of the dreadful lynching that occurred several months ago in New Orleans. Some of the lowest class of Italians and Sicilians, it was discovered, secretly maintained in this and other cities their illegal organization, the Mafia—brought with them from the mother country.

Some of these people, not a great while before having caused a disturbance and afterwards having killed the chief of Police Hennessey, were tried by the city court, and being acquitted by the

verdict of the jury, so indignant did some of the citizens become that on the morning of the 14th of March the enraged populace assembled at the parish prison and relentlessly murdered the assassins.

According to the opinion of many the influence brought to bear upon both witnesses and jury was such that nothing less

than acquittal would have been practicable.

It is gratifying, however, that this convulsion caused by the petty slaves of papistry has peacefully subsided and that comparative tranquility again reigns in the time-honored Crescent City—cherished daughter of the Old Creole State.

SELECTIONS.

Foolish men are more apt to consider what they have lost than what they possess, and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than on those who are under greater difficulties.—*Addison*.

As a man travels on in the journey of life, his objects of wonder daily diminish, and he is continually finding out some very simple cause for some great matter of marvel.—*Irving*.

The truest test of civilization is not the census or the size of cities, nor the crops—no, but the kind of men the country turns out.—*Emerson*.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.—*Longfellow*.

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.—*Scott*.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he has lost no time.—*Bacon*.

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—*Goldsmith*.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—*Sidney*.

God made the country and man made the town.—*Cowper*.

The noblest mind, the best contentment has.—*Spenser*.

The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it.—*Emerson*.

Education is the cheap defense of nations.—*Burke*.

The Guilford Collegian.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

LITERARY SOCIETIES
OF GUILFORD COLLEGE

OCTOBER, 1891

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Address all business communications to
MENDENHALL & WILSON,
Guilford College, N. C.

Subscription price: One year. . . . \$1.00
Club rates: Six copies. 5.00
Single copies.10

THE COLLEGIAN is entered at Guilford College Post
Office as second class matter.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—If your paper has the pencil mark **X** your subscription is due at this office.

THE COLLEGIAN will be sent until ordered stopped and all arrearages paid.

Now is the time for the friends, patrons and alumnæ of Guilford College to subscribe for the COLLEGIAN.

Our inducements should cause every one interested in our paper to send in their subscriptions, and in return we shall endeavor to

give our readers the *news* in as many different ways as we think would be interesting.

Our paper is a College paper and is published in the interest of the students, and nothing would be more encouraging to us than to have the students share with us in our efforts.

We shall endeavor to make the Personal and Local Departments specially interesting to old students and alumnæ.

The true mission of the College journal is, we think, above all things else, to give the *College news*, and while we believe our contributed articles are valuable and instructive, we also believe special attention should be given to the departments in which the students are mostly interested.

We think, in a paper like this, a dry article on the tariff, free silver, or Grecian mythology, should give place to a sprightly account of an important game of ball played by our College nine, or an account of a pic nic or holiday, when such occasions occur.

In choosing contributed articles we shall use our utmost care to secure something that will be profitable to all students and others who read them.

We are glad to announce the promise of contributions from such men as Dr. Sanderlin, Prof. W. A. Blair, Hon. Thos. B. Keogh, Addison Coffin, Hon. R. B. Glenn

and other men well known in the State.

Now is the time to subscribe.

SOME FACTS CONCERNING AFRICA.

One of the leading newspapers found in our library gives the startling statement that our Government has recently refused to agree to the agreement signed by most of the European powers, prohibiting the import of rum into Africa. The same paper states that "a ship laden with \$60,000 worth of New England rum left Boston last week for the usual destination of such cargoes—the Dark Continent." The same paper also gives statistics, gotten up on good authority, showing that the single Puritan port of Boston, in endeavoring to make Africa the drunken Continent as well as the dark one, has exported to that place 808,737 gallons of rum, valued at \$964,694. The statistics show that this traffic is increasing; it is almost double this year what it was last. The value of the rum shipped from this *one* Puritan port far exceeds the amount that the most enthusiastic Christians can possibly hope to get out of ALL the Puritan churches of New England to send the Gospel to the dark continents.

These are facts not pleasant to relate, but claiming the consideration, not only of temperance work-

ers and those interested in missions, but also of every honest citizen of the United States.

From its earliest history the name of Africa has been associated with such conceptions as darkness, ignorance and helplessness. It has not been many years since it was regarded as a vast tract of desert land; its soil and climate not well adapted to extensive cultivation. But more recent investigations by such self-sacrificing men as Livingstone, Stanley, Baker and others, have presented a different picture to the civilized nations of the world. The rivers of this country, though few in number, have been found to possess sufficient power to set in motion the wheels of large factories. There are also found broad expanses of land well adapted to cultivation, and extensive forests of valuable timber. As a result of these later investigations the question of civilization in Africa has been placed before the nations of the world. There has been a rushing and scrambling between European nations to establish power in this undeveloped country. But it has been made to a large extent a place of plundering, and commerce has been carried on without due regard for international rights, the natives often being forced to take articles they do not want. Yet it was very evident to these nations that

persuading the natives to want and to purchase various articles would bring a great increase before their home markets of produce. But these things do not carry with them reproaches of so severe a nature as does the fact that Christian nations have found a far richer mine by fastening upon the natives of this continent the love for distilled liquors. To-day, it is stated, trade is carried on by barter. The natives bring in various articles for sale and are paid in gin. It answers for small change. Debts can be paid with it and articles purchased with it that could not be had for the money. It passes like greenbacks in this country. It is stated by one writer that so far as is known there is not a brewery or distillery in Africa, and not a black merchant there who imports strong drink, and if a black man deals in it he must get it from the white merchants. This means that white people are responsible for this traffic in Africa.

Notwithstanding such unfavorable circumstances much progress has been made; the Congo state has been established, important ports of trade set up, factories built, and the tendency of things is towards colonization. Much good has been done, yet it is nothing in comparison with what remains to be done. Nor is this traffic of evil the only obstacle in the way

of civilization. There is the slave trade, scarcely less evil in its nature, and the ignorance and superstition of the people which has existed in each generation for centuries.

A few years ago Dr. Livingstone died in the heart of this great continent, believing he had opened up a way to the onward march of civilization. All Christendom rejoiced, and America started her procession across the sea, but it was in the proportion of one missionary to 70,000 gallons of rum, and thus it continued until finally the rum goes without the missionary. Does it not seem strange that England and the United States, the two strongest nations in the world and the most powerful in religion, have sown this evil of civilization so broadcast in a continent already dark?

Doubtless to many of our college students, Africa with her traffics in evil seems almost intangible. But if it be true that America has refused to give her consent, with the Christian nations of Europe, to stop this traffic, then has our government fallen behind in this question, and a work remains to be done at home which will directly affect this foreign country. Legislation is tangible, and all temperance workers, all who are interested in missions, and all loyal citizens may well unite in securing such action as

will make us party to the convention into which other christian nations have entered against the exportation of rum to Africa. And we believe the time is not far off when America will find a remedy for this evil in her organized forces for good.

A distinguished American writer at one time said: "I have always said, never despair of America." When her own citizens became discouraged by some of the phenomena of her politics it is well to remember how great is the power which the opinion of thoughtful and honorable men, acting outside party and upon high principles, can exert.

S. J. F.

READING.

In the past a sort of veneration existed for books. They were few in number, kept in manuscript, and copied at a great cost of time and labor. Thus they were procured with great difficulty, and by the masses were not procured at all. But how different at the present day. Books, magazines, periodicals of every description, are scattered almost profusely throughout the entire limits of civilization. Also the varied contributions to literature and the comparative cheapness with which it is put in a readable shape, have brought good reading matter

within the reach of all classes. History, biography, poetry, fiction can be found in nearly every house, and within our public halls one can find the current news of the day. To such an extent is this true, that daily reading, of some nature is participated in by all classes—rich and poor, laborer and professional man alike. Indeed reading is the medium through which men converse with each other and with those who have long since passed away. This universal habit is a leading characteristic of our time, and is and will be productive of good or evil to our people, for as the books or papers are good or bad, so the mind of the reader will be improved or debased. Besides the great amount of pleasure derived therefrom, this habit has grown to be indispensable to the progressive man in every vocation of life. To move intelligently in any line, to get any enjoyment from the surrounding advantages of our civilization, to make the proper application of energy, honesty and integrity, it is generally admitted that we must keep continually posted, especially in that branch of our literature which relates to his particular calling. The time has been when there were but three learned professions which required a course of study and continued preparation to become efficient to discharge duties

thereon. How vastly different now. Where is the trade, profession or occupation in all our varied enterprises which is not treated of at length in our best magazines, books or periodicals? Any reform or improvement in one of these is almost immediately placed before the eyes and consideration of every one. The experience of past success in any trade is left on record, and any one who enters this trade loses the dearest lessons taught to man if he fails to learn them. The man who best succeeds at anything is the man who best understands how to take advantage of others' experience in this line. Upon this principle civilization itself progresses.

Take a professional or scientific man who fails to keep up with the results of experience in his line, and he is soon "laid upon the shelf" and forced to rely upon the resources won in youthful activity, while he is superseded by men who study their business in the light of experience and manifests an appreciative interest in general progress around him.

Yet books which relate exclusively to his vocation do not develop the highest intelligence of the individual. Professional books are necessarily narrow in comparison to the varied intelligence requisite for a cultured character and often fail entirely to appeal

to or influence the noblest moral life of man. To the business man a condensed report of the daily market and the transactions of the business world is highly important; to the physician a standard work on anatomy and the treatment of certain diseases is a storehouse of knowledge; to the politician the needs of his country present an imperative demand for his careful study and attention; to the lawyer Blackstone furnishes the fundamental principles of common law; yet while a careful and continued study of these, each by the calling to which it relates is indispensable, they will not impart that broad knowledge which is necessary to develop a broad character nor give the information on other important subjects which can be had by simply taking—and which alone can thrill the mind and give to it the true relation of men—their different ideas, experiences, labors, conditions and dependence on each other. Without a proper knowledge and sympathy of aid for these a professional life must be incomplete. To this the most successful lives attest. The great Gladstone in his advanced age is a great student of Homer. Alexander the Great always carried a copy of Homer in his pocket. Dr. Franklin traced his career to reading moral essays in his boyhood. Napoleon's favorite book was Cæsar's Com-

mentaries; while the Duke of Wellington loved to study Smith's Wealth of Nations.

R. H. H.

MOOT COURTS.

The subject of "Moot Courts" may appear to be rather dry to many of our readers, and while we admit the subject in itself is rather dry, yet if we give it a moments, thought, it will not seem so meaningless after all.

What is a Moot Court? It is "a court held for the purpose of arguing imaginary cases." And now the question naturally arises—are these so-called courts of any benefit? We do not profess to be able to go into any "legal" discussion on this subject at all, but we are "almost persuaded" to believe that "Moot Courts" are great things, and if we rightly consider this matter we will find that these courts are of some importance and especially beneficial to those contemplating the study of law.

Although the profession of law seems to be almost overrun with "followers," still there are not half enough lawyers in the country yet. To be a lawyer does not necessarily imply that one must make a profession of it. Yet this idea is prevalent among a great many people and it is this idea probably that accounts for the many

people who are wholly ignorant of the laws of the State and Nation.

There are men and women today, educated (?), refined, and holding important positions in life, who have only a vague idea as to the principles of law. There are also people who almost shudder at the thought of making this subject a study and as a general rule this is the class of people that "law" would do the most good.

But we can see no reason whatever why any student at college should not give the subject of the study of law some thought. A young man starting out in the business world is better prepared to meet the difficulties with which he will surely come in contact, if he has a knowledge of law. In fact the same assertion may be applied to almost any profession, for some of our shining lights in journalism and education, and some of the greatest divines we can claim, have started out in life with the intentions of becoming professional lawyers.

There is not a student in this institution who may not at some period in life be called upon to fill a position which would require a thorough knowledge of Law. It might only be the office of county magistrate or mayor; perchance it might be the position of State Senator, Governor or even member of Congress.

Therefore to be able to do the most good for the people, a person who expects to fill such positions should know what the people are entitled to and what they already have. Besides this, if people in general had a better idea as to what their rights really are, there would be no need of so many "one horse lawyers" as they are called.

We have endeavored to show the importance of knowing the principles of law and the importance of being acquainted with legal forms and procedure, and now—we are again back to the "dry subject" of "Moot Courts."

These Courts are the primary step towards the *study* of law.

Not every College student has the privilege *while attending College* of studying even the primary steps of law under some professional teacher, but there can be no excuse for not having Moot Courts.

In these Courts, by the interchange of arguments, *pro* and *con*, by keen thinking and close watching a person gradually gets a correct idea of the principles of this branch of learning.

These courts would undoubtedly excite an interest for further research, and in the end would be of incalculable benefit to those who participate in them.

Therefore, whether we expect to become lawyers or doctors, farmers or preachers, let us have a regularly organized "Moot Court" at Guilford College. We must not all forsake the study of law because of the name of it, but rather let us be more interested in it for the sake of law itself.

The young ladies should not be left out in this "Moot Court" question. They would be benefitted fully as much as the young men. We believe in "Woman's Rights." We also believe in women taking some rights they do not seem to desire. If more of them would acquaint themselves with law, they would know better what their rights are.

Again we say, Let us have a "Moot Court," in which all can participate for our own advancement, if for nothing more.

If such a movement should cause every one of us to take a two or three years course at some law school, we will be that much better off.

Even if all the lawyers of the past have(?) borne the reputation of "deviating from the truth" at times, there is no substantial reason why the "lawyer of the future" should follow in the same footsteps.

C. F. T.

IMMIGRATION.

Many questions of grave importance are now before the American people—the tariff, silver question, race question, revenue, civil service and countless others; but it seems to us that there is one of equal importance which is not being discussed to any considerable extent before the voters whom it undoubtedly concerns. This is the question concerning immigration. Our class of immigrants is far from what it once was and yet our naturalization laws are comparatively lenient. The report of the Department shows that from the revolution to 1820, 250,000 foreigners landed on our shores. Now the total amounts to 15,567,000, and we learn from statements by decades that one-third this number has landed here during the last decade, and again, that the rate of immigration for '91 has increased 22 per cent. over that for '90. This shows very conclusively that the rate of immigration is rapidly increasing.

Further, prior to 1868 the great bulk of immigration was from Germany and the British isles—a respectable class; but that has changed, and it now comes from Russia, Poland, Austria, Hungary, Italy and France. Of the immigrants of the last decade it appears that 5 per cent. were reported as belonging to some profession, 10

per cent. as being skilled workmen, 39 per cent. as being unskilled workmen; occupations of two per cent. were not reported, and the remainder had no occupation.

The per cent. of skilled workmen was as follows:

English.....	17
German.....	12
Austria-Hungary.....	6
Italian.....	7
Russian.....	8
Swedes.....	7

showing a marked deterioration in this respect.

R. H. H.

THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION.

The Southern Exposition now being held at Raleigh is an evidence of the progressive pride of the country, an opportunity for the South and an honor to North Carolina—for in her capital city has been, and will be gathered for exhibition, specimens of the agricultural products, of art, of general improvement in every line of her varied industries, of the natural gifts and many resources of the "fairest domain on earth," and it seems only reasonable to predict that, with the proper interest on the part of our people, this enterprise will be a grand success, whose effects upon the South will be on the same line and preparatory to the results expected by the whole country from the great

fair of '93. Here the products of any line of Southern industry can be fully and advantageously exhibited to those who are most likely to be induced to and most capable of aiding in their development, and the many advantages attending them, which cannot be shown, will be graphically portrayed by the most eloquent sons of the "land of oratory."

The necessary expenses incurred for attending the exposition will be comparatively small. Besides the great reduction made in railroad fare, special arrangements have been made for those who cannot afford to travel by rail and stop at the hotels, to go in wagons and live "camp meeting style" as long as they wish in their capital city in the midst of the collected products and gifts of their state, and in hearing of the sounded advantages and opportunities proclaimed by those who have made it the study of their lives to become acquainted with the future possibilities of the South. From the special attention given to this feature, it seems that this will not only be the most economical way of attending the Exposition, but pleasant and enjoyable as well. Thus the opportunity of not only seeing and enjoying the exhibition of our Southern advantages, but of aiding her in her efforts for her proper and destined position, is given to all.

That the South is richly endowed with natural resources is now a question of little doubt; that she possesses all the requisites, in this respect, for rapid national growth is also apparent; and that her great need at the present time is additional capital and energy in their development is generally admitted. This occasion promises to be the most opportune time in the history of the South for her to make an impressive exhibition of her possessions to her own people and to others.

R. H. H.

The recent contest between Gov. Campbell and the father of the McKinley bill, in Ohio, where the greatest skirmish preparatory to '92 seems to be raging, was attended by 12,000 listeners whose sympathies were doubtless strong for one or the other of the orators. Which of the two was really vanquished by the argument of his opponent will probably remain a question of as much doubt and speculation as before they measured swords before their countrymen. The weight of the argument of each was relative to the tariff, and as the most of it has been often presented before and leaves the people divided, so they will remain divided in according to the victor the victory of this occasion.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

Two of the most ambitious men of modern times have, recently and in short succession, put an end to earthly aspirations—each with his own hand.

Only a short time since Balmaceda, President of the Chilian Republic, having been defeated in his ambitious plans as to the future of a country he wished to reduce more completely to his will, having suffered severe defeat and disaster in the recent rebellion against the same and having found himself a fugitive from the tribunals of his lost country, standing on the threshold of a gloomy future, taunted by the thoughts of vanished power and pressed by the curse of an offended people, ended his troubles and disappointments with a suicidal hand. Only a few days had passed when one of the greatest military generals of Europe ended his life in like manner and partly from like causes. Gen. Boulanger was born in 1837. He soon developed traits of bravery and skill, and entering the army made a famous military career.

He was sent to the United States at the head of a commission to visit our Centennial of Independence. He had been suspected of conspiring for the overthrow of the republic in attempt-

ing the executions of his schemes and ambitious plans; had fled to England for safety; from there he fled to Brussels, where he ended his famous career on September 30, 1891.

* * *

The October term of the Supreme Court will be made prominent by the consideration of three important questions, viz: The McKinly tariff law, the legality of Reed's rulings and the right of Congress to prohibit the carrying of lottery tickets through the mails. These questions are based on constitutional grounds.

* * *

Assuming that Canada and the United States should export 225,000,000, still according to present figures and estimates the deficit in Europe will be 200,000,000 bushels of wheat and rye. It is said that in some parts of Russia a meal has not been cooked since last Easter by the peasants. People in many places are living on berries and what they can pick up together with what little they obtain through charity, and throughout Europe there is already a bread famine—she having no surplus from last year's crop. At her present harvest she is importing four times as much as she is accustomed to at this season, of wheat and flour. In France,

Germany and Russia the deficit is especially serious.

* * *

What's the matter with North Carolina's having a State College Press Association? In thinking over the matter, it appears to us that good results would accrue from such a movement. It would bring our State College Editors nearer together, and thus, laboring for a common end, we would not only be better enabled to advance the interests of our respective institutions, but such a movement would without doubt place college journalism in North Carolina on a more substantial basis. A gathering together like this would be just as beneficial to college journalists as the State Press Association is to its members.

By mingling together as an organized body, and hearing the views and learning the new ideas advanced by the members, such an organization could not fail to bring about good results.

The college papers in this state need to be stirred up. They remain too long in the same old channels and are too willing to let good enough alone.

Reforms are needed. The work of the college journalist of the future is destined to accomplish untold results. We need to have more of a progressive spirit, and we believe an association binding

the college journals more closely together would be a progressive movement. If a State College Press Association cannot be formed, surely one could "exist and thrive" by taking in the rest of the Southern States.

* * *

The editor of *The Nation*, in commenting upon the nomination of Mr. Fassett for the governorship of New York, by the Republican State Convention, winds up his interesting episode with the following: "Every voter, therefore, when the time to cast his ballot arrives, must consider whether he is willing to see Plattism in power in the state administration, as it is at present in power in the custom house and other branches of the Federal service in this state."

This is sound advice and should be considered well by the voters, but it seems to us that his "comprehensive peroration" would have been more in accord with the sentiments of the people of the State in general, if he had concluded with something like the following: Brethren, it's Plattism on one side and Hillism on the other—consider well which you had rather see in power.

It is just that way and you can't make anything else out of it. At present New York is ruled politically by two "bosses."

All the Federal patronage is

under the direct supervision of Thomas C. Platt, while the State "spoils" are under the immediate jurisdiction of David B. Hill.

A sad condition for the Empire State to be in.

There is in many colleges throughout our country an increasing demand for gymnastics. In some of the northern colleges teachers are employed at large salaries to give instruction in the gymnasiums. This feature is being more and more regarded as essential to the best interests of college students.

At our own college during the early part of the present term, some effort was made among the girls to get up a class in gymnastics. Many of them made inquiry as to where the gymnasium was. We think if it could have been found the getting up of a class would have been an easy matter. However, at this particular season of the year the lack of a gymnasium is partially atoned for by the delightful October weather, but during the greater part of the ten months spent at college its need is plainly felt.

The pond which promised an amount of healthful exercise and

amusement to the girls in the way of boat riding, was recently broken by a heavy rain. A walk every evening in a straight line, extending in the same general direction as the board walk, and taking in the solemnity of the grave yard, becomes monotonous. Certainly a well furnished gymnasium for the girls would be a valuable addition to Guilford College. We know that the best interests of students at Guilford College are carefully considered, and we believe, from present indications, the time is not far off when this need will be supplied from some source.

A student's highest development demands physical as well as mental culture, and we should therefore respect the physical in our nature as much in proportion as we do the mental.

"Chicago secured the school attendance of 11,259 children last year because of the Illinois compulsory education law, that she would not have had in school but for the law."

"There are 86,996 young men in the colleges of America."

PERSONAL.

W. T. Parker is engaged in the commission business at Norfolk, Va.

William Copeland is a farmer and carpenter of Menola, Hertford county, N. C.

Thomas L. Henley is clerking in the store of the Dixon Manufacturing Company, Snow Camp, N. C.

Sarah Edgerton Scott lives at Greenleaf, in Wayne county, where she is actively engaged in philanthropic work.

Ed. Blair is working on his father's farm near Archdale, N. C. He expects to enter school again next term.

Ezekiel Parker has secured a position as clerk under the firm of Best & Thompson, Goldsboro, N. C.

Isaac Rayle is an active church member and a successful farmer of Westfield, Hamilton county, Indiana.

Rachel Massey remains at home this year to assist her mother. Her presence at the college is greatly missed.

Edward Cude, a student here in '79 and '80, now has charge of a nursery and canning factory near Colfax, N. C.

Lizzie Pettv has a position as

instructor in music, also has charge of the primary department in the Yadkin Normal School, Yadkinville, N. C.

The Juniors will no doubt rejoice to have Ellen Woody with them again. We learn that she expects to enter school in a few days.

Louis Reynolds, a former student of this institution, is now engaged in farming near Centre, Randolph county, N. C.

Joseph Hockett, a minister of the Gospel, and his wife, Elizabeth Pickett Hockett, both former students of this institution, live at Plainfield, Ind.

After a short stay at the State Agricultural College Penn Henley wended his way to Pennsylvania and is now a student at Westtown Boarding School.

Mollie Hare is keeping house for her aged father and carefully administering to his wants, thus making his last days what may well be termed a happy old age.

Mary Henley Williams, wife of Robert Williams, of Kildee, in Randolph county, has not yet given up school work, and at times now teaches at places convenient to her home.

Joe M. Dixon, '89, is studying law in Mosoula, Montana. We feel assured that if the profession

is followed there can be naught but success in store for so promising a young man.

Fauribault, Minnesota, is the home of Phebe Coffin; who is now the wife of Dr. Rogers, Principal of the State School for the care and education of feeble-minded persons.

Nathan Ward has been spending the summer vacation at his home in Belvidere, N. C. During the past year he attended a medical college in Philadelphia, where he has again returned to resume further study.

George Scott, who at one time attended N. G. B. S. was happily married several months ago. He has a fine position as chief bookkeeper for the Singer Manufacturing Company, Roanoke, Va.

W. Jordan Brown, who will be remembered by his fellow students, has been married for a number of years. He is located at Woodland, N. C., where he follows the occupation of farming with much success.

Ella Lee has been called from school duties by the illness of her sister, who resides near Goldsboro, N. C. We hope that her sister may soon recover and we are anxious to have Ella again in our midst.

Alzanon Alexander is in the mercantile business at Liberty,

N. C. No doubt his experience as Financial Manager of the GUILFORD COLLEGIAN will now be of service to him. The COLLEGIAN extends best wishes for his success.

Jessica Johnson, class of '89, has been spending her summer vacation at the College. She left September 18th for the Blue Ridge Mission where she spent last year and where she will again resume the duties of teacher and missionary.

George Dees, a student of N. G. B. S. in the year preceding the war, is now a large landholder in Pamlico county. We welcome his daughter Lucy, who is a student with us this year and believe her presence here a most telling proof of his appreciation and interest in our College.

The home of Eunice A. Clark is at Carthage, Ind. Although this woman can look back over a well spent life of many years, yet she continues doing good, still laboring, as long ago, in the field of Christian Temperance work.

Gurney Kennedy, who has been spending the summer among relatives and friends in the State, made a short visit with his neices at the College September 30th. He was a student here in '55-'56 and lives at present in Annapolis, Illinois, where his time is occupied with the care of his farm.

Jesse T. Brown, who was a student in the days of New Garden Boarding School, has been married for quite a number of years, and is engaged in farming, also has charge of a store at Menola, N. C.

Isham Cox, an aged minister in the Society of Friends, is now living at Liberty, N. C. At one time he sacrificed much for New Garden Boarding School, and is yet interested in its welfare. His time is mostly occupied in performing various religious duties.

Jonathan Zachery, an early student of N. G. B. S., now resides at Snow Forks, Chatham County, following the occupation of farming. He placed his daughter in school a few weeks ago, and while here noted the numerous improvements which had been made since his last visit, twenty years ago.

Maggie A. Hare, who was a student here in '57-'58, is visiting at the home of her brother, Albert Peele. She was a school girl in the days when, for fear that the young ladies and young men might hold too frequent converse, two dining halls were kept for their accommodation, when socials came but twice a term, and when white aprons and sun-bonnets were the rage.

Hannah Anderson, now the wife of Eli Copeland, lives near Rich

Square, N. C. She leads a quiet, useful and noble life, her time being occupied with such christian work as her hands find to do. We are sorry to state that she was severely injured by a fall not long since, and it is feared she can never walk again.

Daniel Moore and wife, formerly Jennie Harris, both of whom were at one time students of N. G. B. S. reside at Jamestown, N. C., where the former is successfully engaged in farming and merchandising. They are well-known and highly esteemed in the neighborhood in which they live.

Thomas E. Winslow was one of the early students of N. G. B. S. He married and settled at Belvidere, N. C.; was highly respected both in his church (Friends) and state, and had a wide circle of friends. His death, which occurred June last, was keenly felt. During the latter years of his life he had been county surveyer. The hardships to which this subjected him, especially during the winter months, were too great for his failing strength, and he was seized with La Grippe. This disease left its impress upon his mind and he did not gain his normal condition ere death summoned the immortal to its glorified abode. He was 69 years of age at the time of his death.

LOGALS.

New students are still coming.

Which was it: "Tub" or the milk that was spell-bound.

The annual visits to the turnip patch have again begun

What is the reason we have had no equinoctial storm this season?

Junior—Professor, isn't the moon larger than the sun?

Of what is that piano made? It looks as if it ought to wear out sometime.

The show which occurred in Greensboro attracted the attention of but very few students.

What made the boys so willing to wait longer than usual for their dinner on the day that the trustees met?

A close game of tennis was played between the Soph's and Fresh. on the evening of Sept. 26th. The Soph's finally came off victorious.

A fine lot of base ball bats has recently been obtained by the club, and if good bats has anything to do with it, our boys should certainly "tap it off."

The continual echo of the carpenters' hammer upon the Y. M. C. A. Hall, finds response in not only the thoughts of every member in the association, but in the thoughts of every student.

When former students come back to visit the college there is nothing which surprises them more than the progress made upon the farm. The harvest has been greater this year than ever before.

Nubbin Ridge complains about the worth of Webster's dictionary because it does not contain the information he wants concerning the Grecian games.

On September 19th the second base ball team of Guilford College went to High Point to play the same team from Trinity College. At the close of the sixth inning the score stood 8 to 1 in favor of Guilford. Then our little but active catcher got badly hurt, and the game soon turned in favor of Trinity.

An excellent specimen of a young alligator, about four feet long, has recently been brought from Florida, and is now in the cabinet. Also, several specimens of Florida water fowls. As there is not room in the museum for some birds which we now have, and as there are to be some miscellaneous specimens sent in, there will soon be some new cases constructed.

We believe that if the students would take a greater interest in gathering relics and native animals, the museum would grow even faster than it does at present.

This term has been the most prosperous period in the history of Guilford College. The pupils are doing better work and more of it than ever before. There are about 160 students in school.

Boys in geometry should not study base ball when reciting, nor demonstrate a theorem when trying to stop a grounder.

The challenge of Guilford to Oak Ridge for a match game of base ball was accepted, and on Saturday evening the 3d, the two teams met on the Guilford ground. In the morning the clouds appeared very much as though we should have a rainy day. But before noon the clouds passed away and carried with them all fears of foul weather. At 2.40 p. m. the game began, with Oak Ridge first in the field. Then ensued the most warmly contested game that has ever been witnessed upon the college ground. At the end of the first inning the score stood 2 to 0 in favor of Oak Ridge. At the end of the fourth inning it stood 3 to 3. At the end of the ninth inning it stood 5 to 5. Now the teams commenced playing to untie the score; but during the tenth inning one run was made on each side. During the five more innings

that were played not a run was made. Thus as the sun disappeared the game was called, without either team being the victor.

The score stood thus:

Oak Ridge	-	-	-	6
Guilford College	-	-	-	6

It seemed to be a very remarkable game for ties. There were twenty-one men struck out by each pitcher, and ten shut-outs on each side. After the first inning the playing on each team was very good, but the first three runs were given to Oak Ridge through the errors of our team. Mr. Donnel, of Greensboro, fulfilled his duty as umpire very well, indeed, and no one could find fault with his decisions.

Several volumes of historical, fiction and prose literature have recently been placed in the library.

Dr. Nereus Mendenhall delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture upon Prince Bismarck, on Saturday night the 3d, showing how he rose to such a position of influence, showing his personal characteristics, and relating the incidents of his fall. He also very aptly connected the acts of his life with the subject of peace.

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1891.

No. 3.

BODY, SOUL AND SPIRIT.

BY REV. JOSEPH POTTS.

By so much as the heavens are higher than the earth, as eternal and incorruptible glories exceed those of a perishing moment, by so much do the attributes of a soul transcend those of a body. By so much as the love, purity and power of God exceed their reflection in man, do man's immortal spirit and its concerns and possibilities outweigh the merely mental or emotional in his nature, which he shares with all the animal creation in greater or less degree.

Beauty of form and color, and blending shades, and nice arrangement, whether in the huge or the minute; rolling grandeur or melting sweetness and variety in sounds altogether natural or owing partly to human artifice, and all other material influences that excite pleasantly our human soul, are inferior to that nature which appreciates and enjoys them, and for which, as well as for the glory

of God, they were created, and by the right use of which nature they are made to yield to God their best praises. Wordsworth describes them in his beautiful, mellifluous words:

"— hers shall be the breathing balm
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute, insensate things.
The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.
And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height," &c.

It is the spiritual man only who can make the best use of the graces and glories with which God has clothed this lower world. "The meek shall inherit the earth." We are ever responsible for our inheritance; and if we do not by proper consideration subordinate it to

the interests of the soul, our enemy will assuredly make it a trap and a snare to us.

Those whose circumstances of birth and whose opportunities have developed early their mental power and finer sensibilities, cannot but wonder how these faculties are not or will not be entirely overborne by the animal part in those less favored, seeing how great the struggle often is within themselves; but God is caring for this, and requires according to what a man hath, and not according to what he hath not. Since not salvation merely, but God's glory, is to be our aim, it greatly behooves us to arouse and elevate the moral nature in all, but especially in ourselves; for by it only do we show forth God's praise intelligently. Quite ignorant men have often done good work for Christ, but not one has done such who was mentally unaroused and undeveloped in his moral nature; and certainly the greater the development in all that approximates God's perfections, the more we can glorify Him in service. On the other hand, highly developed mental powers and the keenest sensibilities only increase the troubles of two classes—those who continually forget God, and those who, while they remember Him per-

force, do not have their life-satisfaction daily in His remembrance of them—in the grace and consequent revelation of the power of God.

The effects of sin will never leave our mortal flesh, nor the mental organism with which it is inseparably connected, while mortal life continues; while sinfulness does not attach to these passive conditions of our being. Abnormal appetites and imperfect judgments will humble us by being the theater of temptation while life lasts; but that which alone can sin—the spirit—given over into the control of God and abiding in Christ, sins no longer. The spirit in man is that which is informed and transformed by God's spirit; "the inspiration of the Almighty giveth it understanding." It puts on the nature and the likeness of Christ; its doings are no more in its old rebellious will and strength, but in that of God, who worketh in it to will and to do.

Most marvelously does our Father preserve unto us our freedom and responsibility, while granting that immanence of the Holy Spirit, in the power of which our works are wrought. "He that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God."

High Point, N. C.

EMIGRATION FROM NORTH CAROLINA—No. 3.

BY ADDISON COFFIN.

After General Wayne's victory over the Indians in 1794, the tide of emigration from North Carolina turned toward the Ohio valley with steady and ever increasing numbers up to 1860. During the war it ceased, but in 1866 a double tide flowed steadily until 1872, when it greatly diminished, until to-day it is not more than that from other Atlantic states.

Small companies crossed the Ohio river from 1796 to 1804. In the fall of 1805 several companies were organized in Guilford, Randolph, Chatham, Orange and Stokes counties, for the Miamies.

At this date emigration had become a science, and was so well understood that failures were almost unknown.

Kentucky had become a State; the danger from Indians and white robbers had ceased. The valleys of West Virginia were occupied by hardy mountaineers, and needed supplies could be secured at nearly all points. The great tide of emigration furnished the market for all the corn, hay and other products of the mountaineers for nearly 30 years. Most of the money in circulation in Kentucky and West Virginia was obtained from emigrants. Up to 1840 notes

on the bank of Cape Fear and the State Bank of North Carolina were considered as good as gold even in Cincinnati.

There were three popular emigrant routes—one through Cumberland Gap, by Crab Orchard, Ky., crossing the Ohio river at Louisville, entering Indiana from the South, and was the most popular for many years. The next was by way of Poplar Camp and Flower Gap, going through Booneville and Lexington, Ky., crossing the Ohio river at Cincinnati, Lawrenceburg or Madison, also entering Ohio and Indiana from the South. This was the shortest but very rough; all the mountains were rocky and steep, and double teaming had to be done for 50 miles.

The third route, or rather routes, for there were two most of the way, was the Virginia route. One of these was called the Peters mountain, the other the Magadee Gap route. The former passed through Tuggles Gap, over Peters mountain, crossed New River at Packs Ferry, and through Christianburg, Blacksburg to Kanawha Falls; was rough, yet full of wild beauty and romantic grandeur, passing through the New River

cliffs, the grandest mountain gorge east of the Mississippi. The latter route was over the then grand Virginia turnpike road, built by the State from Richmond to the Ohio river at the mouth of the Kanawha, in the early part of this century. It was a grand triumph of engineering for that day, passing through both ranges of mountains with such easy grades that double-teaming was not required, nor the locking of but one wheel. This made it a favorite route from 1810 to the age of railroads. Emigrants from the eastern part of the State would sometimes go direct to Richmond; those further west would strike the pike at Lynchburg and Fincastle.

This was one of the great mail routes for 40 years, and the road was kept in first class order. During the winter the ice on the creeks and rivers was cut in the fords every day, and belated emigrants in the fall of the year sought this route.

In the early settling of Ohio many Carolinians turned off of the Virginia pike at Lewisburg, going a pike route to Wheeling, where they crossed the river and went out to the Mount Pleasant settlements. That portion of the State was considered safe from Indian incursions before the war of 1812; but there were as many who passed over the Kanawha route as all the others.

There were several points of local interest on this route, among them the Hawk's Nest on New River, a perpendicular cliff 1200 feet high. Ninety-nine out of every hundred emigrants made a halt there; the men and boys tried throwing stones into the river that flowed 200 feet from the base of the cliff; the women and girls stood in silent wonder, looking on the grand surroundings and the vain efforts to cast stones into the river.

Stones thrown by strong men would seem like going to the middle of the stream, but in their descent would be attracted by the cliff and make a curve, falling short of the water.

A few years ago there were thousands of Carolinians all through the North-West who had a bright remembrance of the halt at the Hawk's Nest, the stone-throwing, and the sublime scenery that opened out on every side; but the number is slowly but surely diminishing, and soon the memories of the past will be forgotten in the onward march of nationality.

In the early part of the century Ohio and Indiana were known as the North-west. Ohio was called The Miamies after the Miami river. Illinois was known as Kaskaskia, and was the land of the great meadows, so far away that it would probably be many ages before it was settled.

Emigration from North Carolina has been going on steadily since 1770, but there have been periods of greater activity, influenced by treaties made with the Indians, the opening of new territory, the depression of business at home and a natural wandering spirit. Two causes more than any others, or possibly all others, was connected with the institution of slavery. During the great excitement preceding the Missouri compromise the non-slave-holders in the State recognized that the slave power was and would be the dominant influence in the future. When the compromise was settled, and the North-West was to be forever free, the spirit of emigration took possession of whole neighborhoods, and many times there were so many sales of property that there were few that wanted to buy. Land also depreciated in value.

Tens of thousands went to the free territory in a few years; in

many neighborhoods whole meetings of Friends and Methodists moved westward. This tide had scarce begun to ebb when the wilder agitation of the Nullifiers in South Carolina stirred the entire nation; then the tide of emigration set in again, and was now joined by thousands from Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky, and Ohio and Indiana doubled their population in a few years.

I find old gray-headed men and women in Virginia and Kentucky whose memory go back to those periods, and they invariably spoke of them as something wonderful, almost past belief when viewed from present surroundings. Though they lived in the midst of it, saw the endless line pass their doors, saw them cross over the *now seemingly* impassable mountains and rivers, to-day it seems more like a wondrous vision of the night than a living reality.

Hadley, Indiana.

Y. M. C. A. DISTRICT CONVENTION.

BY H. W. REYNOLDS.

On October 15th, L. A. Coulter, State Secretary, was with us and his remarks in the business meeting of the association on that afternoon, were encouraging to all. He led the evening prayer meeting

presenting the gospel in a very plain and comprehensive manner. The service was crowned by blessing in the conversion of six young men to Christ.

Friday, Oct. 16th, many of the

students were astir early making ready for their trip to the convention.

The morning was beautiful, and by 9 A. M. twenty-three of the boys were on their way to High Point.

At New Garden station a number boarded the train, and there met other delegates from Winston, Salem and Oak Ridge associations.

When we reached High Point we were met by members of the local association and soon assigned to our rooms.

After partaking heartily of a dinner such as the ladies of High Point can serve, we assembled at the Baptist church. At 2:30 the first session of the convention was opened by W. R. Gales, assistant State Secretary, in a prayer and praise service. At 3 P. M., R. B. Glenn called the convention to order, ready for any business that should come before it.

E. L. Harris, in his characteristic manner, led a model class in Bible study, and Mr. Boston, of Davidson College, gave an address, which was full of christian enthusiasm.

At 8:30 a large and appreciative audience listened to R. B. Glenn speak of the "Responsibility and Temptations of Young Men."

The points in his address were not hidden behind a flow of great eloquence but were put in a *plain*

and *forcible* manner, and no doubt those who heard him will long remember "Glenn" as a man who looks at the truth from a *christian* standpoint. He clearly pointed out the *whims* and *isms* so abundant in fashionable society and then showed how the young men of to-day are responsible for their continuance. The session closed with ten minutes prayer service.

The somewhat new and quite varied exercises on Saturday morning made this one of the most beneficial sessions of the convention. A Bible model of personal work was given by L. A. Coulter.

At the close of the lesson he called for volunteers who would pledge themselves to speak *personally* with at least five unconverted persons during the coming year, and endeavor to lead them to Christ; at which call every delegate arose.

To make it more personal he said, "It is a self evident fact that Christians have not done their duty in personal work, for had each converted man spoken to at least two men, and led them to Christ, the world would have been saved long ago." Should every delegate who arose that morning speak to at least five unconverted men and the work continues, this generation would see the world brought to Christ. The model committee meetings, which were given on the

rostrum were new features in Convention work and gave the general public a practical idea of the ground work of Association life.

During this session the Guilford delegation was much encouraged by a communication from the Guilford Y's.

The leading feature of the afternoon session was the reports from the various associations. As a whole the reports showed a better year's work than like reports one year ago, and the improvement on various lines of work is worthy of note.

J. R. Moose, of Trinity College, read an excellent paper on "What To Do For New Students And How." Also G. G. Stephens, of Oak Ridge, rendered excellent thought on "Physical Work for Students."

F. H. Cota, of Greensboro, led in a half hour's song service at the opening of the evening session.

The address of the evening was given by Prof. E. C. Perisho, of Guilford College. Discoursing for more than an hour on "Why Have the Association in Schools and Colleges," he plainly showed how the influence of the association was necessary to a young man's *success* in school.

Following this was a paper on "Deputation Work" read by E. E. Gillespie of Guilford, after which L. A. Coulter talked about State

Work and gave the people of High Point some idea of how he can raise money from the pockets of a small convention. No large sums were given, but in a few moments \$140 were raised for State Work.

After doxology and benediction the last business session of the convention was at an end.

It was announced on Saturday night that the consecration service would begin at 7 o'clock on Sunday morning; and at 7:20 the door would be locked. According to the announcement about forty of the delegates left their rooms before the breakfast hour and reached the service before "the door was shut," conducted by J. Norman Wills of Greensboro, it was made an individual service, and without a doubt the best service of the whole convention.

After breakfast each delegate attended the Sabbath school and church of his choice.

At the men's meeting in the afternoon W. R. Gales presented the gospel claims, and two young men were converted. J. R. Moose conducted the meeting for ladies, and F. H. Cota had a beautiful service with the boys.

Sunday evening the various churches dismissed their regular services, and every body assembled at the Friends' church, it being the largest, to witness the closing exercises of the convention. A half hour's song service

followed by prayer. L. A. Coulter spoke on the association work as an "ally of the home, as an ally of society, as an ally of commerce, and as an ally of the church."

W. R. Cales followed with a brief but pointed sermon on "Christ the Water of Life." \$2.40 were raised for the local association. After doxology and benediction the convention was at an end.

The delegates in attendance at

this convention were strong representatives of their respective associations in the district, and we believe the great amount of good derived from the convention is largely due to the fact that the home talent was used largely to fill out the programme. All in all the convention was the best ever held in this district.

Let us do a good year's work and be ready for the convention next year.

SELECTIONS.

None but the brave deserve the fair.—*Dryden*.

Variety's the very spice of life, that gives it all its flavor.

—*Cowper*.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt!

Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.

—*Robert Derrick*.

Truth is tough. It will not break like a bubble, at a touch; nay, you may kick it about all day, like a foot ball, and it will be round and full at evening.

—*Holmes*.

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admir-

able! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!

—*Shakespeare*.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.—*Dr. Johnson*.

Concentration is the secret of strength in politics, in war, in trade—in short, in all management of human affairs.—*Emerson*.

To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting.

—*Burke*.

Expression is the mystery of beauty.—*Bulwer*.

How poor are they that have no patience.—*Shakespeare*.

The Guilford Collegian.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
LITERARY SOCIETIES
OF GUILFORD COLLEGE

NOVEMBER, 1891.

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Guilford College, N. C.

Subscription price: One year \$1.00
Club rates: Six copies 5.00
Single copies10

THE COLLEGIAN is entered at Guilford College Post
Office as second class matter.

The Base Ball season is now about over, and the restless and active base-ballist doubtless regrets that he cannot play ball all the year around. But what must he do with himself after the season is over? Why, play tennis, or do "like the girls do." They get their exercise on the strength of a gymnasium which was to have been, *is not* yet, but—probably *will be*.

One of the most enjoyable features of the recent Y. M. C. A. Convention held at High Point, was

the hospitality of the people of the town. Our delegates, when they returned, looked as though they had been enjoying the "Balm of Gilead" at some mountain resort—health restored, fat, and still growing, and with smiles of the most pleasing nature.

We are glad to announce that our Exchange Editor has again opened up his sanctum and has put on his cap of dignity. As his store of knowledge has not been drawn upon this term until now, our Exchanges may doubtless be surprised at the manner he handles some of them.

A notable feature of the John Bright Society Meetings this term has been the numerous parliamentary discussions.

While we think these discussions are often carried beyond the point of common sense, and sometimes amount to nothing at all, yet if the spirit of such discussions is purely to insist that parliamentary rules are adhered to, there is much information to be derived from them.

It is to be hoped ere another catalogue of Guilford College appears, that new cuts of the buildings shall have been provided. The cuts of the buildings which now appear in the catalogue and elsewhere, we are quite sure, do

not do justice to the buildings. Especially is this true of Founders' Hall, which appears as if it were in a wilderness.

Neither do King and Archdale halls appear so well as they do to the naked eyes. We do not believe in representing things as being more than they really are. However, great improvement could be made in the cuts of the buildings and still keep within the bounds of "reality."

In noticing a number of new regulations of the State University, as published in the last number of *The University Magazine*, the following strikes us very forcibly: "Absence from recitations is not an element in scholarship, but is matter for discipline."

We say *amen!* to the above.

We have often wondered why the Guilford County Agricultural Fairs come no more. A few years ago these fairs, which always occurred in the fall of the year, were looked forward to as important occasions by the students. And in fact they were so. In former years if a young man could find a young lady to accompany him to the Fair, that was the height of his ambition. It was a great thing for them to slowly wend their way toward the station, cross the gentle streams and see (?) the reflec-

tion of stars in them, and to go through the wooded land where the falling autumn leaves seemed to be teeming with sentimentalism. All this must have been real joy. In fact life *then* must have been more of a reality than *now*.

Rev. Thomas Dixon, of New York, was paid \$100 for the prayer he made at the opening of the Southern Exposition at Raleigh. We think it a very proper thing to have a prayer offered on such an occasion, but when it comes to paying a man such a sum for a "put up job," we don't quite see the good in it. Especially does it appear rather a strange way for a man to be doing, who was born, reared and educated in this State, and who claims to be so greatly interested in her industrial and educational growth. It may be he intends giving this money to some missionary or charitable cause, but imagine him saying—when he does so—"this is the money I received for *one* prayer down in North Carolina."

"Dating ahead" is applicable to a great many things. For instance, the November number of the *North Carolina Teacher* says: "Dr. Geo. T. Winston will be formally inaugurated as President of the University on October 14th," etc. We hardly know what conclusion to draw from such a news item as

this. It is true the *Teacher* reached us long before Oct. 14th, but what we do not quite understand is, why a paper like this, which in all probability does not necessarily have to reach every quarter of the globe by November, should be dated such an extremely long time in advance. If the *Teacher* simply wishes to do, as do the North American Review, Forum and other periodicals of entirely different character from the *North Carolina Teacher*, it may be all well, but we doubt it.

What will people a hundred years hence think of the *Teacher* publishing in November the notice of an event which is (?) to take place in the previous month? That is just the way it will appear.

Some papers are always on the extreme, but between the two extremes of dating periodicals so far *ahead* of time and of allowing them to be as far *behind* time, we think the latter much more preferable.

The Library at present is being supplied with some excellent periodicals and magazines. Although the *variety* is not so marked as it might be, still we are afforded an excellent opportunity to keep abreast with the times.

The *Christian Union* is a paper which always contains something worth reading.

The *Independent* is also worthy

of considerable notice, but it is so easily pulled off the track, especially when political matters are at stake, that it is not always to be relied upon in *all things*.

One of our best papers is the *Washington Post*. It is always eagerly sought for and should be read by every student. *It prints the news*. Its editorial columns are daily filled with articles of great importance. These editorials are written in such a concise manner and with such choice language for a newspaper, that it is somewhat of a recreation to read them.

With the supply of daily, weekly and monthly newspapers and periodicals we now have, there is no excuse for any one not knowing what is going on in the outside world.

The members of the Freshman class, probably with a view of more clearly distinguishing themselves from their near relations, the prep's, have judiciously expended some of their spare cash in the purchase of class caps—not the Oxford caps, however, but flat, heavy top, blue colored caps, which, worn on the heads in the artistic manner practiced by the Freshmen, make them look like post-graduates. The Freshmen at Guilford are not like they are

at most other colleges. They are always in the lead here. If, at the beginning of the term, a scramble or crash is heard, or something out of the usual routine takes place—when the particulars are learned, it is often the case that some Freshman has cornered a Senior behind his own door, or has caused the “smoothed down” hair of some wise Sophomore to stand on ends.

That is the sort of Freshmen Guilford has. They are the boldest personages we have in college. It will be a long time before any of the other students are accused of the rash act of “hazing” a Freshman at Guilford.

Not a little has lately been said in the papers concerning the lottery difficulty in the state of Louisiana. Finally, at a recent session of the Democratic State Central Committee, the matter was decided in favor of the company by a vote of thirty-nine to thirty-eight. And so this company having the sanction of the government and having gained another victory, possesses a stronger foothold than ever before. So firmly is this company established that it gained complete control of the committee and exercised its power by unseating delegates who opposed it and seating those who favored it.

There were few encouraging

features of the session. However, the indignation of the people was greatly aroused by the proceedings of those who were so strongly in favor of it.

The papers have cited attention to some particular features connected with the workings of the lottery men. For instance, an attempt was made to induce the people to vote for what was practically a lottery amendment to the State Constitution, by appropriating a large sum of money to the public school fund if it passed. This fact in itself shows that Louisiana needs to increase her school fund. But should money that is gained through evil traffics be accepted for educational and philanthropic purposes?

To-day we find the system of education throughout our country very different from what it was fifty years ago. Perhaps the principal cause of this is that the general development of our country has been such as to demand a system unthought of at that time. The industrial development has reached the point when it is necessary that the enterprises into which labor and capital are to be put should be organized and carried on with much more system and skill than were applied in the earlier efforts at manufacturing and transportation. As a result we find business colleges and

schools established. When the first schools for business were set up they did not meet with the hearty approval of public educators, partly on account of the lack of well qualified instructors and their incomplete method of teaching. But despite the many oppositions they continued to exist until they have become essential to the highest interest of those young men and women who expect to enter a business life. Now we find the catalogues of almost all institutions of education calling special attention to the "Commercial department," which is made a part of its course. And since this is rightly said to be an age of commerce, a thorough knowledge of business is necessary to those seeking employment in cities and towns. There are many duties, connected with almost every line of business, to be performed in a specified way and some knowledge of these is necessary to any one entering in trade or commerce.

There are many intelligent men and women who would perhaps, on presenting a check to a cashier, "not care to be introduced," but "only want their money," and who could not tell whether a note was written correctly or not. But to-day our educational institutions present to every body an opportunity of gaining some comprehension of ordinary business methods.

The commerce and trade of our country calls for clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers, type-writers, and cashiers; the mercantile house, the railroad business, the banking business, and in fact every department of business asks for thoroughly equipped young men and women to successfully carry on its affairs, and in no way can they so well prepare themselves to do this as by taking a thorough course in some business college.

These schools are in our midst and are likely to remain, since at present they have a broad claim on public favor because of the large number of public men and women they aid in becoming self dependent.

In this progressive part of the nineteenth century we find that in order to succeed in any line of business it is necessary to push to the front, and in consequence of this we see at this day every firm or establishment of business that is of any importance quite extensively advertised in the best dailies and periodicals. Certainly judicious advertisement can be of no less importance to the school or college than to any other business. Some perhaps may think that advertising a college places it on a level with merchandising, banking and other such lines of business. Whether it does or not, it is true that schools have a busi-

ness side and cannot be carried on successfully by any other than business principles.

Judicious advertisement of a school certainly cannot mean placing its conditions so far above the real as to disappoint both students and patrons, but to place before the eyes of the people, in a clear, concise and attractive style, the advantages offered by the school. In these days of facilities and opportunities it is detrimental to the interests of any company in business to fall short of its promises, and so in school advertising it is well to remember the fact that it is better to fulfill more than is promised than to promise more than can be fulfilled. The modern college seeks to supply the demand for more young men and women who are fitted for the duties of life. It has specific methods, turned in given directions, by which it claims to do this, and its object in advertising is to obtain the material to work on, of which there is a great abundance. If the members of school boards have faith in themselves, faith in their methods, and faith in their offerings, then it is safe to advertise.

The results of the recent election shows an indorsement of Democratic administrations in three out of the four States where the campaign attracted the atten-

tion of the country. Iowa and Massachusetts re-elect Boise and Russell by 8000 and 7000 majorities, and New York elects Flower by 45,000 votes. In Ohio, where the tariff and silver both seem to have claimed the first place for the consideration of the voter, the Democrats failed to be organized into sufficient harmony to re-elect Campbell, and Maj. McKinley was elected by 15,000 to 20,000 majority. The Iowa democratic State ticket is elected, and Pennsylvania goes Republican by 58,000 majority.

The depot is coming at last. After several years of begging and petitioning, and after many "pleas for redress of grievances," the railroad authorities have finally promised to give us a depot, or more properly speaking—a "station." We have never been able to understand why this has not been done long ago. We have quite a thriving village here, and why the railroad authorities should so neglect us—yet erect handsome depots at much smaller places, is what we don't quite understand. Of course—when we get the depot, we shall be more than pleased to attribute *all* to the "Railroad Commission."

For some time we have been wondering what this *product of alliance-ism* has been doing. We will now console ourselves with

the thought that they have been busily engaged in helping secure our depot.

Our last issue spoke of two characters of world renowned ambition and of their close; and again the death of one of the greatest parliamentary leaders of modern times adds another illustrious name to the long list of those who have risen to fame and has been brought to a common level with the humblest of earth by the hand of death. Charles Stuart Parnell was not an orator—not even a fluent speaker—neither was he gifted with a genial disposition—nor the faculty of making familiar friends yet he became a leader, almost rivalled the Great Gladstone in many respects—headed the Irish party, brought a despised measure to the front, incurred the righteous indignation of his country while in the zenith of his glory and bloom of manhood, and while the scepter of power was passing from his hand breathed the last of an eventful career.

Mr. Mills shows the difference of the two great national issues—in their relation to the welfare of the country, to be as follows: He says the difference between our present Silver Law and Free Coinage would be \$10,000,000, and that last year we imported \$480,-

000,000 of goods and paid \$22,000,000 duty on same—making a difference of \$12,000,000 in favor Tariff *vs.* Free Coinage as to their importance in the next national campaign.

READING.

In our last issue something was said concerning reading, in which the importance of extensive research by this means in the various avenues of science, professions, politics and commerce was intended to be briefly impressed. The scope of the argument in the article referred to included the current and accumulated literature of the day, without any discrimination whatever as to the two classes. Such being necessary from the prescribed limits of the article, that to say no more concerning the subject would leave the remarks upon it incomplete and worthy of criticism, for the line which certainly divides our good literature from our pernicious literature is of as much importance as the subject under discussion itself. This line would divide the reading matter commonly found and read into two classes—that from which great good and benefit may be derived, and that from whose acquaintance injurious and baneful influences are sure to follow—and it is of the latter we wish to remark. This class may

also be divided into two—the one which exerts an evil influence, and the other, which apparently has little power over the mind of the student. The effect of the former is direct and always productive of the mind and aspirations of him who indulges in reading it being debased. The effect of the latter is not so direct and conducive to vicious deeds, yet in its final results evil effects are seen. It takes the time and thought from that study which would be of benefit, and under the improvement heretofore stated, it is generally of such a nature as to be easily comprehended without requiring the active exercise of the faculty of thinking—thus, instead of developing and improving this, it tends to dull its keener senses and gives birth to a spirit of love of ease and indolence, and at the same time it fails to impart any information or to reveal any thought or principle worthy to be gathered into a “storehouse of knowledge.”

But the habit of reading our worst reading matter is generally contracted by its victim at an age when character is being formed and the mind is very susceptible, being influenced in almost any direction—at a time when good

solid reading is of comparatively little interest—when the realities of life are little thought of, and the true force and character of manhood are scarcely conceived of; yet this is the very time when the feats, exploits and adventures portrayed by a fictitious pen possess a peculiar and special fascination for it, and, if indulged in, will forever shape the taste and inclination of that mind, and in maturer years the intellect that should be developed and trained to grapple with grave questions, drawing support from solid, historical, philosophical, political and religious literature, will find itself tainted by the flighty visions gotten from the dime novel and cherished and inculcated in bygone days, when it alone afforded satisfaction to a mind depraved in youth.

The minds of many students entering college are exposed to this class of reading, and as the four years spent there is the time when their characters are mostly formed, and as good literature is in abundance—placed in their hands the whole time—it is the place and time to form them rightly.

PERSONAL.

Belton Williams now has a position as Postal Clerk on the R. and D. R. R.

Martha and Elva Blair are attending school at the Greensboro Female College.

Leonard Fox has entered Albion College, Michigan.

Jamestown, N. C. is the home of Ellen S. Thrift, formerly Henley.

Esper Dorsett is quietly pursuing her studies at the High School of Burlington, N. C.

Anna Griffin *nee* Baughn now resides near Woodland, Northampton Co., N. C.

The school near Franklinsville, Randolph Co. is taught by Rena Morris.

Ruth Blair has lately begun teaching near Rich Square, Northampton Co., N. C.

Rufus Moore and his wife Mollie Hollowell Moore, live near Goldsboro, N. C., where the former is engaged in farming.

Amanda Greer is at her home near Friendsville, Tennessee, enjoying the society of home and friends.

Micajah Lamb, a former student, who resides near Bloomingdale, Indiana, has just returned from a visit to his native State.

Gilbert W. Dixon, of Snow Camp, N. C., was married on the 27th of September, to Addie Groves of Donelton, Hunt Co., Texas.

At present Kate Wilson is at her home in Brunswick, N. C. She is expecting, however, to soon begin teaching the school at Spring, Chatham Co., N. C.

Isabella Woodley, formerly of the class of '93, has charge of the music department and is assistant in Latin at the Union Ridge Academy, Union Ridge, N. C.

Joash Reynolds is located at Springfield, Randolph Co., N. C., and follows his business in wagon-making, at such times as his health will permit.

Cuthbert Hiatt has a pleasant home near Fairmount, Grant Co., Indiana. He is an industrious farmer and a substantial church worker.

Mary Lamb has charge of quite a prosperous school of primary students near the college. She seems to enjoy her avocation and is, without doubt, well fitted to make a successful instructor.

Jessie T. Brown, who was a student in the days of N. G. B. S. has been married for quite a number of years, and is engaged in farming, also has charge of a store at Menola, Northampton county, N. C.

Lee Hall is now engaged in stock business at San Antonio, Texas.

The home of M. Elizabeth Hill Conway, a student here about the year '62 or '63, is near Carthage, Indiana.

Alethia Hinshaw is at home this term. We learn, however, that she expects to enter school again after the holidays.

Nereus Barker, an early student of this institution, lives at Westfield, Surry Co., N. C. His time is occupied with religious work and the care of his farm.

Alexander Clark and his wife, Anna Johnson Clark, both students of N. G. B. S., live near Plainfield, Indiana.

Carthage, Indiana has been the place of residence of Emma Farlow Newlin for quite a number of years. Her husband having lately completed a handsome residence, they are now the happy occupants of a new and beautiful home.

Addison S. Hodgin, '91, has a position as assistant in the South Greensboro Graded School, Greensboro, N. C. He often makes his appearance at the college on *special occasions*. His pleasant countenance and congenial manner always leave a cheerful impress

upon those with whom he chances to meet.

Thos. Harris is locomotive engineer on the International and Great Northern R. R. on passenger train from Taylor to San Antonio, Texas.

Ruth Hodgin was married to William Stevenson on September 27th. No doubt her aged father can adopt the language of the father of Minnehaha:

"Thus it is our daughters leave us
Those we love and those who love us
Just when they have learned to help us
When we are old and lean upon them."

Pearl L. Mendenhall was married by Friends' ceremony to Geo. Walker of Worcester, Mass., at her home in Greensboro, N. C., on the evening of Oct. 28th. A reception will be given them at the home of the groom's parents on Nov. 19th. The COLLEGIAN extends congratulations.

Genevieve Mendenhall, class of '90, has lately returned from a pleasant visit which lasted all summer. She in company with her cousin, Pearl Mendenhall, spent the summer with their uncle Junius Mendenhall of Minneapolis, Minn., and also visited several places in Canada, Niagara Falls, and Philadelphia.

Anna and Mamie Jones are now living in Greensboro, N. C., their father having moved his family to that place not long since. Anna

is happily engaged in her chosen work, that of kindergarteen, and has a class under her charge, while Mamie attends the Greensboro Female College, studying art and pursuing a further course in music.

Achsa Cox and Sam'l Woody, both former students of this institution, were united in marriage on October 14th. They afterwards spent a few days at the Southern Exposition at Raleigh and are now happily settled in their new home at Saxapahaw, N. C. THE COLLEGIAN wishes them a long and happy life, beautified and subdued by the holy incense of unselfish love.

An account of the death of Dora Pike reached us a few weeks ago. It was indeed a sad occurrence. Having been stricken with fever for only a short while, she became delirious, and creeping from her room upon the roof of the porch, she slipped and fell to the ground, thus fracturing her skull. She died in six hours afterwards. Her remains were carried to her home at Snow Camp for burial. She had been for some time making her home at her cousin, Zeno Dixon's, Principal of the Yadkinville High School.

On the 5th of last month passed away Elizabeth A. Cox, who, with her husband Jonathan Cox, were long connected with this

school. Aunt Lizzie was the familiar name with so many boys and girls who learned to love her for the patient and kind motherly care given them while attending school here. Were any lonely or sick she was ready to comfort and minister to their wants. She came to New Garden as a pupil in 1838, from Nansemond County, Va., and while here first met her husband, which proved to be such a long and happy acquaintance, they having lived together more than fifty years. The first years of their married life were spent in Northampton County in this State. In 1859 they came to New Garden as superintendent and matron of the Boarding School, which position they held, with an intermission of two years, until 1875. The last ten years of her life were spent with her daughter Mary Cartland, at High Point. Though often a sufferer and living in much weakness and weariness of flesh, she was patient and cheerful. In our last Yearly Meeting her presence seemed like a benediction. Surely it can be said "she hath done what she could," and a good woman has gone home to glory. The world is the better for her having lived in it, for the impress her life has left on so many men and women who are now filling various positions in Church and State.

LOCALS.

Thanksgiving is coming.

Mid-term examinations over.

Base ball is a thing of the past.

"Woman's Rights" is the leading spirit in the senior class this year.

We were very glad to have Mr. Coulter, the state secretary of the Y. M. C. A., with us on the 15th of October.

We were pleasantly surprised by a visit from J. M. Lee some weeks since.

Senior.—I wish the man who made that Analytic Geometry had died in his youth.

The Buffalo head has recently been taken from the cabinet and carried to Raleigh for exhibition at the Southern Exposition.

After Hodgin fell off the plank walk he was about to arrive at two conclusions:

1: That some more banisters were needed upon the walk.

2: That windows on the southwest corner of Founders' Hall should be kept closed.

Mr. C. L. Van Noppen gave us a short call when on his way to Chicago.

The Reynolds Bros were awakened one morning by some uncommon musical display in the

most useful thing about their cottage—a cook stove. On arising to ascertain the cause, they beheld a screech owl just emerging from the "unpropitious circumstances" by which he had been surrounded. He was soon captured, and is now finishing his eventful career in the museum.

Guilford has become quite a winter resort. Several western people have come to spend the coldest months here.

The Freshman caps seem to have a peculiar effect upon some members of that class. One of them remarked that when he was coming from town he got so tired walking that he had to run in order to keep from breaking down.

The members of the Y. W. C. T. U. arose one morning to find their flowers had been greatly damaged during the night. If they had have asked Will. Armfield the next day what was the matter with his arm, he might have replied that he had a "slight" fall.

Hawks has become a messenger boy, but not a news boy.

The Y. M. C. A. Convention, which was recently held in High Point, was pronounced by all who attended a grand success and superior to any that has been held prior to this. Guilford College was represented by the largest

delegation, and after the delegates returned they gave an interesting account of the proceedings. They seemed to have a renewed interest in the work, and by their encouraging words awakened much interest in those who did not attend.

Teacher.—In what book of the Bible should you look to find information concerning the life of St. Paul?

Soph.—In the book of Paul.

The last game of Ball of the season was played between the Oak Ridge and Guilford College teams, Oct. 31. By the many errors which the Guilford boys made, the Oak Ridge team secured five runs in the first four innings. After this, no runs were made on either side. Thus the score stood 5 to 0 in favor of Oak Ridge.

One of our Prep's was very perplexed because he could not find the book of Joseph in the Bible.

Prof. Davis has recently moved. Although his new home is farther from his school duties, we think it will be much more pleasant than the old one.

The Websterian Society gave their annual entertainment on the evening of the 31st. It was cer-

tainly worth the effort put forth by the members of the society, and was an honor to the institution. A large crowd attended, and among them were many old students and friends of the college. One of the prominent features of the entertainment was the unveiling of a life size portrait of Daniel Webster. It is the finest picture which has ever entered the college walls.

It is said Jasper produced a scateration a few nights ago when some of the "inventive geniuses" of Archdale attempted to lengthen the bell cord to "*suit their convenience*." Jasper is always on hand when such things occur.

Mr. J. T. McCracken is erecting a new store at the station.

Smith & Co. expect to be selling goods by Christmas.

Miss Gertrude Smith gave us a short visit on Oct. 31st.

Mr. W. T. Woodley came home recently and was at the entertainment.

We were glad to have Walter Grabbs among us some days ago. We hope to have him in school next term.

David White, Jr. spent a few days at the college recently.

EXCHANGES.

It is generally supposed that Pharaoh was very, very cruel when, in the hardness of his heart, he commanded his servants, the Israelites, to make bricks, yet refused to furnish the necessary straw. It is also generally supposed that such customs have departed with the age which produced them, and that there are at present no sovereigns so tyrannical; that is, in civilized countries. But ye exchange editor deposeth, and sayeth, "Not so; for that time has not yet fully come." For the space of three months, at frequent intervals, he has been compelled, like the Israelites of old, to answer the question: "Wherefore have ye not fulfilled your task in making brick, both yesterday and to-day, as heretofore?" When he responded that no straw was given, he was yet commanded to go and work, and deliver the tale of the bricks. But at last the straw is forthcoming, and the task masters will hear no excuse.

The materials are ready and the spirit is willing, but where shall we begin? On our table lie college periodicals from many States, bricks made in the capacious moulds of our big Universities, bricks moulded by the inexperienced hands of mere boys who have not yet left their high schools. All have some faults, all some

commendable features. Nearly all of them have something to say about the manner of conducting the college paper. The big *Lits* want us all to fill our columns—"if possible," you know—with dry discussions of the classics, or with learned disquisitions upon the character of the writings of some pet author; and vigorously protest that the report of a foot-ball, or base-ball game, or anything which approaches levity in the local column should be allowed to go into a well ordered journal. Then there are those whose editors have an athletic turn of mind, and their columns teem with reports of athletic contests, and whose editorials, really prepared to "fill up" space, yet pretend that their only purpose is to arouse and maintain an interest in college sports. And such it would appear to be.

Then there are those of us who don't know any better than to believe that the college paper should be conducted in a manner best suited to the needs of our own colleges, and of those within our own State, whether we tickle the literary palette of ye big *Lit* editors or not. How this is to be done, we confess we are not fully prepared to say. There are as many opinions as there are exchange editors; nearly all *think* they know; very few really *do*.

There are really many excellent publications on our list, and it is

with pleasure that we observe North Carolina's representatives holding their own with the best of them. *The Archive* comes up from Trinity in a new dress, presenting the most attractive outside appearance and giving promise of better work inside than has formerly characterized her. We have always been at a loss to know why a college which has and does send out such men as Trinity has, should not have had a paper just a little better than it ever has been. Perhaps the time has fully come when our expectations are to be realized.

In the October *Davidson Monthly* appears the oration entitled "The Value of Reserved Power," delivered in the State oratorical contest in Greensboro last May, by Mr. G. H. Cornellson, of Davidson College. The speaker almost captivated us on that occasion, and now on careful reading, our estimate of his production remains unchanged. And just here we are inclined to remark that although it may be rather early to agitate the question, it seems to us that steps should at once be taken towards organizing a *State Oratorical Association*. An association which does not include two of our foremost colleges is only three fifths of an association and will never arouse the

enthusiasm it should until they are included. It is nothing but right that college men who have the ability to write and speak like the one mentioned should receive the attention of an *interested* public. We think so, at least. Is it not time to begin? Who will be first to move out?

The October *Phoenix* comes to us from Sworthmore, full of rejoicing over the selection of Sworthmore's fourth President, Charles De Garmo, Ph. D., late professor of Philosophy in the Illinois State University. The new President is an author of some note, and goes to his work with the good wishes of all Sworthmore's friends.

The *Haverfordian* comes to us from the Quaker State, very much like the *Haverfordian* that came a year ago. There is one thing always to be noticed in that paper—it is clean. There is an entire absence of anything which would tend to lower the tone, or detract from the dignity of the paper. It is positively refreshing to meet with such a journal, so prevalent seems to be the idea that the more slang and semi-vulgarity that can be woven into the exchange editorial, and local columns, the better and more interesting the paper. We earnestly hope to see improvement in this line.

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

Experienced advertisers have said that the least said in an advertisement the more attractive it is, so we will adopt that plan and extend a cordial invitation to all to visit our store when in Greensboro. We carry a nice line of Dry Goods and a splendid line of Shoes, at prices as low as the lowest.

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THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

VOL. IV.

DECEMBER, 1891.

No. 4.

TO MY GRANDMOTHER.

—
J. H. PEELE, '91.
—

Rest, grandmother, rest.
Fold thy tired hands upon thy breast;
Though unbedecked with gems of pride,
Though worn and scarred by life's hard blows,
They wear the pearls of tears they've dried,
They're whiter than the drifted snows.
Thy weary feet have trod the way
That leads from earth to heaven's gate;
And though the skies were sometimes gray
And towering hills would oft await,
The star of faith thy pilot beamed
Until you reached the river's shore,
And o'er the unknown waters gleamed
That light which shines forever more.
Thy grave is where the myrtle blows,
Eternal silence guards thy bed;
The acorn to a forest grows
Above the city of the dead.
By time's rude hand one-half erased,
This truthful epitaph is traced:
"The Christian's grave with peace is blest."
Rest, grandmother, rest.

Sleep, grandmother, sleep.
Around thy couch the angel's sweep
On noiseless wings of spectral light.
One bears a crown that counts more gems

Than stars within the brow of night.

One brings a golden harp that hymns
Of realms of song and pure delight.

Through heaven's gates flash forth the gleams
Of golden streets and sapphire thrones;

Thy glittering, airy pathway seems
Inlaid with pearls and precious stones.

With angels for thy heraldry
And harps of gold to pulse the time.

Thy entering views such pageantry
As boasts alone celestial clime.

The race is o'er, the victory won,
Thy mission here is nobly done,
And now thy laurels thou shalt reap;
Sleep, grandmother, sleep.

Sing, grandmother, sing.

Take up thy harp, attune each string
To words of praise. Now strike those notes

Whose living echoes oft inspire
The song of genius as it floats

In wondrous beauty from his lyre.
Since music is angelic speech

There ring enchanting melodies,
And valleys answering each to each

Break forth in pealing symphonies.
Thy voice must, too, be heard in song

So let thy harp its notes prolong
Till heaven's eternal arches ring.

Sing, grandmother, sing.

ART AND REPARTEE IN LOVE'S LABORS LOST.

BY L. C. VAN NIPPEN, '90.

Of all Shakespeare's plays none, perhaps, keep up such a continuous play of repartee and wit as is to be found in *Love's Labors Lost*. It is true that a lustre of polished artificiality sometimes becomes apparent, but the student must bear in mind that the whole play is highly and purposely artificial.

The plot is an extremely impracticable one, out of all probability and custom, yet still within the range of possibility. The action is therefore not so natural, free and unrestrained as that which characterizes the majority of Shakespeare's plays. The humor is not the whole-souled, mirth-provoking humor of the Englishman so well portrayed in Falstaff. It is the keen, cutting, incisive wit of the Frenchman, giving a sarcastic flavor to the play, imparting an epigrammatic turn to the sentences.

Nothing, furthermore, could better inculcate and bring into greater eminence this refined sarcasm, this satirical manner than the dialogue which Shakespeare has here chosen to adopt as the best way of presenting this play. *Love's Labors Lost* is pre-eminently the play of dialogue.

This, though greatly due to the matter to be presented as being best suited to bring about the effect intended, must also be attributed to the fact that this is one of Shakespeare's first attempts, bearing, therefore a greater similitude to the Classic Drama, which all previous dramatists had been sedulously imitating.

To whatever due, however, the spirit of the dialogue is well maintained. Lively and fascinating, it is a dictionary of puns, an encyclopedia of wit.

The whole tone of the conversation, furthermore, indicates that Shakespeare must have been well acquainted with the polite mannerisms of the artificial age in which he lived.

None but a king of conversationists could have originated such a rapid succession of brilliant images, could have made a skeleton of so bare a plot glow with all the vigor and animation of voluptuous life, breathing, speaking, acting with the activity of vivid reality, "giving to airy nothingness a local habitation and a name," to dumb nature a tongue, to abstraction a soul.

How suited, too, the dialogue to express the various characters,

the shades of difference in the same kind!

Note the pedants of the play, so similar; and yet how dissimilar in their sameness do a few delicate touches here and there, from the true unerring pen of the great Delineator, make them. None but the true, the born artist could thus combine Nature's pigments, could thus artistically arrange the lights and shadows of character.

What self-sufficiency, complacent egotism in Don Armaco, that paragon of classical learning. How absurdly dull and stupid his wit! What a contrast to Moth, that precacious youth, who reminds us forcibly of the premature wisdom of the street gammins of our large cities.

Yet the pompous Don in his conceit and stupidity fails utterly to understand the sarcastic rejoinders of his page. However, when occasionally a suspicion that he is being ridiculed does flash across his asinine intellect, he gives up the contest in despair, dismissing the wicked urchin, with an air of lofty condescension, and an affectation of superiority that is hilariously ridiculous.

Here are a few instances, which illustrate better than any description, these two widely different characters:

Armado Boy—What sign is it

when a man of great spirit grows melancholly?

Moth—A great sign, in, that he will look sad.

Arm.—Why sadness is one and the same thing, dear imp.

Moth—No! No! O Lord! sir, no!

Arm.—How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth—By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough Senior.

Arm.—Why tough Senior? Why tough Senior?

Moth—Why tender juvenal? Why tender juvenal?

Arm.—I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth—And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may nominate tough.

And again:

Arm.—Ling, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth—And that's a great marvel; loving a light wench.

Here also:

Arm.—Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

Moth—A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm.—Ha! ha! What sayest thou?

Moth—Marry, sir. You must

send the ass upon the horse for he is very slow-gaited.

And as Moth turns away to do his errand Armado merely solo-quizes, "a most acute juvenal, voluble and free of graces," having utterly failed to comprehend the sarcastic allusion to himself as an ass.

How absurdly conceited, too, are our other two pedants, Holofernes, the school-master, and Nathaniel, the curate, in their pompous affectation of learning, their Latinisms and classical allusions, surely a satire on all pedantry and pretense of knowledge. They talk, as Moth pertinently says, as if "they had been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps." Then there is goodman Dull, who rightly deserves his title, yet the only difference between this ignoramus and the two pedants who affect so lordly a superiority over him, is their veneer of learning. Just as if Shakespeare had dipped Dull himself into the vat of learning and had drawn him forth the varnished idiot Holofernes. How intensely funny the scene where the three pedants Armado, Holofernes and Nathaniel preparing for their great dramatic presentation, scatter classical allusions and synonyms through their heavy discourse as if they were compiling a dictionary, and when one of them asks Dull, "Via, goodman Dull, thou

hast spoken no word all this while."

"Nor understood none either," says poor Dull.

Moth alone sees the absurdity of their discourse and accordingly avails himself of the opportunity to say some of his really very witty things, making fun of the others—though they know it not—and showing himself as much their superior as they imagine themselves above Dull.

Conversation maintained in spirited dialogue alone can throw into prominence these subtle differences, and here how well used!

In Costard again, we see Moth grown into manhood, without, perhaps, the accurate knowledge of the latter, still, however, to mother-wit an extension of the same character, the differences in this respect being attributable to the difference in age. To us Costard seems to be the prototype of Pistol in King Henry VI., viz: when he says: "Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and 'till then, sit thee down sorrow!"

Like our own Southern negro he always manages to get the wrong word in the wright place and vice-versa, making the most laughable mistakes in his pedantic imitations imaginable.

There is also a greater number of rhymes in this play than in any other written by Shakespeare,

which, however, though maintained to the epic grandeur of some others is remarkably adapted for the expression of epigrammatic vivacity.

This is especially noticeable in the spirited encounters between the King and Princess, the Lords and Ladies. Here, too, we have, to the superficial eye only one phase of character, the society man and woman of that day, yet how vast a difference in their minds and characters! The lofty and chivalrous King; the sarcastic, polished Biron, the man of the world; and Longaville and Dumain, the elegant leisurely men of fashion. How well too are they paired off! The King with the Princess; Biron with the proud, unconquerable Rosaline; Dumain with Maria, and Longaville with Katherine.

What lively encounters! What polished wit! What cutting sarcasm! The ladies, too, quite outdo the gentlemen in repartee, as well as in being the cause of the breaking of their foolish vows. All in vivid dialogue, interesting and instructive, fanciful and vivacious. Was anything more witty ever written?

You sometimes wonder if the past shall be able to sustain his humorous flight.

And the poems of the victims. How indicative of their various characters! How keenly discrim-

inative! How absurdly pathetic!

The duel, too, of Boyet and the ladies, and Biron and his companions, with their flashing rapiers of wit, though not dangerous is highly interesting and skilfully conducted, and one is gratified to know that the ladies come off "more than conquerors."

For, though their tongues are sharp, from their eyes, nevertheless, beam the melting rays of love, rendering their opponents harmless and anxious, and disarming them of all their cut and dried arguments. How well, too does Shakespeare point the lesson of the result of pedantic affectation in the scene where the pedants—whose dullness, by the way, is only to emphasize the brilliancy of the other characters—fail ridiculously in their dramatic representation, and make contemptable fools of themselves! While the really brilliant lords and ladies march off the stage, happy in the satisfaction of a congenial pairing of their hearts, their fortunes and their humor.

Well indeed may Knight call this the comedy of affectations, which is so full of pretense and glaring unrealities.

Love's Labours Lost is unmistakably a satire on the literary follies of the age. It is full of the polite mannerisms of the court, imported from France and spread also throughout the whole series

of feudatories below the court itself, even tincturing the peasantry with its affected grotesqueness.

According to the fashion (fashion seems even then to have been as relentless a tyrant as she is now) everything must be a play on words formally balanced, or euphuistically antithetical. Lily, a contemporary of Shakespeare's, on account of his copious illustrations of everything pertaining to man, from animals, plants and minerals, real or fabulous, and also on account of his affected sententiousness and the abnormal balance of his sentences—the quality from him now rhetorically known as "euphuism"—was the chief of the fashionable literary circle of that day.

But this style was too artificial, too unnatural to be lasting.

A master of human nature, with an intuitive perception of the real and unreal, appeared in the person of Shakespeare, who, by affecting this style in *Loves Labors Lost*, a play specially chosen by him for this purpose, and eminently fitted for this object, did much, no doubt, to convince the ages of its absurdity. On reading this play one cannot

fail to note how this euphuism had penetrated all classes, from the King down to goodman Dull, and the lowest court-fool.

Thus Shakespeare, while delicately witty in his own proper way, is yet, all the way through, unmistakably satirical.

While showing Lily that he could surpass him in his own special sphere, he nevertheless satirizes his euphuism by a hyperbolic profuseness that is obvious. Thus, conforming delicately to the artificial taste of the day he yet degrades it, enables it introspectively, to see its own absurdity. Is this not artistic? Is not this genius? That is the difference between a Shakespeare and a Lyly.

To all, who, like Coleridge and Madam De Stael, would shine through conversation, we heartily recommend this play. Those, too, who would acquire a knowledge of their tongue in the use of synonyms should also consult its pages. The student of human nature will also be rewarded by its perusal. Who, indeed, can fail to be both entertained and instructed who will make it a matter of study?

A WEEK IN IRELAND.

BY PRES. L. L. HOBBS.

From Edenburgh I went to Glasgow with the purpose of crossing over to Ireland. Taking a steamer at evening one can pass a good night on the water, and wake next morning in sight of the "Emerald Isle." I entered Ireland at Belfast, about 5 o'clock on a bright morning. At that early hour I found everything quiet, a few people who were waiting the landing of the steamer and a number of porters who were ready to carry one's luggage for a few pennes. As I had retired somewhat late the previous night, and was up early to go ashore, I decided that the best thing for me to do in beginning the day was to find a hotel and go to bed. Doing so, I went to sleep and did not awake till nearly ten o'clock. By that time I was ready for breakfast, after which I was anxious to walk out to see a thrifty Irish City. There is much life and commercial activity in Belfast, and one is pleased to see so prosperous a city in that interesting country. Of course the contrast between such a place and some of the vigorous towns of Scotland can cause no surprise. I had just come from some of the cities in the North of England, through Edinburgh, in which city I spent a few days; and coming into Ireland, I was prepared to see a less prosperous country, and evidences of dissatisfaction with the present state of things. Yet the general joyousness and jocularity of the Irish people impress one with the elasticity of their nature. Spending the day in Belfast, I saw many attractive shops, or stores as we should call them; and there for the first time saw the Irish jaunting-car, popularly called "jaunt." This is a two wheeled vehicle on which the seats, one on each side, extend in the direction in which the car runs, and you sit facing the side of the road with but little to hold you on, and always in a weather strained position. One horse will pull five persons or possibly seven on a "jaunt," and make good time. The roads are good. In the country you see the grain fields, grass, potatoes, oats, as you pass along, and often pass small thatcher-roofed cabins with small windows. The people are healthy looking, and seem to enjoy themselves. They show evidences of strong drink both by the number of liquor shops they frequent and by their

conduct even on a railroad car. The impulsiveness of the Irish was shown to me on my way from Belfast on Saturday afternoon as I was riding about forty miles into the country.

The working people were going in large numbers to their homes in the country on this last day of the week ; and many were boisterous from natural impulsiveness and made more so by beer. Two or three of the men got into a fight, while one stopped at a station, a condition of things, which scarcely attracted attention, I supposed because it was no unusual occurrence.

I remained in the country at a village Inn two days and nights, and traveled a few miles daily in company with some friends, on a "jaunt." The weather was very warm and oppressive, and having on winter clothing and not daring to make a change, all the greater was my discomfort. The people were very hospitable and I have the very kindest remembrances of all the people I met in Ireland. I still hear the sound of the Irish fifes and drums and voices which I heard in the country near Porta Down Station late on a Monday evening as I was being kindly entertained by a Nephew of Jacob Green, who visited New Garden very early after the opening of the

school in 1837, and said to the Trustees: "This School will be a blessing to your children's children. It is the Lord's work and will prosper in your hands."

On the following day I went to Dublin, arriving in the afternoon. The most striking change I observed was the great fall in temperature. I found it not uncomfortable to wear a light overcoat, after having suffered two days previously with the heat.

Dublin made a favorable impression upon me, chiefly, because I fell into the hands of such excellent people.

In inquiring for a friend whom I wished to see, I was told something like this by a stranger: "He lives here about two doors away, and a finer man you will not find in all Dublin."

Not finding my friend at home, I made my way to another friend's office, one whom I had met in London, and was most cordially received and taken to his beautiful home on the bay, about ten miles out of the city. Here I found a family every inmate of which I love to remember. In Dublin, I saw the University buildings and many statues of eminent Irishmen. Remaining in Dublin a short time, I took steamer for Holy Head and thence to the old town of Chester.

WAY-SIDE OBSERVATIONS.

BY M.

Having obtained leave of absence from household and school duties my friend and I, surprised at the exuberance of our own spirits, were speeding on our way to Boston, Mass., to attend the National Convention of the W. C. T. U. to be held in that city, intending to visit such places and friends, going and returning, as might be within our reach.

The convention having been reported so extensively in many of the the daily papers, I will give an account only of our deviations from the direct course.

Our first stop was in Philadelphia, a city so well known that it needs no comment; but the beauty and interest of the surrounding country, the gradual growth from good to better since the days of Penn, may be more strongly attested by reference to the numerous institutions of learning which seem almost a natural product of the soil, so true is it that christianity and culture go hand in hand.

Of these institutions the one in which we were specially interested was Bryn Mawr College, located in Bryn Mawr, a thriving little village about ten miles from the city

where, it is said, no land is disposed of without the assurance that a building worth not less than \$10,000 shall be erected upon it.

The college was founded and endowed by Dr Joseph Taylor, of New Jersey in 1880, especially for the advanced education of women. Here was provided for them all the advantages of a college education which are so freely offered to young men

The college grounds cover forty acres and are beautifully laid out with reference both to the comfort and the pleasures of the students. The four main buildings are constructed after the most approved plans. Taylor Hall, the first erected, contains the lecture rooms, laboratories and the offices of the administration. The well lighted and well selected library offers excellent advantages for study and research. The chapel within the same building presents an appearance of simple elegance that both delights and soothes the mind.

Near Taylor Hall are Mirion, Radnor and Denby halls for the accomodation of students. The Dean's cottage not far distant gives one the impression of being

altogether English in all of its appointments. The dean herself, Miss M. Carey Thomas, of Baltimore, is perhaps one or the most learned women in the United States, having directed much time to study, both in America and in Europe. Having consecrated her life to the education of girls she is eminently fitted to inspire in them the spirit which seems to envelope the whole institution, viz., a searching for truth for its own sake.

The advanced idea of a sound mind in a sound body has not been lost sight of in the higher intellectual development, for here is one of the most commodious gymnasiums yet provided for women, and great care is given that the exercise shall be taken with reference to physical development, strength of heart and lungs, and hereditary tendencies.

The president, Rev. James Rhoads, is a man widely known and greatly beloved. He is most genial and kindly in his intercourse with the students, and seeks to inspire them with earnestness in their daily lives and to direct them to the things which are eternal.

The instruction is given almost entirely by lectures, which to the uninitiated seem rather formidable when applied to mathematics.

One is somewhat surprised to learn that there are no rules for regulating the conduct of the

students; that the only requirement for leaving the premises is that her address in the place to which she is going shall be given and that attendance at class is not compulsory. Yet, if there are no written laws, the *unwritten* code is none the less binding, because it presupposes that every young lady is thoroughly acquainted with the proprieties of society, and that her own integrity of purpose is of paramount importance; therefore these boundary lines may not be overstepped with impunity.

The ample endowments make it possible to offer various scholarships, fellowships, etc., and any young woman who obtains one may consider herself fortunate.

It was with pleasure we learned that a graduate-scholarship has been offered to the following colleges, Earlham, (Pa.), and Guilford. The candidate to be chosen by the faculty of the college from the senior class of the current year, or if it contains no one eligible, one may be chosen from either of the two preceding classes. Such an offer is very complimentary and doubtless will stimulate both teachers and students to more thorough and advanced work.

Much might be said of the advantages of a residence of some months in such an institution, and of the hopeful outlook for coming generations from such a vantage ground, but we have tarried already too long and must proceed on our journey.

To be continued.

The Guilford Collegian

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
LITERARY SOCIETIES
OF GUILFORD COLLEGE

DECEMBER, 1891

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Address all business communications to
MENDENHALL & WILSON,
Guilford College, N. C.

Subscription price: One year. . . . \$1.00
Club rates: Six copies. 5.00
Single copies.10

THE COLLEGIAN is entered at Guilford College Post
Office as second class matter.

Before another issue of THE COLLEGIAN appears the new year will have dawned upon us.

It seems fitting at this juncture to express in these columns, our gratitude for the liberal support we have received at the hands of the students, our subscribers in general and our advertisers.

Since the beginning of the present collegiate year we have put forth considerable effort to make THE COLLEGIAN first-class in every respect and worthy to be classed among North Carolina's excellent list of college papers.

If our efforts have been in the least successful we attribute our success in a large measure to the increased interest of the students. Our subscription list has been considerably enlarged. On this account our advertising patronage is more valuable and we feel quite sure our advertisers have been amply repaid for the aid which we generously acknowledge.

Now as to the New Year—with just conservatism we believe that the prospects for next term are flattering. We believe also that at no time in the history of this institution have there been better opportunities for the accomplishment of great ends than there are at the present time. And as we muse over the past four months we can but think they have been months of both profit and pleasure to all. But we would admonish every student to return to his work next year with increased vigor and enthusiasm.

Those who have realized the expectations of their hopes this term should be all the more eager to surpass them next.

There is a broad field ahead.

No one should feel that each succeeding year at college should be less laborious and freer from tasks, for as we advance step by step, our responsibility increases.

We hope to greet all the old students and many new ones at the beginning of next term. We

also hope to give them a better college paper. Our baffled hopes have only been a source of greater enthusiasm and determination.

Let every student return from the holiday festivities and be not only loyal to the institution but to the paper which represents it.

In conclusion THE COLLEGIAN wishes its readers A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

As the term draws to a close there seems to be a tendency on the part of a great many to grow somewhat careless in their studies, when compared to work they have been doing the first and most part of the term.

Why should this be the case? It is true there are generally a great many things to require their attention toward the last of the year; but should any time be sacrificed from the regular course of study? We would not in the least detract from the importance of the performance of these extra duties, yet we maintain that when they are assumed it should be as *additional* work, and not as work requiring part of the time already employed. In order to be thorough in what we go over and to receive reports satisfactory to ourselves and our institutions, ought there not to be the same determi-

uation and zeal manifested at the last of the term as at the beginning when there was no public entertainments or orations to be prepared? Indeed, we believe if a student gets the consent of his mind that he has done sufficient work and can afford to devote a part of the time required by his text-books to these other duties, these themselves will scarcely receive that profound thought and study, or will always reflect as much credit as if done in connection with other duties, each receiving full consideration from the student.

As these lines are being written the students of Guilford College, are, we presume, at rest from their regular work; some at their homes; others visiting the rooms of their college mates, and others still enjoying to the fullest those special privileges in the way of social position which our institution always gives on Thanksgiving day; and to, and for which many of our young men look and calculate long before the last Thursday in November; while a few of us, very few, are still at work trying to prepare for the many duties which crowd upon us as the term draws to a close.

While to day is just as other days, (except it is the most disagreeable one we have seen during the term) yet, besides its bearing upon our history, it is an event even in col-

lege life which brings to the mind of the students many ideas and reflections which other days fail to suggest.

One year, with its changes, victories and defeats has passed into history since last the students laid aside their books to participate in the enjoyment of this our national holiday, and many are the changes which greet the vision of those of us who were here then. Even as we look out upon the campus improvements are noticed on every hand. New buildings have been erected, the lawn has been much improved, and the handsome Y. M. C. A. building is nearing completion. In the government of the institution changes have been made in the faculty, and while we are sorry to part with any of our former teachers, we congratulate ourselves on the additions which have been made.

We have also reason to believe that there is more intellectual work being done than there was a year ago. The facilities have been increased and the number of those who assume the duties of the higher classes is annually increasing.

Then there are those who have completed their studies and gone from us; those who have come among us; new acquaintances and friendships have been formed; new lessons in experience learned, and new ideas gathered from contact with those around us.

Thus time flies on and in the circuit of a single year will work many unthought-of changes.

What another Thanksgiving will bring forth cannot be predicted; but there are certain changes on which we can rely, and which we can bring about whose influence may be as boundless and far reaching as time itself. While there are mutations over which we have no control, yet there are those which will shape our future lives and it is in our power to shape them for our good.

Besides the many improvements which mark the onward march of this institution in attaining her destined and merited position among our best centers of learning, the institution and community returns thanks for the moral, physical and intellectual prosperity of the past year and the attendant blessings of which she is the recipient.

In the point of health we should be especially thankful, when we consider those who have been taken from other institutions of learning by death, and remember that since we came here nearly three years ago there has been no deaths nor serious illness among our college mates, we are constrained to believe that we enjoy not only the best sanitary regulations and the most healthful, but also the most favored spot of our state.

The editor of the *Journal of Education* says "There is not a public school in Germany where music is not taught. There should not be in America."

There are doubtless many public educators who do not exactly agree with the latter part of this remark, judging from the limited sphere which music occupies in the Public Schools of America.

Whether music should be introduced in the public schools of America or not, it is time some steps were taken to place our educational system upon a firmer basis. During the past it has seemed that America has placed great confidence in her public schools, pointing to them with the finger of pride, "as the bulwark of the nation" and "the hope of future greatness," but it is the opinion of all who investigate the well defined system of Germany and observe its operations, that our own is much inferior. It is said that German children at the age of ten are at least three years in advance of American children and that from that age the chasm continues to increase, not because they are naturally smarter and brighter than American children, but because of the more thorough and complete methods of instruction provided for in the public institutions throughout Germany.

One of the many interesting questions discussed by each of the Literary Societies of Guilford College last term, was Sabbath Observance at the World's Fair. Many points were brought out on both sides, but in each society the discussion resulted in closing the Fair on Sunday. The discussion of such a question can but be of importance to all the members of a literary society. Although the argument on either side may not be exhausted, yet enough interest is awakened in the members to make them more observant of anything they may hear or read on the subject afterward.

This question is still claiming national interest. We notice a State convention was called in Iowa, Nov. 17th, for the purpose of discussing the question. It has claimed and is claiming the careful consideration of many other important organizations. These more recent discussions have thrown more light on the subject and presented some ideas which were not made prominent in the earlier discussions. One of the reasons at first advanced for keeping the Fair open on Sunday was to give the laboring class of people a fair chance. Yet it did seem rather strange that all of a sudden so much interest should be manifested in this hitherto neglected class of people. One of our papers recently commenting on this subject

gives the addition of a sixth more money to the treasury as one of the main reasons for Sunday opening.

If this be the reason, it yet remains to be seen whether the United States, claiming to be a Christian nation, will accept money of the price of honor.

If Christian organizations have any influence upon the exposition commissioners the Sabbath will be observed. The Ecumenical Council, the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, the International Conference of Woman's Christian Associations and many other denominational bodies have declared themselves as opposed to Sunday opening. All religious and most philanthropic papers protest against it, while the more widely circulated dailies favor it.

It was stated in our last issue that "Woman's Rights" was the leading spirit of the Senior class this year. We do not object to the statement since it is just our way of saying that the girls of this class constitute a majority.

Much is often said by way of jesting about seniors and their responsibilities, but until one learns by experience, he does not know what it means to be a senior. There is a significance attached to the last year of college life which none can afford to ignore.

Students are always accountable more or less to each other, but the senior possessing four years experience of error and blundering, and standing in the highest classes, is doubly responsible to those following in his footsteps. The seniors being "privileged characters" should be careful in the use of the privileges given them, should give the college government their loyal support and in every way possible prove themselves worthy the respect and confidence placed in them, and act as if conscious of the fact that "We have not passed this way before" And we shall not pass again.

One of the most important gatherings during the past year was the World's and National W. C. T. U., recently held in Tremont Temple, Boston. Among the foreign nations represented by delegates, were Australia, China, Japan, Siam, Italy and Southern Africa.

Every State and territory of the United States was represented by delegation.

Our own State sent six delegates, three of whom were Mrs. Mary C. Woody, Mrs. Mary M. Hobbs, and Miss Mary E. Mendenhall,—faithful Mary's of Guilford College.

One of the most noted characters present at this convention was Lady Henry Somerset, of

England, a noble woman devoted to the cause of saving the home. It is said that no other convention ever reached so many people. Besides the three thousand in daily attendance at the Temple, two other churches were filled with overflow meetings three times a day.

The papers which find their way to our library contain very important reports of this distinguished convention, but far more interesting to us than the newspaper accounts was the report given us on Saturday night, 28th inst., by Mary C. Woody. So vivid was her description of the Temple and so pointed her report that we almost imagined ourselves in that vast audience. Perhaps the most suggestive part of the decoration of the Temple was the World's petition, gotten up by the W. C. T. U., during the past year, and which most of the students of Guilford College had the privilege of signing. This petition is now to be carried to every government in the world, by Lady Henry Somerset.

There were many important and suggestive steps taken at this convention, but any attempt to give an account of them here would be impossible. We hope that none of our readers will fail to get, by some means, a full account of this important gathering. No one can afford not to know what the faith-

ful consecrated women of to-day are doing for "God and Home and Every Land."

MAXIMS OF WISE MEN.

The superior man when he falls turns around and looks for the cause in himself.—*Confucius*.

Fortune does not give away her real favors; she sells them to the highest bidder, the hardest, wisest worker.—*Uncle Ben*.

A wise man changes his mind, a fool never does.—*Portuguese Proverb*.

Want of care does more harm than want of knowledge.—*Old Axiom*.

We must make up with our heels what we forget with our heads.—*Old Axiom*.

The wise strive to turn errors into benefits, and enemies into friends.—*Uncle Ben*.

Positive men are most often in error.—*Old Axiom*.

They that meet men with smartness of speech for the most part procure themselves hatred.—*Confucius*.

Flatterers are the worst kind of enemies.—*Tacitus*.

Nature has given to men one tongue and two ears that we may hear twice as much as we speak.—*Socrates*.

PERSONAL.

Mary Nixon Woody resides at Indianapolis Indiana.

Effie Mills is teaching near Morristown Tennessee.

Rodema Crutchfield, nee Lindly, is living at Liberty, N. C.

Mary Allen Henly is attending school at Ashboro, N. C.

Carthage, Indiana is the home of Nancy Newlin Hill.

Walter Ashworth is now in Cincinnati, Ohio., pursuing his favorite study—medicine.

William P. Hall is located at Denver, Colorado, where he is engaged in the coal business.

Robt. Hodgins and C. L. Osborne are employed as clerks in the Greensboro post-office.

Jesse Copland is engaged on the C. F. and Y. V. R. R., running from Ramseur to Madison.

Abbie Stanley began teaching a few weeks ago, at Turner's school house, in Guilford Co.

Francis Wilson, a student here, several years ago, is engaged in teaching near his old home in London Co., Tennessee.

Campbell Young clerks in a Drug-store at Concord, N. C. No doubt he fills the position with credit.

W. T. Woodley and Charles

Petty are clerking in Odell's Hardware Store, Greensboro, N. C. We are always glad to have them visit the College.

Rodema Spenser, who so faithfully administered to the needs of sick students during last term, may now be found keeping house for her brother at Greensboro.

Cyrus and Mahlon Cox have rented a farm near Deep River, the former has charge of a school only a short distance from their place of abode, while the latter brother manages the farm.

H. S. Hazell, who was a student of N. G. B. S., about the year 1856, has been a resident of Goldsboro for thirty years and is now in a general collecting business.

Charles M. Cox was married not long since to Alice N. Blood, of Topeka, Kansas. They are boarding in Emporia, Kan., where he has a position as night ticket agent for the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fee R. R. Co.

Joseph Morris, a student of this institution between the years 1845 and 1850, is engaged in farming at his home in Woodland, Northampton Co. He says "Aunt Abby Stanley was a mother to me while there, especially when I had an attack of Pneumonia."

Minneapolis, Minn., has for many years been the home of Dr. Alfred Lindley and wife, Eliza

Hill Lindly. They now occupy a very handsome residence, which they have recently erected. Dr. Lindley has retired from practice, honored and respected by all who know him. We are glad to note that his interest in Guilford College does not abate as the years go by.

The students of Guilford College and friends of THE COLLEGIAN will be glad to hear that J. T. Hiatt, who was here in 1888, is a very successful merchant and manufacturer at Gibson's Mills, N. C. He is still interested in "Guilford," and THE COLLEGIAN considers him one of its most substantial friends.

Ozella Outland is at her home in Woodland, Northampton Co., N. C.

John and Frank Benbow are teaching in the East Bend High School, East Bend, N. C.

Since leaving school Wm. Outland has married and lives near Rich Square, N. C., where he is engaged in farming.

Charles Ragan has just returned from Atlanta, Ga., where he completed a course of Mechanics in a technical institution. We were glad to see him at the College not long since.

Since leaving school Jackson Burrows has married Nannie McComic of Ashboro. They are now happily settled at Ashboro, where the former is engaged in farming.

Students who were here fifteen years ago will remember J. L. Outland and Della Copeland, who have since married and settled at Woodland, Northampton Co., N. C. The former has charge of the Post Office at that place, and is engaged in farming and practicing medicine, while the wife exercises her ability at home and in the school room.

OBITUARY.

ALETHEA COFFIN was born at the Big Spring, two miles West of Greensboro, on the 16th day of 4th month, 1798 and her husband's name was Vestal Coffin, her marriage with him was on 27th of 11th month, 1817. In the fall of 1826, they were both sick, and upon his death she was left with four small children, the eldest eight years old, the youngest two. Greatly weakened by sickness and the shock given by her husband's death, the fall work not done, the winter clothing not prepared, corn not gathered, the prospect before her was indeed a gloomy one. Some of her children yet remember many a sad day of that winter—many a time of shivering by a small fire, the mother sick, the oldest boy hardly able to carry in wood, the oldest girl not able to do much in the way of cooking—no wonder that sometimes they all cried till late in the night.

It was in this dark winter that the Lord answered her prayers for help. Ever after that she never doubted, never faltered, never stopped for any reverse, for any misfortune, failure in crops, loss of stock or betrayal of trust.

She never hesitated to divide her scanty means with the poor and homeless; many a sick, homeless boy was taken, washed, nursed, cared for, clothed with the garments of her own children, while she washed and mended theirs. Her own faith and trust in God were the means of drawing to her for advice those in darkness and discouragement, especially the widows, the fatherless and motherless.

Her education was in advance of the most of the women of her generation, and the severe school of necessity had made her a wonder of economy and business management, and hence she was consulted in calculations, in warping, striping, reeling and all the arts of cloth making and household matters. And to this qualification her children were indebted for much of their education, being early started in general reading. They had all read the Bible through before they were sixteen.

The nullification excitement in 1830 caused many of her neighbors to move to Indiana. She and her children entered into this

spirit and measures were taken to secure a home in the "far west." With the limited means it seemed an almost hopeless task to save \$100 to pay for eighty acres of land. The matter was presented to the Lord in prayer. The answer was: "Go." By rigid economy \$50 was saved in two years. The uncle, Job Coffin, furnished the other \$50 on long time. So, in 1833, in company with Elihu Coffin, his wife Jane, and an aunt, Rhoda Gurley—putting in one horse as her part—she started to Indiana. In the mountains everything was so grand and new that she and Rhoda Gurley walked more than half the time, preferring this to being jolted in the wagon. At Richmond, Ind., she borrowed a saddle, took her horse and set out to find her old neighbors, 100 miles away. Alone, following the by-ways and roads, she reached her old friends settled at Spiceland, Walnut Ridge, White Lick, &c., arriving safely at her old neighbor's, Asahel Hunts. Here he and others turned out through the thick forest and soon found a piece of good land still vacant. Early next morning through a continuous rain she set out for the land office at Crawfordsville, twenty-five miles further on. She entered the land, remained over night, and next day returned to Hunt's—her journey accomplished and she the owner of a home in

the free West. In this last part of the ride there were no roads, only a blazed horse path, with settlements sometimes five miles apart. When she returned to Richmond she found that Elihu wished to buy and take home a very large and fine horse, but saw no way to do it without much trouble.

She told him that if he would get a good saddle she would ride the horse. She rode all the way to her home in North Carolina, enjoyed and stood the trip better than those in the wagon. When it rained she put on a water-proof overcoat and was safe. She died on the same piece of land which she then purchased—the only farm in Hendricks or the adjoining counties that has not changed owners. The last tax receipt bore date a few days before her death in her own name.

The intention was to move to Indiana in two years, but in 1833 at North Carolina Yearly Meeting she was appointed on the committee to consider a plan for New Garden Boarding School, and before the two years passed, all the family were interested in the prospect of the School and determined to stay and get some of the benefits thereof. Of this school she subsequently was for some time the matron, in which capacity her management was a model of carefulness and economy. After

moving to Indiana she was for nearly nine years assistant matron at Earlham College. This connection with the two colleges gave her a very large number of acquaintances, and at Earlham the children of the New Garden Boarding School pupils were often with her and she could tell them more about their parents than they knew themselves.

At a very great age her hair did not turn gray, nor did her sight fail. Up to ninety she could read ordinary print without glasses and large print up to the hour of her death.

She could not bear to be idle. If nothing else was to be done she would send off and get wool or flax to spin or yarn to knit stockings. She would at other times take the pruning shears and go among the small fruits, grape vines or into the orchard and take delight in trimming and pruning for hours at a time.

She was not a birth-right member of the Society of Friends but joined them soon after her marriage. She attended Sandy Spring meeting till 1817 when she moved to New Garden.

About a year ago when called upon by the Historical Society of Henry and Wayne counties, Ind., she was able to give the names of more than 300 families that had moved from Guilford to Indiana between 1805-'35.

Did time and space permit many interesting incidents might be dwelt upon; as of the handkerchief given in 1852, on her departure for Indiana, as a keep-sake by Asenath Clark, which was sent not long ago to a son of the latter with the message that "the two mothers would soon be together again;" of the photograph, hundreds of which have been called for, and more still in demand—a photograph of herself sitting at work by her little spinning wheel; of the family re-union a year ago, in which a great-great-grand-daughter was presented to her by the child's grandmother, a grandmother presenting her grand-child to her grand-mother; of the discourse which, in her 90th year she made to a large company of small children on Children's day, when she stepped out before them, drew from her pocket a primer about four inches square, and holding it up said, "this is my first primer, bought in 1804," and then gave to the delighted little folks a deeply interesting account of education from that date to 1890—the whole discourse a surprise, not only to others, but to herself, as she was carried back to childhood and looking along saw herself, now old and worn with age, standing before the little children—but this sketch must come to a close.

Her greatest objection to moving West was a wish that her remains might repose in New Garden burial ground, beside those of her husband. Her son, Addison, promised her that if practicable her wish should be complied with. She gently passed away on the 3rd day, 11th month, 1891, and her son, with filial love and true to his promise made forty years ago, brought the remains and saw them deposited beside those of her husband. The burial on the 5th was attended by the students and officers of Guilford College. Testimonies as to the excellence of her character were given by Mary C. Woody and Rufus P. King, and the latter part of the 31st chapter of Proverbs was read as appropriate to the occasion.

NEREUS MENDENHALL.

Arthur Coffin, one of North Carolina's most energetic sons, has, since quitting her borders, settled at Denison, Tex. He is engaged in Banking and Real Estate business, also has an interest in several large ice plants. It is said that he has amassed a greater fortune than any other young man who ever went West from this State. He stands high in the community in which he lives and his name reflects much credit upon the State or his nativity.

 LOGGALS.

A nuisance—gravels on the tennis courts.

Come and gone: Thanksgiving. November snow.

Three inconveniences: "Wet dirt." Wet wood. Wet feet.

Seniors should not gather hickory nuts during the school hours.

Three delegates from Guilford attended the world's W. C. T. U. convention held in Boston.

Teacher—Mollie, you have but one point and it takes two to determine a line.

Mollie—I know that, but I only want half a line.

The freshmen did not get enough social on the holidays so the banquet on Friday night was supplementary and we do not doubt but that they needed 'freshments.

Some people never get enough of a good thing. Although the "Turkey Day" was very rainy, and though the boys and girls could do nothing but talk, supper only paved the way for another season immediately after.

The sophmores and freshmen had their pictures taken recently but the photographers will probably charge enough to purchase a new camera.

Who can imagine the bewilder-

ment of even a junior upon looking into the Governesses room only to find it literally filled with maidens, some standing, some sitting and all intent upon the words there spoken.

Soph.—I wonder if they are going to have Thanksgiving exercises?

Prep.—"Law yes. They've got eleven up fattening now."

On the evening of the 21st. President Winston, of the State University, delivered an eloquent lecture in the interest of the Websterian society, upon "National Types." We thank him for the compliment given us at the beginning of his lecture.

On Saturday night, the 28th of November, Mrs. Mary C. Woody, for the benefit of the Y. W. C. T. U., gave an account of the above convention. It was very interesting and much appreciated by all.

To close the most important events of Thanksgiving day, Prof. Perisho gave a lecture on chemistry. Much interest was added to the occasion by the various experiments which he performed.

The little folks of Mrs. Lamb's school gave a very creditable entertainment, on the evening of November 25th, consisting of Thanksgiving texts, songs and recitations, which were gotten up outside of their regular work and with but little help. The room

was nicely decorated, the selections were good and very well rendered. After these exercises the children brought forward as a Thanksgiving offering, books, dolls, pictures and numerous toys to be sent to the children in Blue Ribge mission. The donation was a generous one and prompted by noble impulses. May the day soon come when Thanksgiving and Christmas will mean more than "cook", "eat", "hunt" and "visit", to everyone.

We were not surprised one morning when President Hobbs arose and announced that he had received a letter which he wished to read to all of the students. But as he read it many faces on the girls side of the room began to reflect gladness, and even the boys had to raise a slight cheer because our girls were to receive a scholarship in the best female college in America, Bryn Mawr.

Mrs. Skinner and two children, from Edenton, N. C., are now at the college.

Florida oranges and Virginia peanuts seem to give their owners much trouble.

On the evening of the 5th the Philagorean Literary Society gave its annual entertainment. Though something quite unlike anything we have had before, it was very commendable and showed that much effort had been put forth.

The first match game of Foot Ball ever played upon the campus was between the Freshmen and Juniors, on 11th. The Freshmen gained an easy victory over their opponents, and now seem about ready to tackle any two of the classes.

Soph:—What is the symbol of potassic chlorate?

Fresh:—I am going to study Natural Philosophy next term, I will tell you then.

The "marriage" (?) at Founders passed off very quietly, and we wish the couple a long life of happiness.

A Junior suddenly found himself copying a lesson from the blackboard that was written for the Seniors, and said he could not see any difference between theirs and his.

Foot ball is now the yell instead of baseball.

EXCHANGES.

To the consideration of those of our exchanges who find some difficulty in demonstrating to delinquent subscribers the fact that it is morally wrong to take a college paper without paying for it, and that in advance, too, we submit the following lines. They were written by a former student in response to a request of the business manager of THE COLLEGIAN that they be granted the privilege of entering his name on the books as a paid up subscriber. The thought that such ideas were at last beginning to grow in the land inspired us wonderfully and our estimate of the whole human race, of college paper readers in particular, went up ten per cent. immediately. Read:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,"
I will a college paper take,
Both for my own and family's sake.
If such there be, let him repent,
And have the paper to him sent;
And if he'd spend a happy winter,
He in advance should pay the printer.

In a recent issue of *The Trinity Archive*, there appears an article entitled "Magazines—are they a nuisance or a benefit?" prepared by an Alumnus of Trinity College. The writer begins by relating a conversation upon this subject, between himself and a friend, who takes the ground that they are a

nuisance, and states his case thus:

"Magazines are a confession of our weakness and lack of judgment and taste. We must have regularly a certain amount of intellectual pap ladled out to us; so much politics, so much poetry, so much humor, here a long story, there a short; just as a child's diet is hashed out to him, because we are incompetent to select books and to lay out courses of reading for ourselves. The idea of it is an insult to popular intelligence."

Upon this astounding bit of information the writer of the article in question makes the following comments:

"Being a devoted and persistent magazine reader, I was somewhat staggered by these charges, the more so as I was compelled to admit that they contained a great deal of truth. Very little that is printed in our magazines ever merits or secures a permanent place in literature. It is light, and soon passes away."

The reply is quite as astonishing as the first statement. The charge made by the friend is very sweeping. Indeed it will scarcely bear the test of careful investigation. Neither will the reply. Is it really true that "very little that is printed in our magazines ever merits or secures a permanent place in literature?" Let us see. Joseph Addison, the most brilliant essayist of his time, as well

as one of the most talented and scholarly of England's Men of Letters, laid the foundation of the English essay, we might say, of English prose by the publication of his essays in "The Spectator," "The Tatler," and "The Guardian." He won his highest fame by writing for these periodicals; and upon his contributions to them it still chiefly rests.

Later on Dr. Johnson, the central figure of the literary men of his period, founded, and carried on alone two periodicals in the style that Addison and Steele had rendered so popular. Much of his best work found its way into popular favor through the columns of these magazines, and has since become standard literature.

Were it necessary, one could give illustration after illustration. *The Edinburgh Review*, founded by Jeffrey, Sidney Smith, Brougham, and Horner, all of whom attained some distinction in the field of literature, had among its contributors the leaders in thought and literature—Macaulay, Carlyle, Smollett, and Sir William Hamilton. The Essays of Elia, the most enduring monument to the genius of Charles Lamb, were contributed by him to *The London Magazine*. *The Quarterly Review*, established to counteract the political influence of *The Edinburgh Review*, numbered among its contributors, Coleridge, Scott, Lockhart, Sou-

they, John Stuart Mill. Campbell, Hood, Bulwer-Lytton, Thackeray, and Dickens were all contributors to the different magazines then published. Generally speaking, all the greater and lesser lights of English literature, whether poets, philosophers, novelists, historians, or essayists, either partially won their position as such by their contributions to these periodicals, or at least laid the foundation upon which was to rest their future success.

Investigation proves that the nation's best talent has found and still finds expression in our magazines. The names of Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow, Bryant, Irving, Hawthorne, Bancroft, Dana, Emerson, Holland, and other American authors of less note became known through the columns of the magazines of which they were editors, or to which they contributed. Many first gained their reputation as standard authors by their magazine articles, and there is scarcely one of any note who was not at some time connected with a magazine. Nor is the case different to-day. Pick up any one of our leading magazines, and in the table of contents you will find articles discussing questions of theological, philanthropic, literary, historical, educational, industrial, economic, agricultural and domestic importance and interest. The best talent the coun-

try affords is employed, and the dominant questions of the hour are discussed with fullness and impartiality by the highest living authorities.

To prove the fact let us refer to *The North American Review* for November, among other articles we find: "Russian Barbarities and their Apologist," the Chief Rabbi of the British Empire; "A Plea for Free Silver," by Senator D. W. Voorhees; "Are French Novels Faithful to Life," Madame Adam; "The lack of Good Servants," Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood; "Our Business Prospects," the Pres. of the N. Y. Chamber of Commerce; "Women in English Politics," Justin McCarthy, M. P.; "How to improve Municipal Government," Ex-Mayor Hart of Boston, and the Mayors of Baltimore, Buffalo, and St. Louis; "Public and Private debts," Hon. Robt. P. Porter, Supt. of the Census; "Italy and the Pope," Ex-Prime Minister Crispi; "The Coming Glacial Age, Walter J. Grace.

"Intellectual pap," indeed! One would rather think it meat strong enough for our most active thinkers. There are magazines of a different class which devote considerable space to serial stories. Not long since one of our Southern novelists sent a story to a Northern publisher, asking him to issue it in book form, and he immediately wrote back that the story

was so excellent that he wished permission to publish it in his magazine as a serial story before issuing it in book form. Is there no significance in this?

The objection may be raised that these articles and stories have little literary value and will be forgotten as soon as the cause (or fancy as the case may be) which occasioned their production has ceased to exist; that they will never obtain a permanent place in literature. This is mere conjecture. No one can tell at the time of its publication, how long any work of literature will live. It may withstand the abuse and censure of literary critics for a time yet, as the habits and appetencies of the people change, finally be allowed to sink out of sight. No one knew at the time that the works of Addison or Johnson would be appreciated by succeeding generations, or accorded a permanent place in literature. When Lowell was editing *The North American Review* and *The Atlantic Monthly*, who could say that ere the century closed he would be considered the most distinguished literary character in America? Who could foretell the literary fame of Bryant when "Thanatopsis" first appeared in the columns of a magazine, or dared prophesy that Irving's humorous essays would become standard literature? The answer is evident. There is, as

much ground for believing that such authors as Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, Huxley, Tyn-dall, the editors of the English magazines, Francis Walker, Edward Atkinson, Archdeacon Farror, Timothy Dwight, Howells, Charles Dudley Warner, George W. Cable, Edward Everett Hale, James Whitcomb Riley, and others of less note, whose contributions are regular features of each number of our leading magazines, will be read and appropriated by the next generation as there was that Lowell, Bryant, and Emerson would by the present one, and we believe they will.

The writer of the article in question admits that there are two sides to the question, but his argument in favor of the magazine is weak. He thinks "they are not the solid nutriment of literature, but rather sauces to whet our appetites;" that we may read them for recreation, and as a means of gaining an appetite for the best literature. He reasons thus:

"The small boy generally begins his reading with Red-Handed Dick the Cow Boy Terror," or some similar character of Wild Western legend, or the harrowing adventures of certain New York detectives. He thus acquires a taste for reading, which, as he grows older, the weird and gory literature of his childhood fails to satisfy. Then come "Scottish

Chiefs" and Mr. Midshipman Easy;" then still older, "Ivanhoe," "David Copperfield," and all the endless range of standard literature is open to him. Thus he gradually becomes a man and puts away childish things. And somewhere in this scale of literary progression, reaching as it does all the way from Mother Goose to Francis Bacon, there is a place of usefulness for magazines, as stepping stones from something lower to something higher."

Stranger reasoning, indeed. Magazine reading is not to be compared to these blood and thunder stories which attract our unwary youth. There is no room for such trash in any library, or in any home. It supplies no want in literature; it only corrupts and enfeebles the mind, and after the habit of reading it is once formed it is very difficult to acquire a taste for good books and magazines. We speak from experience on this point. It is true a man may break up the habit and learn to love good books, and to appreciate good literature, but he never does it because of his season of "trash devouring" while a boy.

We repeat, there is no comparison. The magazine supplies a felt and ever increasing want. Many people are not able to purchase as many good books as they wish, and to them the magazine is a blessing, since it enables them to form the acquaintance of our best authors, and that too, at comparatively small cost. The magazine is doing a great work, and instead of jests and sneers, deserves our most hearty commendation and support.

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1892.

No. 5.

FRANCIS T. KING.

As in the death of Francis Thompson King, Guilford College has lost one of its most efficient supports—if we may not say its real founder—it is fitting that some account of him as a man and as a friend of humanity should appear in THE COLLEGIAN. He was born in Baltimore, Feb. 25th, 1819. His father was Joseph King, an Englishman, who moved to that city in 1816. His mother was a daughter of Elias Ellicott, one of the founders of Ellicott City. Francis T. King was two years a student at St. Mary's College, Baltimore, and then entered Haverford College. Afterward entering the dry goods jobbery and importing house of Janney, Hopkins & Hall he remained there till he was of age and then went into business on his own account. In 1846 he married Elizabeth G. Taber of New Bedford, and in 1856 he retired on a moderate income, devoting his life to the work of his church, the Society of Friends, in which he was an elder and to the management of public and private charitable institutions. He was for more than twenty years the clerk of Baltimore Yearly Meeting. Although often solicited, he never accepted any political position. He was for four years a member of the Water Board—during the purchase of the Gunpowder stream and the construction of Druid lake. At one time he represented the interest of the city in the Baltimore and Ohio R. R., and in 1873 succeeded Johns Hopkins as a member of the Board.

He was a director in several banks, insurance companies and other corporations, and intimately connected with most of the charitable institutions of the city. For seventeen years he was president of the Maryland Bible Society and was largely instrumental in bringing it up to its present scope and efficiency. He was a trustee of the Johns Hopkins University, of

Haverford College, of Guilford College, N. C., and of the Bryn Mawr College for women, near Philadelphia.

He was one of the trustees selected by Thomas Wilson to manage the various charities provided for in his will, and he was president of the Thomas Wilson Sanitarium for Children. He organized the Central Savings Bank in 1854—then known as the Dime Savings Bank—and was present every day at this bank, of which he continued to be president to the time of his last sickness. An intimate friend of Johns Hopkins, by whose will he was president of the Board of Trustees of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, the last seventeen years of his life were largely devoted to this work. Twice he went to Europe, and twice visited the leading hospitals of the United States in its interests. So successfully did he manage the finances in this great work that not only was the principal preserved intact, but it was increased by two hundred thousand dollars.

It was not only in the city of Baltimore that his sympathies were called forth and his talents applied; he felt an interest in all movements, everywhere, which tended to benefit and elevate the human race. The matter which now more particularly has reference to us is his interest in the welfare of North Carolina. Not to

speak of previous times, he was one of the most efficient members of what we know as the Baltimore Association of Friends, for the relief of the membership of that religious society in North Carolina after the war. When the pressing bodily wants were supplied the funds were largely turned toward establishing schools in the neighborhood of the various meetings, in which the tuition was free. This privilege was also available to those outside the Society. Through his efforts superintendents were appointed for these schools, and through his instrumentality were held the first Normal schools in the State. In this work help was sought not only in the United States, but in England. The manner in which he presented this matter to Friends in Birmingham and other places, was noteworthy and effective, and English Friends most gladly and liberally responded to his appeal.

After the means thus provided were measurably expended and our schools began to fall back—a period of unsettlement and struggle—many friends discouraged and looking toward the west, in 1872-3, the Boarding School at low ebb, it seemed difficult to rally from that depression. But in bringing about a new life, Francis T. King was one of the main agents, and in the whole course of his work here since the war,

he visited our State about 35 different times, and always with words of cheer and encouragement. He saw that an institution of higher grade and complete outfit was needed to educate the young people and promote the work of the church. By his efforts \$20,000 were raised, of which \$5,000 were furnished by himself, \$12,000 of which were to be used in repairs and outfit; \$8,000 to be added to the small endowment then existing. The Yearly Meeting gave its house, a large brick building, which was remodeled for school purposes and named King Hall. In 1885 this building was destroyed by fire and F. T. King was the first to make a subscription for rebuilding, sending a telegram that he would give \$500. The present building—King Hall—and also Archdale were soon erected, the school in the meantime not stopping a single day on account of the fire. He was, by active co-operation and help, mainly instrumental in elevating the grade of the school, and himself suggested the name of Guilford College.

At one time he was, as trustee or otherwise, connected with 28 public or charitable institutions, involving an aggregate capital of many millions of dollars.

This brief notice would lack its most important feature if we did not endeavor to bring out in some

degree the secret of this great success. When comparatively a young man he gave up mercantile pursuits to devote himself to the service of the Society of Friends and of his fellow men. Visited by Divine grace he came to the holy resolution of spending his time in the service of the Divine Master, as He might show him the way. Even in matters of trade he listened to and heeded this guide. At one time he had on hand a large lot of coarse, heavy goods, which, as summer was coming on, he boxed up and stored in the cellar to keep them from moths. Soon after a customer came in and gave an order for a large amount of the material. Before leaving the store he remarked that he had a contract for supplying uniforms to the troops that were being equipped in Baltimore for the Mexican war, and that these goods would be just what he wanted. Francis at once replied that he could not have them. To the remonstrance of the customer he replied that all war was wrong and that the Mexican war was a peculiarly unjustifiable and wicked one, and he could not in any manner be implicated in it.

Another incident illustrates the comfort to be derived from habitual communion with God. In a time of mercantile depression, his firm had a note of \$450 coming due which it seemed impossible

to meet. The day before it was to be paid he went to dinner feeling much concerned on this account. While returning to the store, with his mind lifted up to the Lord in silent appeal, a sudden feeling of relief came over him. Entering the store he found sitting with his partner a business friend who told Francis that his partner had been speaking of their financial troubles and he wished to know what he had to say about it. The reply was that they had a note of \$450 to pay next day and he did not know where the money was to come from, but from the feeling that had come over him as he was returning from dinner he had no doubt it would be provided. The man opened his pocket book, took out a check for \$450 and handed it to Francis, saying that a Tennessee correspondent had sent it to the firm through his care!

We think that this may be called a life of practical godliness. I have never heard that F. T. King, at any time, entered into theological disputation. He was, while loyal to his own branch of the church, of a most catholic spirit. Well might one of his co-laborers in the management of the Johns Hopkins bequests say: Mr. King was a man of sterling integrity and one of the best financiers in the city of Baltimore. He was a true friend, a devoted father, a

Christian gentleman;" and another, "I have known Mr. King over fifty years. We were as close as brothers. He was a man always full of sympathy and overflowing with generosity. He was liberal in the extreme, and devoted his life to doing good to others." Mayor Latrobe said, "the death of Mr. Francis T. King I consider a loss to Baltimore of one of its most prominent and useful citizens."

The American, one of the oldest and most influential papers of Baltimore—established in 1773—after speaking of the character of F. T. King as one of gentlest modesty and yet of iron strength and a force of peculiar persistence and tenacity—of his success without stir in whatever he undertook, while his undertakings were more numerous than those of any other man in Baltimore, of his attentive, progressive and dominant spirit, of his almost marvellous work, adds: "He was trusted by all men and esteemed by thousands. His uprightness of life, his spotlessness of character, his generous interest in Baltimore and Maryland (we would add also North Carolina) and his prompt participation in every thing that promised benefit to his city and state (let us add also to mankind) brought to him the admiration and the confidence of the people. . . . The world is made far

better by the labors of such men as Francis T. King, and their good work lives after them."

Now if we endeavor briefly to express the groundwork, the secret, of this wonderfully successful life, we would say—communion

with his Heavenly Father and devotion to the good of his fellow men. To him in a very high sense may be applied the words of the Latin poet: "*Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto.*"

NEREUS MENDENHALL.

WAY-SIDE OBSERVATIONS.—No. II.

BY M.

Our next digression was a visit to Wellesley College. This institution has been aptly styled the "College Beautiful," for it is beautiful in situation, beautiful in environment, and beautiful in aspiration, as its motto, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister," indicates. It is situated on the Boston and Albany Railroad, fifteen miles west of Boston and one and one-half miles west of the village of Wellesley. At the station we were met by a kindly cabman, whose well kept horse attested that visitors are the rule rather than the exception. Passing through the village we soon reached the "East Lodge" gateway to the enclosed College grounds. Here our attention was immediately attracted by the notice, "No visitors admitted on Sunday" placed in unmistakable characters on the side of the gateway.

Thus confronted, we were very forcibly reminded of another inscription on the gate-way to another institution of learning, the object of which was not less noble—if the methods *were* wrong—than that of Wellesley itself.

Surely there can be no better representative of the University founded by Tennyson's Princess than this one, where all may "drink deep of the fountain of knowledge until the sins of emptiness, gossip, spite and slander die;" and all may learn that it is "better not to be at all, than not to be noble."

Much of the campus is well shaded by large trees; and the closely cut lawn contains numerous tennis courts and other facilities for physical exercise and recreation.

On the south is the lovely Lake Waban, which is a most attractive place for boating and skating.

Beyond the lake are the Hunnewell grounds, famous for the exquisite taste displayed in their arrangement and for the fine example of Italian landscape gardening. These grounds are open to the Wellesly students, except on Sabbath.

The numerous hills, sloping in all directions from the summit, afford excellent locations for the various buildings which are erected upon them, and at the same time insure almost perfect drainage. The water supplies are obtained from artesian wells, so that no possible harm can result from the impurities of surface water.

The buildings are large and well adapted to school purposes. College Hall, the main building, contains suites of rooms (study and bed-rooms) for 330 students, a number of class rooms and the Library, which has been so munificently endowed by Prof. Horsford that additions are constantly being made to the 35,000 volumes already on its shelves.

Here, also, is the "Browning Room," which was named in honor of Mrs. Browning, and is said to be one of the best illustrations of the æsthetic element in the higher education of women. The walls are covered with stamped Venitian leather. The embossed figures are those of birds, flowers and shrubs, hand-painted, in bronze and gold. The frieze,

containing a series of flower pieces, is celebrated among artists, being the work of the distinguished painter of flowers, Ellen Robbins.

On the frame of the large mirror, the same artist has painted the wild flowers of Wellesly. On one of the three large stained glass windows is a portrait of "Lady Geraldine," on another that of "Aurora Leigh," and on the third is the "Romance of the Swan's Nest." The furniture is of carved teak-wood, and includes several specimens of oriental carved work. Among these is an ancient marriage chest, elaborately carved and bearing date 1647.

Perhaps the most interesting articles in this room are the beautiful marble bust of Mrs. Browning, by Storey, and an inconspicuous frame containing the letter from Robert Browning, in which he presents to Wellesly College the original manuscript of the first poem in the collection of "Last Poems," by Mrs. Browning, and beside the letter, in the delicate handwriting of its author, is the poem "Little Mattie."

The marble statue of the "Reading Girl," by Jackson, and a small bust of Young Augustus, are considered excellent productions.

The room is, as it was intended to be, an ideal beauty.

At the end of the corridor leading south from the Library, is one

of the most attractive apartments of the building. It is the parlor devoted to the comfort of the members of the Faculty and their especial guests. Recognizing the necessity for repose, the artist selected "Rest" for the theme to be wrought out in all the decorations and furnishings; so only the most soft and delicate tints are used. The ceilings and walls are beautifully frescoed. In the southern alcove stands the statue of Enid resting on Launcelot's shield; pictures and bronzes fill the niches. None but easy chairs and lounges find a place here. Everywhere is rest for body and mind.

The corridors are wide and well lighted, the main one having the benefit of the sky-light which is above the fifth story. Under this sky-light, on the first floor is a group of immense palms and ferns, growing in a large marble basin. The floor around the basin is inlaid with white and black marble, extending to the Scotch granite pillars that support the floor above.

From the corridor broad stairways lead to the upper part of the building. The recesses formed by the bend in the stair-cases, are filled with statuary; Niobe and her children, and Venus de Milo are among the most important. Numerous paintings by American

and foreign artists adorn the walls.

The Chapel contains comfortable chairs for seating six hundred people, and is used for morning prayers, concerts, lectures, &c., &c. In the gallery is a large pipe organ. The vesper services on Sabbath evening are much enjoyed by the students.

Annexed to this building is the Gymnasium, the Physical, Chemical and Biological Laboratories. In Stone Hall is the third best Botanical Laboratory and Herbarium in the United States.

The two buildings devoted especially to music and art, furnish ample facilities for all who seek instruction in these courses.

To accommodate the increasing number of students, cottages have been erected from time to time both on the campus and in the adjacent vicinity. There are now six such cottages, Freeman, Wood, Norumbega, Eliot, Simpson and Waban.

Ample as these provisions may seem, they are not sufficient, and quite a large number board in the village.

During the years '90 and '91 there were enrolled 706* students, representing six different countries.

The College is undenominational but eminently Christian.

WILLIAM HOBSON.

William Hobson, the founder of Newburg, Oregon, was a student at Guilford College in 1840-'41, and was noted for his unflinching conscientious performance of duty; was a marked character not only among his fellow students but amid the rude mountaineers with whom most of his early life was passed.

When Lindley M. Hoag first visited North Carolina Yearly Meeting in 1830 or '40 he went to Deep Creek in company with Dr. Nereus Mendenhall and held a religious meeting. His style of eloquence was the kind to attract the attention and strongly impress young thinking people. William Hobson was at that meeting listening with deep interest to the wonderful flow of eloquence and gospel life that seemed to give inspiration to all present; during the sermon the speaker spoke this remarkable prophecy, "There is one sitting here, who shall pour oil on his feet and go forth and plant the gospel in distant lands."

Lindly M. Hoag subsequently settled and died in Iowa. William Hobson married and settled near Bangor, Iowa, then on the extreme frontier. He soon became a prosperous farmer, a recorded minister of Friends and a valuable citizen

in the community, was ever active and earnest in all good work, quick to think, to act, to plan.

Near mid-life he had a definite call from the Lord to go forth to "plant the gospel," and did not hesitate. He sent an invitation to one or more of his old classmates to join him in an exploration trip to the Pacific Coast to seek a location for a colony of Friends; his friend could not go, and he went alone. He examined the Pacific Coast from Southern California to British Columbia, and was finally led to where Newburg, Oregon now stands; there he located his new home.

Returning to Iowa he made preparation and soon moved to his new home and at once began preaching the gospel, which was gladly received by the scattered pioneers of the Willomet Valley. Soon other Friends followed him and united in the good work; a regular meeting was soon established, and organized into a Monthly meeting, that soon grew to a Quarterly meeting with outlying Monthlys, and last year a request for a Yearly Meeting was sent to Iowa Yearly Meeting; the request was favorably entertained, a committee was appointed to look after subject, and now there is a

reasonable probability that an Oregon Yearly Meeting will be opened in June, 1894.

William Hobson went alone to Newburg, lived to see it become a prosperous temperance town, to see a prosperous Seminary established and to see that changed to a College, lived to see the gospel

"planted" in a goodly land, then died in peace, full of joy, had finished his life work, and Oregon Yearly Meeting will be his enduring monument; his name should be written on its first page of history. Young men of Guilford College go ye and do likewise.

ADDISON COFFIN.

WHAT CAN YOU SAY, SENIORS?

The American Protective Tariff League offers to the Undergraduate Students of Senior Classes of Colleges and Universities in the United States, a series of prizes for approved essays on "Has the New Tariff Law Proved Beneficial?" Competing essays not to exceed eight thousand words, signed by some other than the writer's name, to be sent to the office of the League, No. 23 West Twenty-third Street, New York City, on or before May 1, 1892, accompanied by the name and home address of the writer and certificate of standing, signed by some officer of the College to which he belongs, in a separate sealed envelope (not to be opened until the successful essays have

been determined), marked by a word or symbol corresponding with the signature to the Essay.

It is desired, but not required, that manuscript be type-written. Awards will be made July 1, 1892, as follows:

For the best Essay, \$150.50; for the second best, \$100.00; for the third best, \$50.00.

And for other Essays deemed especially meritorious, the SILVER MEDAL of the League will be awarded, with honorable mention of the authors in a public notice of the awards.

THE LEAGUE reserves the right to publish, at its own expense, any of the Essays for which prizes may be awarded.

The Guilford Collegian.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

LITERARY SOCIETIES

OF GUILFORD COLLEGE.

JANUARY, 1892.

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Address all business communications to
MENDENHALL & GILLESPIE,
Guilford College, N. C.

Subscription price: One year.....\$1.00
Club rates: Six copies..... 5.00
Single copies..... .10

THE COLLEGIAN is entered at Guilford College Post
Office as second class matter.

With the present issue three changes occur on the COLLEGIAN staff, on account of the resignations of Sue J. Farlow and Roland H. Hayes—the former having increased school duties to perform and the latter being absent from College. The editorial vacancies have been filled by the election of Mary O. Lamb and George W. Wilson, the latter having formerly acted as a business manager, his place now being filled by E. E. Gillespie.

While we regret that the former existing relations are now to

cease, yet we welcome heartily the incoming members of the staff and wish them all the success their predecessors have achieved as college journalists.

As we turn to bid adieu to the old year, the solemnity is intensified when we remember that during the latter days of the year—on the 18th of December—the Angel of Death bore to the great beyond one of our greatest benefactors—a man whose name was dear to us all, although, perhaps, his face was familiar to but few.


The name of FRANCIS T. KING still lives, and will continue to live, and long after we who are now at this institution have departed and have gone out into the great highway of life, others will continue to assemble here, and in the noble Hall which bears his name, they too will be told the story of his charming and useful life; of his unselfish desires and ambitions; of his love for humanity in all the walks of life; and of his interest and sympathy in the education of the youth of North Carolina, and especially of those who are being sheltered year after year under the paternal roof of this institution.

It is not our purpose to give a sketch of the eventful life which FRANCIS T. KING has lived. This work has been performed by one

more capable, and may be found in other columns. Neither is it our purpose to eulogize his name, more than simply to direct the attention of us all to the *noble example* of his well spent life.

We who are at this institution to-day are reaping the benefits of his liberality, and while we should feel grateful for this, still we should strive to emulate his example, for we may be well assured that if our lives are to be so full of purity, virtue and noble impulses as was his of whom we speak, surely they will not be failures.

It is not until death removes a beloved friend, that humanity fully realizes and appreciates the true force of their character. The life of our departed friend was so characterized by its simplicity that it is all the more beautiful and pleasing to think of; and although his loss is irreparable and is mourned by a host of sympathizing friends, yet his death should instil into our hearts a greater desire to live a life of simplicity and purity, and should teach us that the reward of such a life is the greatest reward of all.



The COLLEGIAN would respectfully ask all its subscribers, who are in arrears for back subscriptions or whose present subscriptions are due, to remit to us the amount due at once.

As the year dawns upon us, it is fitting that we should renew our vows for higher living and better work, even though we fail in their performance until it becomes a weariness. Who would dare say that we are not better for the resolutions—yes and the failures too. “Aim high.”

Guilford College, at the end of the first week of the term had 148 students enrolled. Of this number 22 were new students, who were never at Guilford College before, 13 were old students who were not in school last term. The remaining 113 were students in regular courses last term.

In taking up the editorial pen we are reminded that we must keep in mind the interests of the college especially. Then too the thought comes that we should not forget those outside of the college circle; for does not true living after all consist in helping others? And when we are doing most for others, then and then only are we doing the best for ourselves.

As we look into the faces and listen to the songs of the students upon their return to school we cannot fail to note the difference in the opening and the closing of the term. At the closing of the term the air is full of wailings of “Home, Sweet Home,” “We are

going to skip college to-morrow," "We are going to sell peanuts in Egypt," etc., until one would think that anything was preferable to college life, and that truly, "They would never come back any more."

But alas, for fickle nature! In less than two weeks we are back with, "I am so glad to see you all back" and, "It seems so good to be back," and what is better still, we see in most faces towering hopes built upon the wrecks of the past, and a strong determination to *do* something, and *do it well*.

The reception at the new Y. M. C. A. Building was pronounced a success by all. The young men and women who worked so well to get the building ready and to make the evening enjoyable, deserve much praise. It is a source of regret that the building is not now furnished so that it can be permanently occupied. We have a handsome new building, almost completed, that could be made very comfortable if we only had a little furniture. But the building funds have been exhausted and there is now a small debt on the hall. Two good stoves would heat the rooms, and seventy-five or one hundred chairs would be sufficient to seat the young men at our prayer meetings, yet we find ourselves without means to obtain even these. The members and immediate friends of the Y. M. C.

A. feel that they have already done more than they were able to do. Who then will come to our help? A small amount from our friends would now accomplish a great deal.

It is gratifying to the friends of the "Cottage System" at Guilford College, and especially its noble founder, to see so many strong, willing girls come forward and honestly and independently defray one-third or more of their expenses by their own industry. There are thirty cottage girls who have virtually said, we can do our own work at home, and as much in college as any body, and *feel* just as well and *look* just as well—to say nothing of a score of boys who are doing the same thing. Every available building is in use and truly it looks as if Mary Lyon's dream of the higher education of women, might here at no distant day be realized, and that Founders' Hall itself may yet be turned into an immense cottage. Welcome the day when our Southland recognizes the true dignity of labor.

Truly a better day has dawned for a young man in College. No more are his first weeks spent in terror lest his bed should contain a pan of cold water, or be minus slats, or that he should find himself, some cold night, with no co-

vering but a thin sheet, or that he will innocently precipitate a collection of tin pans, chairs, fire-shovels and the like, down stairs at a rate that, with its music, would astonish a steam piano; or be welcomed by a set of "toughs" with such terms as "*Never*," "Fresh," "Sardine," or "He wants to see his mother," etc., etc.

In the days past well might the mother's heart be wrung with anguish, when she saw her pure, innocent boy depart for college. And too often when he returned, she deeply felt that he had better never have seen the place. But how different now, when each one exerts himself to speak a kind word, or in some way do him a favor; when the first Saturday night is devoted exclusively to giving him a welcome and making him feel at home, and the Y. M. C. A. opens wide its portals saying: "Come and go with us and we will do you good."

Guilford College has just cause to feel proud of her beautiful Y. M. C. A. building, in which the first reception was given the night of the 9th. May the boys realize in it their fondest dreams.

It is a deplorable fact that we find among students an existing state bordering on to rebellion against any original work, for instance: *essays*. It is not unusual for students to say, they would

not mind coming to school if it were not for writing essays, and we have known a young lady to honestly say she would freely give a friend five dollars, if she had it, to write her essay for her, and often, when they are written, you will find that they are copied almost word for word. Now there is a reason for this state of affairs, and while some of it may be mental laziness, caused by our clime, &c., we do not hesitate to say that much of it is due to our defective primary training. Why should any sensible boy or girl who has been trained to answer questions on paper about the dog or cat, or to reproduce in his own language short stories, or to write what he knows about Washington or Longfellow, or to describe a place he has visited, dread an essay as he would a plague. Surely such an one would esteem it both a pleasure and a privilege rather than a disagreeable task.

To one who is interested in watching the progress of education and general intelligence, it is a matter of much interest and satisfaction to note the number and attractiveness of many new books that are now used in the primary grades.

For the boys and girls to be studying "*Ethics for Young People*," "*Nature Readers*," "*Little Flower People*," and "*Health Primer*," is surely a right thing in

the right place. We have often wondered why a student must wait until his character is formed, to study Ethics, the principles of which a child can comprehend, and not then unless he is fortunate enough to take a college course. Why, too, should he wait until his health is ruined, and he is chained by bad habits, to learn the simple laws of health? How cruel to deprive busy childhood of the wonderful facts and phenomena of Nature, through the years when it is his greatest happiness to use his eyes and ears. Surely this training means a great deal to the future college student. He will not then have to master in a short time studies of which he has never before seen or heard. For the boy of ten to-day knows more of these things than he would have known at twenty ten years ago.

Of the two terms into which the Collegiate year is divided, surely the spring term ranks first in importance. The question may be asked by some—why so? This can be readily accounted for by numerous reasons.

First of all, the term continues longer than does the fall term, and if time is as valuable with students as it should be, surely this is an important item in the consideration of the question. It was probably with this considera-

tion in mind that the catalogue was arranged as it is. At first glance, we see that not only the number of recitations required in the college course is increased over that of the fall term, but also, it seems to us, that the most important, extensive and choice studies of the entire course is catalogued for the present term.

Furthermore—although of minor importance—it seems to be the general rule that students are more enthusiastic during this period of the year than at any other. Along with the spring comes the "*mania for oratory*," if such an expression is admissible. This thought brings up for consideration the subject of society work, which is generally known as the "old standby," especially when *Ye Editor's* mental calibre is slightly in need of repairs. But nevertheless "society work," in the proper acceptance of the term, is important, and at no time is it more so than during the spring term, for this is the term of *opportunities*.

Not only does each society offer a valuable prize for improvement in debate, but they each also give oratorical contests near the close of the term, in which the student who can get up the courage and dignity which are necessary at such times, can find an excellent opportunity to prove to his own satisfaction and also to the satisfaction of others, whether or not

he is a "*real orator*." These contests are excellent opportunities for drill, and all who *can* do so should avail themselves of the advantages offered.

We do not believe that College literary societies receive all the credit there is due them by persons not connected with them. We know from the testimonies of "wiser heads" and from experience, that valuable information, and knowledge which is not to be obtained so easily through other sources, and above all, "experience," the great teacher, are all brought in contact with the society member who is a member for the good he expects to receive from his society.

Thus, we again repeat, that the spring term—the one we are just entering upon—is the most important of the two, in almost every respect.

The formal dedication of the Drexel Institute of Art, Science and Industry, on Dec. 17, 1891, marks an era in the progress of practical education.

The Drexel Institute takes its name from Anthony J. Drexel, a well known banker and philanthropist of Philadelphia. Mr. Drexel gave the grounds and the buildings, the cost of which is estimated at \$600,000. In addition to this he has made over to the institution securities worth over a million dollars, which now yield \$50,000

annually. Mr. Drexel, Geo. W. Childs and a number of others have donated many books to the library and valuable collections to the Museum.

The value of such an institution, not only to the City of Philadelphia and the State of which that city is a part, but also to our whole country, cannot be estimated.

First of all, an institution so well equipt as this gives greater dignity to art and industrial sciences. It stands on a high plain, which must command the respect of educational institutions of what ever grade or order and at the same time it will stand as an example—an ideal, for other institutions of similar kind. The fact that it is not a charitable institution will aid greatly in attaining this end. It will be the object of the institution to show by the breadth of its work and the qualification of its graduates, that the training given will be just as valuable as of any other.

Special attention will be given to the courses of study in Art, also in Chemistry, Physics and the Mechanical arts. And what seems to be the best feature of all, is the practical training for young women, which will prepare them for quite a number of pursuits:—normal training for teachers, technical training in electricity, photography, house decoration, millinery, dress making, cookery,

&c., and business training of various kinds. Some of these lines of study are just as valuable for mental discipline as the classics, with the decided advantage that they can be used at once in the important concern of getting a living.

The special advantage in this is the opening up of various pursuits to women, since the training will throw skill and success in many lines of work hitherto untried.

The South needs just such an institution as this. We are probably more conservative in our methods of education than in any thing else; and the conservatism runs all the way down from the University to the primary school. We indeed should have ten times the number of capable young men that we now have, studying the classics; yet something should be done to modify that sentiment which leads young men of mechanical turn of mind to spend years in the study of classics, when they never enjoy it and will forget the whole course in less time than it took to acquire it. True, the chief end of study is discipline, and far be it from us to lower any true standard, but what we want is high grade institutions that will create a stronger sentiment for practical training, and that will show the value of such training by the capacity and culture of their graduates.

Is it necessary to speak of the advantage this would be to the educational as well as the industrial interests of our section?

As to practical education for women in the south, what of that? What must many of the women see if they will only open their eyes? They will see themselves hampered by custom, deprived of liberal education and even shut in by a certain amount of superstition. Hampered by custom? Yes. Outside of household work how many occupations may a woman engage in without gaining the frown of society? Can you not count them on the fingers of one hand? Deprived of liberal education. Yes. It is not our intention to complain at our female colleges—by no means; they are doing a noble, a wonderful, and, considering circumstances, an almost miraculous work; yet how many can claim to give thorough and liberal education? And how can they accomplish such an end when they are dependent upon their patronage for support? Dependent financially, they are necessarily dependent upon prevalent tendencies and ideas. Shut in by superstition? Most assuredly. Many of our people have so much of it that they shudder with horror if a woman should publicly advocate any good measure, or in any way make herself prominent in con-

nection with a religious or philanthropic movement.

Can you think of a better remedy for these things than higher and at the same time *more practical* education? Can we estimate the value that high grade institute of Art, Science and Industry would be to us?

For the benefit of some of our "brethren in journalism" who are continually advocating the doctrine, that politics should find no place whatever in the columns of the college journal; who are almost overwhelmed with disgust at the very mention of the name of politics itself; but who delight in filling up their columns with such choice (?) literary products as unabridged accounts of unimportant games of foot ball, we are glad to make the announcement, "by way of a joke," that the Fifty-Second Congress has assembled and that Col. Wm. Muldoon has prepared a bill which he will have introduced in Congress, providing for the establishment of a National School of Athletics. We hope that some of our "Foot Ball College Journals" will go to the rescue of Col. Muldoon, and we believe they will do so, after it is clearly demonstrated that there is no politics connected with the project. What a grand thing it is, that there *is* such a thing as foot ball, and such a

thing as politics too; for more than one poor college editor is thus enabled to have something to say--by praising up foot ball and denouncing politics.

We have never entertained the idea that the columns of a college paper should be devoted to just any and every subject that presents itself to the mind, but if the mission of the college paper is simply to chronicle events which have transpired within the college walls, and these alone, we have been laboring under a delusion. Why should politics be entirely excluded from college journals?

Will any one think for a moment that students *have* no interest in politics and that they *should* have none? We are free to admit that a college paper should not be partisan, since it is supposed to represent students of all classes and political notions, but we do not see where any great mistake is committed by allowing editorials on important political subjects to appear from time to time in the columns of the college journal. There are those, however, who we know will not agree with us on this subject, but our opinion is an honest one.

In the mean time, we can express our hopes that Col. Billy Muldoon will effect some new legislation in the line of foot ball at least, that will give the class of editors to whom we have referred something more to write about.

PERSONAL.

Gurney Dudley is attending school at Oak Ridge.

Eli Jones is engaged in farming at his home, near Trinity.

Indianapolis (Indiana) is the home of Anna Coffin, a former student of this institution.

Frank Anderson is clerking in a grocery store at Washington, D. C.

Oscar Teague has a position as telegraph operator at Salem Junction.

The seniors are glad to welcome Mary Massey as a member of their class again.

Exum Griffin lives at Woodland, N. C., where he is engaged in merchandising and farming.

R. M. Hall, a student here several years ago, is now a Land Commissioner in Texas.

Dr. Arthur Henly, of Asheboro, is now attending lectures at a Dental College in Atlanta, Ga.

E. H. C. Field is a resident of High Point, where he is manager of the Empire Plaid Mills.

Ada Coffin has for several years been the wife of William H. Ragan, one of High Point's most successful business men.

Thomas Kenedy, a student here about ten years ago, lives with

his widowed aunt in Greene county, N. C., where he is engaged in farming.

Ed. Petty is now manager of the Greensboro Furniture Company's branch store at Walnut Cove.

During the holidays Cyrus Cox was united in marriage with Jalie Hunt, both of whom have attended school at this place.

Dr. Samuel D. Coffin and wife, Mary Newlin Coffin, are spending their latter years at their home in Whittier, California.

Frank Hall has established and owns a creamery at both San Luis Potosi and Monterey, in Mexico. We learn that he has been quite successful.

Elisha Copeland, who since leaving school has been happily married, lives at Rich Square, N. C., where we find him numbered among the tillers of Northampton's productive soil.

During the holidays Richard Kennedy made a short visit with friends at the College. He, too, is engaged in the occupation which seems a favorite with many sons of Guilford—that of farming.

On the 23d of December, the marriage of Lizzie Petty and A. E. Holton took place at the residence of the bride's parents in Asheboro, J. R. Jones officiating. The ceremony performed, the

bridal party started on their trip to Washington, where they spent a few days. THE COLLEGIAN extends its best wishes.

Zalinda Marshal, who was matron of New Garden Boarding School a good many years ago, is now living at Carthage, Indiana. Her husband, David Marshal, left her a widow about a year ago.

Mamie Jones has accepted the position of music teacher in the Yadkinville High School. She entered upon the duties of the department last week. We trust that she may be well pleased with her new surroundings.

Penelope Gardener, formerly Hill, is now a resident of Hesper, Kansas. Her spirit of philanthropy has been shown and much appreciated, by her liberal contribution lately received for the Girls' Home, to be erected at this place.

Jesse and Mary Jane Bundy have moved to Stottville, New York, where they are to have charge of a hotel. They moved about four weeks ago and we are glad to hear that the health of the former has been **very** much benefitted by the change.

Roland H. Hayes, one of the GUILFORD COLLEGIAN editors during last term, is now at the University, where after this term

he will pursue a special course in the study of law. No doubt he will make a success, as this study seemed to be his chief ambition. We can only wish that he may make the most of his choice.

Roxie Armfield lives with her aged mother at their home near Greensboro, N. C., each seeking the other's comfort and happiness.

At the house of her father, in Asheboro, N. C., Myrtle Fuller, a former student and Charles Kearns were married on the 31st of December, 1891. Their future home will be at Asheboro. We extend most hearty greetings.

Sometime during the close of last term Will. Richmond and Sallie Barker were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, Dr. Adolphus Robinson, Guilford College, N. C. The ceremony was performed by Dr. J. Henry Smith, of Greensboro. The happy couple have made their home at Pleasant Garden, N. C., where the former is engaged in farming and merchandising. THE COLLEGIAN can wish naught but success for them.

We were deeply pained to receive the sad intelligence of Dixie Fuller's sudden death. Her illness lasted only a short while; the fatal disease was that of la grippe. It has been only a few weeks since she visited friends at this place.

LOCALS.

48 young men in Archdale, 30 young ladies in Founders.

First week at Guilford College—62 young ladies! 86 young men! More coming in every day!

Our good natured curator fell down ten times one day last week. Quite an improvement.

Prep. in Algebra:—Would the exponent of x be called the yponent of y ?

Miss Sallie, will you have some beef off of the north-west corner of the cow?

Teachers should not hinder each other from attending meeting by locking up shawl and hat.

The Societies have started with the determination to do better work this term than they have ever done before.

At the supper table one evening last term the boys were invited to attend an entertainment given by the girls. So after regular society exercises were completed, they witnessed one of the most amusing spectacles on record.

The last meeting of the Freshman class was quite an event in their short life. The destiny of each member was exposed to light, producing in some the brightest prospects, but in others the dread of a dreary future.

OFFICERS OF THE Y. M. C. A.—

Geo. W. Wilson, President,
E. M. Wilson, Vice President,
H. W. Reynolds, Rec. Secretary,
Elbert S. White, Cor. Secretary,
H. A. White, Treasurer.

We are glad that the Y. W. C. T. U. are carrying out their plans concerning a building in which to hold their meetings, and in which the girls will have exclusive privilege.

During the last few days of the closing and the first of the new year, there was held at this place a Sabbath School and Ministers' Conference, in which many new ideas and methods of Christian work were produced.

The death of Francis T. King, Baltimore, was shocking news to the students and friends of Guilford College. A memorial service was held in his honor, in which all who participated testified to his ability, patriotism, benevolence and Christian love. His picture which hung before us, was wreathed in ivy and incited deep feelings of interest toward one whose influence had touched our lives to cultivate and make better.

Those who remained at the College during the holidays, though instilled with the idea of "Home Sweet Home," did not lack for enjoyment. Their pleasures were greatly increased by a

social gathering at Mr. J. H. Edgerton's, to which all were invited.

A question for Farmer Cude to answer: What is the economy in keeping up two gravel walks between Archdale and King Hall, when by extending one of them across the (very muddy) road, so as to connect with the other, only one walk would be necessary?

At present we can report the following class officers:

JUNIOR—Bessie M. Meader, President; Elbert S. White, Sec'y.

FRESHMEN—Peter John, President; Notre Johnson, Secretary.

The Seniors and Sophomores, are already too conceited, and THE COLLEGIAN is unwilling to add to their vanity by giving them any notice.

Some of the young men who remained at the College through vacation, decided to take a wild turkey hunt; but the beautiful evening in which they started was not the forerunner of a beautiful morn, so they found themselves many miles from home in the most disagreeable part of the State and in the most disagreeable weather of the holidays. They returned with their prospects blighted and only a few feathers to show for their expedition.

The Y. M. C. A. reception which was held on the evening of

the 8th proved a good success. It was opened with devotional exercises after which Miss Emma White read a paper, explaining the reason of our coming together, the bond which should exist between us as school-mates and the relation of the Y. W. C. T. U. to the Y. M. C. A. G. W. Wilson then gave an address of welcome to all new students and told the purpose of the organization, inviting all to attach themselves to it as active members. The first part of the exercises closed with a hymn, and the old students exerted their efforts to make every one feel that they were among friends and at home. Indeed it was home to some, for the reception was held in the recently erected hall which the members of the association could call their own.

It may be of interest to the old students of Guilford College, as well as others interested in natural history, to learn of the additions lately made to the Guilford museum. We have long been proud of our cabinet of natural history, containing, as it does, many rare and valuable specimens.

So far as life is concerned, a museum is about as *dead* a place as we can imagine, but our collectors are alive and the museum becomes more and more interesting. The original cases have

been filled up with new specimens—among them quite a number of well mounted birds—containing among these several species of water birds from the lakes of Florida. An alligator, torn from his native haunts in the swamps of the same state, has been mounted, and now occupies a position on one of the upper shelves. A new case has been constructed and upon its shelves a collection of bird eggs, which is probably the largest collection of eggs in the state. The collection contains over two hundred varieties, collected in various parts of the world. There are razor-billed Awk eggs from Labrador, Gull eggs from Iceland, Jay eggs from Yucatan, Penguin eggs from Cape Horn, and numbers of others from the Pacific Coast and across the water from Europe, Asia and Africa—a collection containing in all 1,000 specimens.

Guilford has a Cato II. He ends up all his discourses, both in private and public with—“*And I was there.*”

A Senior with his characteristic dignity, and with an evident sigh of relief, exclaimed, I *never* was so *free* from the girls as I am this term!

How thankful the young ladies ought to feel?

Between Foot-ball and Base-ball season, Tar Heel gets a rest.

The closing exercises of last term was the Junior exhibition. On account of disagreeable weather the attendance was rather small. The program of the evening was as follows:

1. Oration—Modern Greece.
Roland H. Hayes, Carbondon.
2. Oration—Roumania and her Queen.
Bessie M. Meader, High Point.
3. Oration—Electricity.
James P. Parker, Guilford College.
4. Oration—The Power of Thought.
Ellen Woody, Saxapahaw.
5. Oration—Our Defense.
Herbert W. Reynolds, Centre.
6. Oration—The Rhine in Song and Story.
Eunice M. Darden, Belvidere.
7. Oration—The Rise of the Oppressed.
Eugene E. Gillespie, Greensboro.
8. Oration—Toiling Children.
Martha Woody, Saxapahaw.
9. Oration—The Development of Liberty in America.
E. O. Reynolds, Centre.
10. Oration—University Extension.
Anna V. Egerton, Guilford College.
11. Oration—Unrestricted Immigration.
Elbert S. White, Raleigh.
12. Oration—Aerial Navigation.
Samuel Long, New Market, Tenn.
12. Oration—The Example of a Great Life.
Charles F. Tomlinson, Archdale.

Mr. R. D. Robinson of Raleigh, has been spending a few days at the college.

The John Bright Society elected the following officers for the term:

- President—W. W. Mendenhall.
Vice-President—J. P. Parker.
Secretary—H. B. Worth.
Treasurer—Mary M. Petty.
Librarian—C. F. Tomlinson.
Marshal—G. W. Wilson.

The committee on “Ways and Means” has not yet been appointed

“Well, hurah! There’s four little girls, all laughing at me.”

How about the commotion among the Japs?

Question for class in Political Economy: Is a bang curler wealth?

Water! water! water all around Archdale and never a drop in the pipes!

The library presents quite an improved appearance since the change of shelves.

Geo. W. (H.) says that "Prince" will never interrupt his slumbers again.

Is an officer of THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN an editor of the Websterian Society? Ask Steven A.

So far Guilford has to report only three cases of the "grip." What other College has been so fortunate?

Junior—making snow cream—"What shall I flavor it with?" Senior: "Why use some of your cologne, if you can't get anything else."

THE COLLEGIAN gives the following advice: Don't fry eggs

with tallow; don't throw snow in the vicinity of a window; don't let the plank walk hit you; in short, keep your head cool and your feet on the ground.

Horace G—: "Why do the farmers of Pennsylvania build pig pens on the north side of the barn?"

One of the girls peeling a kid glove orange complacently remarked: "Why it smells like pine," to which a companion near by replied: "I wonder what they did to it?"

Some interesting sights:

Our Beau Brummell—W. J.;

The poets of Founders';

The girl that walks like Will —;

Hawks cutting wood;

The interest manifested in call meetings by Freshmen;

The Governor playing a jews-harp;

Julus falling off the bench during recitation;

The new library—recently donated.

EXCHANGES.

With the beginning of the new year we extend to all our college contemporaries our most hearty good wishes for a successful year's work, and for general improvement. This last may sound rather strange, and some may think it out of place at this time of year, when it is customary to refer only in complimentary terms to the past year's work of our brethren of the quill and scissors, yet we are conscious of the imperfections that exist in other papers as well as in our own, and we think it is just as well for us all to stop a moment now and consider how these defects may be remedied as it would be to wait until the beginning of our next school year and allow a new crop of editors to try their hand.

The great difficulty we encounter in getting up THE COLLEGIAN is the disposition on the part of all the editors to wait until the day before the manuscript should go to the printers and then throw all other work aside and dash off an article or two with the idea constantly before them that they must write enough to fill up just so much space. The consequence is that, however new and interesting the topic, the article is prepared so hurriedly that no attention can be given to the selection of appropriate words and illus-

trations, the sentences are jumbled together instead of following each other easily and smoothly, paragraphs are introduced out of their proper order, and there is general lack of painstaking, and consequently no perfected, polished work. This is not as it should be; for surely the college paper, as the representative of the college, and the exponent of college life is entitled to the best work and most careful attention of its editors. Their efforts should never be second-class; and this our New Year's resolve, that we will give more of our time and talents (?) to the task of getting out a paper in every way creditable, and try to make THE COLLEGIAN more attractive than it has been heretofore.

Will the *University Magazine* listen to a word of suggestion without being offended? We don't care to incur the displeasure of this esteemed contemporary, yet we feel constrained to say that last spring, when it was running in opposition of the "late" *Chapel Hillian*, had they arrived by the same mail the latter would have been read first, though really it was a paper not to be compared with the *Magazine*. The *Souvenir* was not far wrong when it said the adjective *good* can be applied, but only to three or four, the adjective *interesting*. This is the

chief trouble with the *Magazine*. It lacks attractiveness. Its literary department is superior to that of any college paper in the State, the editorials show care and thought in production, as do locals, personals, exchanges, yet the paper is not sought for so eagerly, or read so carefully as others really inferior. The reason is because they *represent their respective colleges*, while it does not. It has the air rather of a literary magazine, not published in connection with the University. When it exchanges a little of its dignified stiffness, or rather stiff dignity for an equal amount of cheeriness and enthusiasm, our University's representative will be second to none in the South.

Faithful service will receive its reward. The much abused college editor may mourn now because his efforts are not appreciated; but let him console himself with the thought that a brighter day is coming, that a future generation will recognize its debt to him. Already a beginning has been made. Read a clipping from the *Hiram College Advance*: "At Boston University the faculty have voted to permit work on the college paper to count as hour's work in the course, allowing seven hours per week to the

managing editor, and two hours to each of his assistants."

NORTH CAROLINA LITERATURE.

It is with pleasure that we announce that another valuable contribution is soon to be made to our State Literature. Dr. Stephen B. Weeks, late of Johns Hopkins University, is preparing a complete "Bibliography of the Historical Literature of North Carolina," with annotations. The work will be invaluable for reference and will doubtless find a place in every library, however small. It will occupy about 25 pages of the *Southern Educator*, for which it is being written. Nothing of the kind has ever before been attempted, and the author and publishers deserve the thanks of all loyal teachers and students for the publication of so valuable an aid to the study of our rich historical and biographical literature. The *Educator*, it may be remarked, is rendering excellent service in many ways to the cause of education in North Carolina. Those of our readers who are teachers and who are not acquainted with its merits would do well to address the publishers at Durham for a sample copy. It is published monthly, and the price is only one dollar a year.

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

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THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

VOL. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1892.

No. 6.

THE BATTLE OF GUILFORD COURT HOUSE.

In attempting to write a sketch of the now historic battle ground of Guilford Court House, it necessitates the contradiction of many statements made by historians, and even the official reports made by both English and Americans.

All historians speak of the engagement near New Garden as a mere skirmish, but in results it was of great importance, and a serious and almost fatal delay to the advance. Campbell and Lee, with less than 600 riflemen, delayed Cornwallis three hours, compelling him to deploy 2,000 men into line of battle to dislodge and drive them from the woods in which they were posted. This enabled Green to perfect his arrangements for the general battle at Martinsville. This skirmish or battle was witnessed by John and Rebecca Ballinger, and participated in by Samuel Lamb, from whom I received much of my in-

formation. Also, those who assisted in burying the dead that and the next day, testified to the fact that there was a real battle and serious loss on both sides.

One serious error among historians is in drawing maps of the battle field. All that I have seen are at least 30 degrees out of line; on nearly all maps New Garden and Deep River are represented as being nearly due west. A partial survey a year ago showed the bearing of the Salisbury road from the center of the battle ground to a point opposite and north of Deep River Meeting House, to be south 47 deg. west. The original Order of Council under the Colonial Government, specified that the Salisbury road should be run, as near as the land would permit, south 45 deg. west, which is the average bearing through Guilford County.

Another error among all histo-

rians except Judge Schenck, is in regard to the conduct of the Carolina militia, who are represented as fleeing in confusion when the British regulars charged on the first line. The evidence of those who saw and participated in the strife, is to the contrary. Gen. Green, when posting the militia along the fence in front of them, gave direction for them to hold their fire until they would have time to reload and fire the second time at close range, then retreat through the second line to the Court House.

The first and second lines extended nearly due north and south, across the road. Campbell and Lee, with their blood still warm from the battle at New Garden, were posted at the extreme left of the first line, south of the road, with freshly recruited Carolina militia between him and the road.

When the British line came in range there was an irregular volley fired along the entire line; the British at the same time fired a volley, then with a shout charged the line, hoping to dislodge them from behind the fence before they could reload their rifles. When this charge was made all the militia between Campbell and the road retreated without giving the second fire. The British seeing this rushed on and occupied the gap in the line. The riflemen north of the road divided; part

did as ordered, retired through the second line; the other part passed through the woods and across an open field and into the woods at the right of the second line. Here they watched the battle as it progressed, and ere long were instrumental in delaying if not turning the tide of battle.

When the British had driven back the first line, Tarlton was sent across the fields to the north with his cavalry, to make a detour through the woods and come upon the right flank of the second line. Supposing the militia were utterly defeated and gone, he dashed forward and suddenly came upon the riflemen behind the trees, who fired right into their faces and brought down a score of his men. In an instant all was confusion, panic and flight. But a few hours before they had met a similar defeat at New Garden, and were now beyond control; they fled precipitately behind the cover of the regulars, and were an uncertain quantity the rest of the day.

In the mean time Campbell had not only delivered his second but his third fire, and did not give way until nearly surrounded. He then moved off to the south-east through the woods, closely pressed by the British and Hessians. When he reached the hill south-east of the house of Mrs. Phebe Ross he made a stand and was so persistent in holding his ground that Cornwall-

lis led the Guards—a company of his best troops—in person to help dislodge him. This was not done until Cornwallis had his horse shot down. Campbell again retreated through the woods to the little mountain nearly a mile from his first position. At this juncture the Guards were recalled and Campbell turned upon the Hessians and not only drove them back but nearly surrounded them and began driving north-east, parallel to the new Salisbury road, toward the Court House. Soon the Hessians became alarmed for their safety and made desperate charges to break through the riflemen, but Lee's activity with his small company of cavalry compelled them to keep in close array, which made the fire of the riflemen more fatal.

In the mean time the second line had been assailed by the main body of the British regulars, and had held its ground long and stubbornly, but was compelled to give way before superior numbers and discipline. That portion of the line south of the road had retreated slowly towards the Court House, passing close by and in front of Green's Continentals, who were awaiting the final onset of the British regulars; but Lawson, with his men, halted in the woods as he fell back, determined to give the British a parting volley. This he did so effectually that it checked the advance of their whole line.

Cornwallis now became seriously alarmed, for if he failed to reach Green's main line before night his whole army would be in imminent peril. He now left a detachment to dislodge Lawson, formed his main body and moving through the open ground south of the road, came upon Green's extreme left at the foot of the hill.

By this time Lawson had retired and taken a position behind the extreme right of the Continentals. The militia had also joined him, all ready to participate in the final struggle that was near at hand. When Cornwallis came over the brow of the hill, Green's Continental line was in plain view, not two hundred yards away. He at once determined to decide the fate of the day by a bayonet charge. Among the historians none give a more real description of this last sanguinary encounter of the memorable day than Judge Schenck, yet his account falls short of that given by those who went through that terrible carnival of death, or stood by and saw the terrible hand to hand conflict.

The British regulars moved forward with measured step, with steady nerve, with look of resolution stern, and crossed bayonets and began the work of death with their equally brave and determined antagonists; "long time in even scale the battle hung." One British regiment was broken and driv-

en from the field. Lawson, with the militia, poured in such a galling fire from between the Continentals on Green's right that the British were held at bay on that end of the line. Col. Washington charged their right wing amid the fury of the bayonet charge, and came near breaking their line. For the first and last time Cornwallis and Green stood face to face, not more than 80 yards apart, each with every faculty strained to the utmost degree of tension. To Cornwallis defeat was utter ruin and disgrace, while Green was in easy distance of a strongly intrenched camp with abundant supplies, with an army trained "to fight, and run away, then turn and fight another day" without being discouraged or demoralized.

Had Green known the fate of Campbell he might have ordered up his reserve and decided the fate of the day in a few minutes; if Campbell had been routed and the Hessians suddenly thrown into the conflict, the chances would have been against him; as it was he saw that the power and the strength of Cornwallis was broken and that he would be only causing unnecessary loss of life to continue the work of death.

A retreat was sounded, and tradition says when Cornwallis heard it he exclaimed: "thank God we are safe; call off the boys;" and when the uproar of battle had

ceased and he heard heavy firing to the south, with regular signals of distress, he comprehended the fact that the Hessians were in extreme danger. Tarlton was ordered to go to their rescue at once. He found them nearly surrounded and out of ammunition, yet Tarlton's men had such a dread of ambushed riflemen that they refused to charge until the Hessians deployed in double line, fired a double volley, and as the smoke drifted toward Campbell the charge was made, the line broken and the worn out and shattered Hessians were saved from captivity and death.

This was the last charge of the last great battle of the revolution; the spot is now marked by a monument, placed there by the Battle Ground Association.

Sixty years ago there were many survivors of this memorable battle still living in Guilford county, who could and did recount many deeds of hardy daring and heroic courage that occurred during the varying fortunes of the day.

There was one feature of that day's work that historians have overlooked or never knew. Samuel Lamb and others said there were near three hundred *independent* fighters on the field, hunters who were *fighting on their own hook*, who voluntarily came, armed with their long rifles, with one

or two days rations in their shot pouches, just as they would go to a shooting match. These men were permitted to fight their own way, provided they kept out of the way of the movement of the regulars. These independents were the dread of all English and Hessian troops wherever there were trees, stumps or rocks for them to hide behind; yet the English officers used to say that they were as much advantage as disadvantage, for their presence kept the soldiers close in the ranks, and prevented straggling and shirking.

The result in killed and wounded of that day seems to have been purposely kept back both by Cornwallis and Green, for all the old men and women who were living in 1830, and had taken part in the battle or in burying the dead and caring for the wounded, pointed out mounds in the burial ground at New Garden that contained 21 bodies of the wounded who died in the old Meeting House, from the battle near by, and the pit near by Tate's grave, in the woods, had 20 of the dead buried in it, while the Hessians were buried in the open field where they fell, like animals.

Cornwallis left seventy-two mortally wounded at New Garden on

his retreat, all of whom were buried in long trenches, still visible, in the old burial ground.

John and Samuel Foster, Thos. White, Richard Dodson, Samuel Lamb, and others who helped to bury the dead, always said there were over 600 buried on the field, and many of the wounded died in Green's camp and were buried there. All the eye-witnesses and participants gave it as their belief that not less than 800 were killed and died of wounds, and as many more were wounded who recovered. It is a matter of history that it was impossible to take care of all the wounded the night after the battle. Many died by exposure to the cold rain that set in soon after dark and continued nearly all night.

We need not wonder Cornwallis retreated in a few days towards Wilmington, where he could have the protection of the British fleet. The best of his troops had fallen, the survivors were discouraged with the hopeless task of subduing the Patriots, the fruit of all their battles and conquests was now lost, and Green could march unmolested back over his former lines of retreat and re-occupy the South.

ADDISON COFFIN.

FIRST YEAR AT NEW GARDEN BOARDING SCHOOL.

Success and long life to the GUILFORD COLLEGIAN is doubtless the sentiment of every old student of New Garden Boarding School, of whatever age or the date of their stay in the Institution.

Now that the Editors of the COLLEGIAN want reminiscences of the early days, and request those who were among the first students to send them some items, I have endeavored to recall some incidents. Though mostly trivial and commonplace they may serve to interest you of the present time, as giving a glimpse of things in the early years of the school now so far back in the past. Indeed when I think of the vast sweep of events in the world's history in the more than half century, and of events and changes in my own life, it would seem I ought to date back to the days of the Pyramids, at least, instead of only 1837, a date, the first, with one exception, that was impressed on my memory. That exception was 1833, the year of the great meteoric shower, and there was cause to remember that grand and fearful sight, for we were awakened in the night by the cries and lamentations of an old colored man who had run half a mile across the

fields in that shower of fire, frightened almost death, to tell us the stars were all falling and the world was burning up, and at first sight it looked like he was right, for stars appeared to be falling as thickly as we sometimes see large snow flakes, only they fell more swiftly. The old man sat up all the rest of the night, and till long after daylight, in the chimney corner, with his face buried in his hands crying and praying, not daring to look up for fear of seeing everything in a blaze, and even when he did venture to raise his head and saw the old world unharmed and everything going on as usual he was not re-assured for he was certain it would be burned the next night.

The year of 1837 was an important and eventful one to all the region round about New Garden, and had been looked forward to with much interest as the time for opening the Boarding School.

For a good while in passing the place we had watched the progress of the walls going up, with the expectation that when it should be finished I was to be sent there to school. So all the vague unknown and untried future was bright with limitless possibilities to an imaginative young

mind. In process of time Founders' Hall was completed and everything pronounced in readiness for opening the school. The day and hour finally came when my new trunk was packed, with not a very elaborate wardrobe, for the rules limited the supply and quality; as to dresses two were allowed, one for everyday wear and one for "best." The ride on that memorable day along the old Salisbury road was quite as important and all absorbing to me as that other occasion in 1781, was to the soldiers who fought and retreated over the same road the day of the Battle of Guilford Court House.

When I saw my parents drive away from the school house and I, not yet ten years old, was left among entire strangers, it took all my courage to appear brave, as I wandered about the house and grounds, ill at ease and half home-sick, with some strange little girls. To my unpracticed eyes all was so strange and new and on such an immense scale, literally a place of "magnificent distances." As I remember our teachers from the "north" they looked the embodiment of grace and ease, in their lovely lawns and dainty slippers as they cheerfully and kindly greeted the students. In a few days the foreign feeling wore off and I became acquainted with several little girls about my own age, one from Philadelphia in par-

ticular that I grew quite intimate with. We were in the same classes, and it was not long till we were put into a Child's Philosophy and were quite elated over the name of studying Philosophy. Among other things we learned something about the construction of the Æolian Harp, and though our ideas were rather crude, we had occasion to remember that, for, though knowing music was not allowed on the premises, we took it into our heads to construct one, so one windy day we went down in the woods north of the house and tied some silk thread between two little trees and hastily ran back to the house to wait results. To our dismay we soon heard some musical tones from that direction, and feeling guilty began to wonder what would be done with us, for we were sure to be found out. Imagine our relief when we saw a teamster driving round the back of the kitchen with some supplies, and found it was the bells on his horses that made the music and not our harp at all.

The accommodations you would think now rather primitive. Though that is considered a mild climate, yet there were some very decidedly cold, frosty and snowy mornings, and we dressed in a cold lodging room, ran down to a pump in the back yard, to wash in cold water, and sometimes to subdue frosty rebellious hair would

wet it, then, before we got back up stairs it would be frozen into decided icicles, and the next thing was to run down to the fire in the school room and thaw it out before the toilet could be completed. It took a good while for open wood fires to exert much softening influence on the chilly atmosphere of the large, cold, school room; so there were unavoidably some very uncomfortable mornings. In those days it was considered a trespass of no small magnitude to go ever so little beyond the boundaries marked out for us and a very grave offence for the boys and girls to speak to each other without special permission, but verging on the unpardonable sin for letters to be exchanged.

Once there were rumors afloat that some such letters had been discovered or intercepted, and there was much surmising and mysterious whispering and finally three or four girls were sent for, and officials held court martial in secret session, with closed doors, and what transpired within was not revealed, but the threatnings of Sinai filled the air with a sense of awe. After awhile the girls with tear stained faces re-appeared, took their accustomed seats and the common routine of school life went on just as this practical world of ours is wont to do; heedless alike of joy or sorrow the river of life's activities

flows on. The advent of albums singly or in numbers like flocks of swallows gave hint of a closing session, then what pouring over books of poetry searching for lines suitable to write; lines of enduring friendship and everlasting devotion and remembrance; yet after the lapse of half a century the faces cannot be recalled and many of the names are forgotten. The plowshare of time has gone so deeply into our lives, and such absorbing work has filled the days and years as to obliterate much we then thought would endure. A few years ago I chanced to pick up an album of that period, and found the blank leaves had been used to copy choice recipes for cooking; a strange mingling of sentiment and expressions of friendship with the best method of making mixed pickles, or preserved quinces or steamed brown bread and thought the line "To what base uses may we come" might very appropriately be inserted. The monotony of the long Sabbath mornings in summer was sometimes broken by having a tray brought in filled with pieces of dry bread and large square unsalted sea crackers, but anything was thankfully received and enjoyed. In process of time at the ringing of the bell we were all marshalled in our places, two and two, and the march to "meeting" commenced.

We all enjoyed the walk through the grand old woods, and to me was the added pleasure of being sure to see some members of my father's family there, and often some little package from home was handed to me as we filed out, not daring to break ranks any more than if we were convicts. One midweek "meeting" a little four year old brother came with my father and in turning around caught a glimpse of me, and wanted to express his delight in some way, and after twisting about and smiling awhile he could stand it no longer, but broke the deep solemn silence of an old Quaker "meeting" in his clear childish voice with, "Sister, we brought 'ee some new shoes." My dismay was something dreadful and the silence that followed so profound that I dared not lift my eyes from the floor, but waited in trembling anxiety for the time of "shaking of hands" to come. It had been one of the unfilled ambitions and desires of my young life to possess some blue prunella shoes, and now they had come, and though their heralding was so dreadful, yet I was happy in possession at last, but "swift trod sorrow on the heels of joy," they proved too small and had to be returned and were replaced by common black ones. So early the discipline of disappointment commenced in life and was just as

real and as hard to bear as subsequent seemingly greater ones.

Committee days! Who is there that don't remember them? To us little girls committee day was, as we read later on in Pollock's Course of Time, the "great day for which all other days were made." When the Committee was to visit our room an air of expectancy pervaded the whole place. Chairs were ranged across the platform and on each side to the fire-place. All were arranged, each in our best dress, and waited with fast beating hearts the advent of that august body. The opening of the side hall door, and creaking of shoes heralded their coming, and with slow and measured step they filed in and advanced to take up their position in front of us. Then the ordeal commenced; classes were called out, exercises gone through and a general parade of our advancement in every way. The Committee was given time to express their opinion of it all, which was generally encouraging, but the burden of most of their communications was to impress upon us our superior advantages over what they enjoyed in their school days and exhortations to appreciate and improve our privileges. But the regular field day that brought enjoyment unalloyed, was when all who wished were allowed to go, after tea, with baskets and

buckets out south of the school house, to pick blackberries in aunt Polly Brown's pasture field where they grew in abundance. The freedom we felt, the quiet of the whole scene, the rays of the sun slanting across the field, the tinkle of cow bells, the long shadows cast by the woods, all was so delightful, especially as we knew it would be rounded up with luscious blackberry pie next day for dinner.

There were curtains of calico suspended the whole length of the dining room to separate the tables of the boys and girls, but one morning it was found that the curtains had disappeared during the night, and for several times the boys had to wait till after the girls had finished their meals; until some carpenters put up a plank partition. The evening collection before retiring, is a sort of kaleidoscopic memory of sleepy girls, dim burning candles with stalactites of tallow formed down the sides and continuing on to the candlestick like a miniature flow of lava; the incessant barking of Carlo, a little black dog that seemed to feel the responsibility of the care and oversight of the institution in general, the droning of some huge beetle slowly wheeling about the room, or laboriously rising from repeated falls from contact with post or wall, the unsettled dispute of myriads of

katydid in the trees outside with some such text as "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them," or "Ho; every one that thirsteth," till all was finally lost in entire forgetfulness, when some more wide-awake girls would kindly shake us back to consciousness, and the fact that all were leaving the room.

There was a sort of enjoyment mingled with awe when we went as we often did, to the old graveyard, all thickly overgrown with myrtle and ivy, and spelled out the names and dates on the low stones. Once we were filled with terror and alarm on finding by an open grave an empty coffin with some of the wrappings in it from which the body had been stolen.

Death and the grave were solemn mysteries to us then, but the years have revealed that life itself is as much a mystery; and that no heights scaled by human wisdom, no depths sought out by human science has ever yet been able to throw one ray of light across the level floor of the grave, or illumine its steep dark sides, and only when we turn from it all to the one hope of our race, "I am the resurrection and the life," is the gloom of the grave dispelled, and in the light that streams down the ages from "Jesus came to abolish death and bring life and immortality to light," does death become only an

incident in an endless existence.

The rambles we were allowed to take in the early spring-time when the air was laden with fragrance from bloom of flower and tree, or in summer when the dense shade of the grand old Southern woods was so grateful, or in Autumn when the carpet of brown

dry leaves lay thick on the ground, all left pleasant memories best expressed in Alice Carey's loveliest bit of verse.

Of all the beautiful pictures that hang on memory's wall,

That of the dim old forest seemeth the best of all.

E.

FINE ARTS IN ITALY.

It is well known that he who would see or procure the grandest work in the fine arts, especially of paintings and sculpture, will go to Italy. No other land has such a wondrous collection of grand paintings by master artists, or such marble and bronze statues of exquisite workmanship. It is not worth while for me to tell my readers that the most famous artists the world ever produced, were Michel Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Rubens and a few others,—most of whom lived about three hundred years ago; and that their hands did the greater part of these remarkable paintings, which we now see in the Italian cities.

In one or more articles like this I can only give a very faint idea of the beauty and magnitude of these innumerable grand paintings, and the thousands of gold, bronze and marble statues, which cost untold millions of dollars.

Let me first say that nearly all of the fine paintings by these master hands are Bible scenes—and he, who is not well posted in his Bible had better “read up” before he visits these grand pictures. You can find a picture of almost every noted circumstance recorded in the Bible.

In an old church at Milan, we saw the most celebrated painting in the world, “The Last Supper.” This picture is about thirty feet long, and twelve high, and the figures are life size, the Saviour with bowed head seated at the centre of a long, rough table, with scattered fruits and dishes upon it, and six disciples on either side, in long robes talking to each other. The picture is over three hundred years old, and has been copied by a great many artists.

The finest works of art are mostly found in the churches; and as far as I can see Italy, for fifteen hun-

dred years, has turned her energies and industry to build up a vast array of wonderful church edifices, with extreme poverty at the doors of half her citizens. All the churches in an ordinary American city put together could hardly buy the jeweled flippery in one of her cathedrals—and for every beggar in America, Italy can show a hundred.

As we entered one of these grand churches in Venice, and it is the same every where, at the door a dozen hats and bonnets were doffed and hands extended for pennies, by the most wretched looking beings we ever saw. Then we passed within the great doors, and it seemed that the riches of the world were before us! It is built entirely of precious marble, brought from the Orient. I cannot describe the 500 curious columns, inlaid from top to bottom with figures—the grand altar with brilliant polished facings of Oriental agate, jasper and other precious stones; with solid gold and silver furniture on the altar. The floors and ceilings laid in Mosaic work—of millions of small and different colored stones, wrought in beautiful pictures and cost a princely fortune. This is only one of five hundred churches in Venice! and one-fifth of her population are paupers!

Next to St. Peters, in Rome, the great cathedral at Milan is said to

be the most wonderful in the world. It required over five hundred years to build it, and the material is entirely of the purest and whitest marble, no brick or wood in it. The building is five hundred feet long, 180 wide and the steeple four hundred feet high, and has over seven thousand marble statues. It has 136 spires and each spire is surmounted by a statue six feet high. It cost over one hundred millions of dollars. We went up 180 steps, which landed us on the roof. Here is a garden with fifteen thousand species of flowers and fruits, all carved out of marble. The buds and blossoms of this marble garden form a picture charming to the eye.

One of the strange statues, but very interesting to a doctor, was that of a man without a skin! Every vein, artery, muscle, every fibre and tendon and tissue of the human frame, represented in detail. The skin was gracefully thrown over his left arm, as a man would throw a robe.

The sculptor, Phidias, was challenged that a *skinned man* could not be produced in marble, but ten years of close study and work brought out the faultless piece of sculpture.

Of all artists the world has ever produced none have equalled Raphael. Although he died at the age of 37 years he painted two

hundred and eighty-seven pictures and 500 cartoons, and we were told that many of these could not be bought for a million of dollars each!

In the Vatican at Rome, in the Loggia leading to the apartments of the Pope, are 52 of his paintings—48 taken from the Old Testament and four from the life of Christ. These are called "Raphael's Bible." His crowning work of *stupendous magnitude*, seems to be that in the Sistine Chapel in St. Peter's Church. These cartoons are "The miraculous draft of Fishes," "Christ's Charge to Peter," "The healing of the Lame Man," "The conversion of St. Paul," "St. Paul preaching at Athens," &c. The ceiling of this chapel, 133 x 45 feet, was painted by Michael Angelo. These scenes are from the life of Christ and Moses—"Pharaoh's destruction in the Red Sea," "Moses kills the Egyptian," "Christ giving the keys to Peter," &c. On the Altar-wall, a picture 45 x 64 feet, "The Last Judgment," by Angelo.

The "Transfiguration," now in the Vatican, was Raphael's last work. He died April 6, 1520, and was buried in the Pantheon. I went one morning to the Pantheon, now the oldest and best preserved building in the world, to see his grave, and found it just across the rotunda from where Victor Emmanuel was entombed

a few years ago, and where the French pilgrims, last October, made their demonstrations, which have so much disturbed the Pope.

If time and space allowed, I would gladly tell my readers something of the great picture galleries in Florence and of the 500 master-pieces of paintings there, and the beautiful sculptures, vases, &c. One table, which cost over \$15,000, was to have been shown at the Paris Exposition, but it was considered not safe to ship it for fear of crushing it, as it was made of millions of small finely polished stones, very precious.

The marble and snow-white Alabaster sculpture in the cemetery at Genoa surpass anything of the kind on the globe. We saw many tombs which cost a hundred thousand dollars each, with figures or statues of the deceased, sometimes erect and others resting on their beds as they died, with all the pure white linen drapery around them and looked almost life like—all cut from the finest marble or alabaster—which is found in large quantities near Pisa.

Florence is the great centre of fine arts of the present day. Hundreds of Americans spend the winters there to study and learn painting.

My readers will see I have not confined my writing entirely to fine arts, but noted other things

as they interested me, and I am sure if you will visit these places, they will be interested in some of those things spoken of, and a thousand others not mentioned. I am very much inclined to believe there is no nation on the globe, which has such a great variety of

people as Italy—some so highly cultivated in art, and others so low in the scale of humanity.

Let me say to my young readers that if any of you desire to study painting go to Florence.

DR. J. W. MORGAN.

Oskaloosa, Iowa.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION.

Two years ago the North Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association was formed. Trinity and Davidson were the only Colleges represented. A contest was held at Charlotte May 9, 1890, and Trinity was named as the successful contestant. During the following year Guilford applied for membership; was put off and put off, but finally her claims were considered and she was admitted. A second contest was held in Greensboro May 8th, 1891, and Guilford's representative was awarded first honors. Add the names of the officers for the two years of the association's existence and you have its history—at least so far as can be ascertained. It lived enshrouded in mystery, and died in obscurity, from an unknown disease—not the death of the righteous, however, for we think it was smothered to death. It is was a great pity that such a

thing has happened—a public calamity, more properly speaking. It seems to us that if there be any contest into which all the colleges in the state can enter in the freest, most open manner, with a most healthful and honorable spirit of rivalry, it is an oratorical contest—a test of the abilities of the best men of each college in writing and speaking. We trust there is no one who would deny that such a contest, fairly conducted, would prove a great stimulus to the study of oratory, and that as such it should be supported. Such opinions as these are scarce—and humorous. We all know that an organization of this kind is needed, and we know if once it be firmly established, public sentiment would warmly support it. Then if it be true that we need such an organization and public sentiment will support it, it seems to us that only

one thing ought to be done, and that is for the colleges to support the association and make it a success. It can be done and it ought to be done. We see no reason why any college should pull back and refuse to join, or, having joined, should withdraw from the association. There may be such a reason, but we fail to see it.

We confess we are greatly disappointed in this matter. We made application for membership last year, thinking we were to enter an organization whose future was assured, which would be a stimulus to better work in the study of oratory, a benefit to ourselves and to the other colleges of the state. The annual contest was held, and the result was gratifying in the highest degree. It was pronounced a success by all who had the pleasure of attending; and it was thought that the association had come to stay. We hoped and expected the University and Wake Forest would enter this year, and that if they did not the three colleges already in the association would put forth every effort to make the coming contest a success. But just as we were beginning to make preparations for this year's contest, intelligence came that Trinity and Davidson had withdrawn, and Guilford is left alone—in short that there is no longer an Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association.

We think it nothing but right that an interested public should know where the blame for this hasty and inconsiderate step belongs. We are strongly tempted to publish the entire correspondence we have received on this subject. We never knew before that college men were capable of advancing reasons for anything they ever did, containing such a condensed essence of flimsiness as those we have received in regard to the withdrawal of the two colleges mentioned. We have made an honest effort to reconcile their statements and actions, giving them the benefit of every reasonable doubt, but we cannot do it. We will state the case and let our readers decide.

One month ago we wrote to the secretary and treasurer of the association (a Trinity man) in regard to the approaching contest, and after some days delay we received the information that Trinity does not think it advisable "to have a contest if Davidson withdraws." The reasons for this reply are so obvious that they need not be mentioned here.

The reasons may be obvious to the secretary, but they are not at all so to us. The only possible *hypothesis* we can conceive of is that Trinity *loves* Davidson with such an exceeding tender love that if the latter withdraws Trinity cannot help saying, as Ruth

did: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge." We thought for a while that perhaps Trinity objects to remaining in an association where only two colleges are represented, but that cannot be, for she contested one year with Davidson alone, and prior to the contest made no effort that we ever heard of to induce her sister colleges to join the association. At this point even conjecture fails us. The secretary promised to ascertain what Davidson would do in the matter, but we have not yet heard the result of his investigations. Perhaps he has forgotten to inform us; or may-be hasn't heard from Davidson.

Davidson's reply to our enquiry was even more feeble. It positively caused a sensation of weariness to steal over us as we read it. It was to the effect that Davidson decided last year, before the contest came off in Greensboro, that she would withdraw from the association unless the other colleges of the state entered, and that her committee-men informed the Executive Committee of the association of her intention. For this reply we cannot even advance the supposition that Davidson loves Trinity so ardently that if the latter withdraws she must do likewise. And here we are compelled to say that the reason given by Davidson for withdrawing is simply untrue. If it is

true, why did both of her literary societies defeat the proposition to allow Guilford to enter the association last spring? We have been told the decision was practically unanimous. Does it seem as if Davidson wanted the other colleges of the state to be represented, when she deliberately said "no" to one as worthy as herself? True, our charter is only four years old, but we clearly demonstrated the fact at Greensboro last May, that we were able to hold our own. It is well to remember all the while that this charitable action towards Guilford was taken by Davidson only one month before the contest last spring, about the time she instructed her committee-men to notify the Executive Committee of the association of her "intentions," in all probability at the same meeting of the societies. Do these statements and actions of hers harmonize? Can any one *make* them harmonize? We would be glad to see that person and hope he will be found, for we sincerely regret that we are obliged to conclude there is dissimulation somewhere.

Guilford wants to see the association live and prosper. We are not so well prepared to enter this year as we were last, perhaps, but we don't intend to back down on that account, but accept the situation, and intend to make the best of it. Why can't others do the same? Our officers have been elected, and our representatives can be named in ten days time. We repeat, we want the association to prosper, the contest to be a success; we want to be in it and get what good there is for us.

E. M. WILSON.

The Guilford Collegian

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

LITERARY SOCIETIES

OF GUILFORD COLLEGE

FEBRUARY, 1892

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Address all business communications to
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Guilford College, N. C.

Subscription price: One year. . . . \$1.00
Club rates: Six copies. 5.00
Single copies.10

THE COLLEGIAN is entered at Guilford College Post
Office as second class matter.

It is painful to note the "rowdyisms," the "vulgarisms," and the "hacking" things that are sometimes heard upon the college grounds; yet, we are glad to say, not so very often. Surely students forget what a privileged class they are and how honored they are above the average of mankind, since such a small per cent of their fellow men are permitted to see inside of college walls. Or do not think how little they can afford to have a bad influence, or lower themselves in

any way, when the world is so much in need of *manly* men and *womanly* women to fill her honorable places.

While it is a great thing to possess learning, it is also a solemn thing, and while ignorance is a serious thing, knowledge is more serious. How often do students, in their zeal for knowledge, forget the duties which they owe to themselves. They fail to remember that Nature's laws are sure and that *her* penalties MUST be paid. Little as the student can afford to miss a lesson, less can he afford to miss his daily airing and out-door exercise. Important as it is that he should have his essay, even more important is it that he should eat his meals properly and at the proper time. Let him not deceive himself into thinking that he can regulate the time of his going to bed and his getting up according to the work in hand, lest an aching head and tingling nerves should teach him better.

Knowledge that is gained at the expense of health would cost too much to be desirable, and the student who comes out of school possessed of defective eyesight, a deformed body and much dyspepsia is not to be envied even tho' he is wise in classics and sciences. Great wisdom it takes to *plan* our lives so that we may *really live*, and not do more harm than good in the passage through.

If we listen we will hear many young people say, when asked to undertake certain lines of work, "I would like to, but feel incapable; I'm afraid of the responsibility." If we will continue the investigation we will find men of talent shrinking from positions of trust and honor merely from lack of confidence in their own abilities.

We see those of mediocre ability occupying high positions and we wonder how they attain and hold them, yet the reason is plain enough. They *believed* they could attain and have the nerve to hold. Some days since we heard a young man ask another, (who was a base ball player,) "Why wouldn't M—— be a good one behind the bat? He's active, he catches all right and throws well." The reply was, "He won't do for 'a match;' he's afraid of the ball." Over confidence has caused many failures, but want of confidence and *nerve* innumerable more.

Said Throuvenel, the youthful French diplomat who wielded such a wide influence under the second empire, in response to the assertion that Louis Napoleon must be a great man to control such a government, "It does not call for more ability to manage an empire than it does to manage a wholesale shoe store, if the emperor only thinks so. See, I lay a narrow plank upon the ground,

and anyone can walk it. I lift that plank up a hundred feet above the earth, and only one in a thousand has nerve enough to do so. The way to govern an empire is *not to know the plank is off the ground*. The uncle knew, he had the nerve, the nephew does not know and the nerve is not necessary."

There are many young men in College, of more than ordinary mental powers, who cannot master a certain science, write a thesis, or make a speech, because they *think* they cannot. We have now in our mind a young man of high order of intellect, who can't master languages because he thinks he can't. The plank is off the ground. If his instructor could make him think Latin syntax a part of Applied Mathematics, he would learn it most readily.

Believe you can walk the plank high or low and the distance beneath vanishes; determine to walk and the chasm is easily crossed.

The John Bright Society still stands like a stonewall, and despite the predictions and prophetic utterances to the effect that its days were numbered—since the COLLEGIAN has been taken from its control, we see no reasons, from present indications, why the Society should not continue to prosper as it has in the past.

The old Brightonian, as it was

formerly, but incorrectly called, has played an important part in the Literary work of this institution, although its fruits have not been so conspicuously displayed as they might have been. Why then, should the students here at present—who have been benefitted by its existence—think for a moment of withdrawing their names and *influence* from the Society?

There never was a time when this institution was in greater need of such an organization and as we *have it* we should not try to retard its growth by taking no interest in its meetings. Nothing can be more interesting and instructive at a College than a real *live* Literary Society, and one of the character of the John Bright should be all the more so, since it has no rival; its membership is open to *all* who are members of the Faculty, the Alumnæ and the students in any of the College classes, and under these conditions the members are usually the best students in the College. Every student, whether he be a member of one of the other societies or not, could surely devote an evening every two weeks in taking part in the John Bright.

It offers advantages in some respects which no other society here can offer. It affords an excellent opportunity for drill—and this is what too many of our students are seriously in need of at

present. We have too many who consider themselves *brave* because they can talk before a small number of their *own sex* in their *own* society hall; but when it comes to speaking to a mixed audience—and a different one many times—the bravest sometimes feel rather “*shaky*.”

Therefore let us go to work in this historic old society.

We have the material, and why not use it?

No outside forces should determine whether the society should live or die out. The idea is an erroneous one that the control of the COLLEGIAN is necessary for it to exist and prosper.

Let us make out of the John Bright a *real Literary Society*, for if we do this the opportunities that will be afforded no student, who is interested in the development and diffusion of knowledge, can neglect.

The John Bright will *not* “fizzle” out, nor “grow old and wearisome” either.

It will *live*, and we believe it has already entered upon another era of progress, which, when completed, will illumine the pages of its history.

There are some thoughts, on education, set forth in the “*Journal of Education*,” that are well worthy the consideration of students. The article is entitled

"American Schools for American citizenship." It speaks of the educational ferment that is going on, how philanthropy and law are providing means as never before, and are expecting everything of the schools. They must stuff chickens, cut dresses, run sewing machines and type-writers, and transform themselves into carpenters' shops. This thinking and experimenting is to result in much good, ushering in such a flood of light as the world has never seen, though in the mean time there will be waste of time and money.

What is education, is asked? and from the answer we infer that the man who runs a successful business, stimulates the business energy of his neighborhood, supports the church and school, or founds a library, is the mainstay of a happy and prosperous home, and yet cannot write an ordinary letter correctly, without the intervention of a type-writer, is better educated than the man who is morally, mentally and physically developed, knows the Latin and Greek derivations, is expert on the developing processes of the human mind, yet cannot bring his great mind down to common, earthly things, and is awry with all the world.

Or that the woman who knows nothing of classics, who did not have the opportunities of the higher schools, whose home is her castle, in which she makes her

family forget the cares of the day, and prepares them for the battles of the morrow; who can make her own bread, cook her own meat, be on hand promptly if a neighbor is sick, is better educated than she who is a graduate of a college, is thoroughly informed in the history of literature and can tell all about the overthrow of the feudal system and the influence of the monastic school upon our modern civilization, and yet is at the mercy of servants and continually parade her troubles abroad.

If this argument proves nothing more, it clearly shows that the world to-day not only asks: "*What do you know?*" but with the sternness of fate, demands: "WHAT CAN YOU DO?"

The question of how much society work or how much "outside reading," comes to every diligent student. This is one question which he should consider carefully and then decide. The great trouble with the work outside of regular class duty is, that the student allows himself to be dragged into certain lines of work which he does not enjoy and in which he has no interest.

In this way he wastes a great deal of valuable time.

The thing for the student to do is, to find out how much he can do outside of his required college work; then fix a certain part of his time for the particular work

which is most useful to him, and do it in that time. Of course the student's first and chief business is the preparation of the subject for his class. Nothing else should come in 'till this is done, and well done. But this should not require all his time. We are glad many Colleges so limit the number of recitations that the student can not be "over crowded" with work. When the student has a reasonable amount of class work he may do that well. At the same time find recreation and improvement in general reading, and develop a taste for Literature or Science, which his class work would never give. In his literary society he will learn practically two valuable lessons: first, that what he has learned can be used; second, that it can be enjoyed. One of the most demoralizing things in college work, to our mind, is "The make up" system, or that lack of system which seems to be popular in so many of our Southern Colleges. It is this system that allows students to matriculate as Freshmen when they should spend another year in preparatory work, telling them at the same time that they can "make up the one or two studies which they have not had. It is this same lack of system which allows the student to enter high classes when they are behind in certain required lines of work.

A Sophomore who is well advanced—who is ahead, is better than Junior who is behind. When students learn that they can keep ahead if they are *ahead* more easily than they can catch up when behind, and when our colleges do away with the "make up" system, then the question of Literary Society work and outside reading will adjust itself.

One of our exchanges in speaking of co-education, after proving (?) woman's physical inability to cope with men in college, comes out with this stunning argument: "In choosing the professor for men there is not much enquiry to be made except as to his knowledge and his success as a teacher of his specialty; but when we are to choose a professor for women, there are much greater difficulties in the way. His *private* and *moral character is to be enquired into*, as well as his general demeanor. A professor may go to our recitation rooms without any regard to his general appearance or carriage and *we are not hurt in the slightest*; not so with our sisters and sweethearts. Besides, we educate our men for public, while our women are educated for private life." Pernicious doctrine! and from a college too. When will we learn that in *Him* there is neither male nor female, and that *wrong is*

wrong, whether it be in man or woman. In the colleges where co-education exists we don't think the meals of the girls are "sent up" oftener than those of the boys. And do we not see women every day bearing physical pain and nervous tests that would kill a man a dozen times, so to speak. Now, as to the professor for each, is it possible that we may trust our boys, with their impressible minds and strong tendencies, to a teacher who is too immoral and indifferent to appear before our "sisters and sweethearts." Not so! too close are their destinies interwoven and their interests linked for one to suffer in morals or manners without the other sustaining a like injury. And as to educating woman away from private life, we could not do it if we wanted to (unless we gave her a fashionable education such as too many female colleges have given in the past.) Far stronger than any other instinct in a woman's breast, is that of home and family. And thanks be to our advanced education, some of the best wives and

mothers in our land, who are caring for their own children and doing their own work, are those who had a good, strong common sense education right alongside their brothers.

NOTED IN TEN DAYS.

- A monkey and a hand organ;
- A wrestle with the bear;
- A road machine at work on the campus;
- A good lecture before the Y. M. C. A.;
- A social for all;
- The sun spot and aurora;
- A new tank at Founders;
- The wind mill blown down;
- New water pipes at Archdale;
- An excellent entertainment in the Henry Clay Hall;
- An interesting session of the John Bright;
- All the students before King Hall for a picture.

PERSONAL.

Grace Hammond Lowe lives at Back Creek, N. C.

Benjamin Copeland is a farmer near Rich Square, N. C.

Minnie Henley is at her home near Jonesboro, Moore Co., N. C.

Mary C. Anderson has lately taken a position as teacher in the Blue Ridge Mission.

Charles W. Britton has happily married and farms at his home near Alaska, N. C.

The home of Lulu Coffin is Fairbault, Minn.

Wm. E. Davis is living at Marlborough.

Charlie Turner has a fine dental practice at Greensboro, N. C.

Jesse Stanley is known as a prominent physician of Dunreeth, Indiana.

Minnie Brown is making her home at Thos. Hinshaw's, Buffalo Ford, N. C.

Elias Elliott lives at Rich Square. He follows the occupation of farming.

Ella McBane is still at her home at Long Branch.

Frank Futrell lives near Monola and is engaged in religious work.

Nancy Stanley now Pearson, is

at Lawrence, Kansas. Her husband is quite an extensive fruit grower.

Asenith Lindley lives near Cane Creek, N. C.

The place of residence of Gulia Elma Duke, formerly known as Newlin, is Carthage, Ind.

Agustine W. Blair, sr., lives at San Barnadino, Col. As a Lawyer he has gained a most worthy reputation.

Mrs. L. P. Flowers, nee Pearson, a student of N. G. B. S. for about two years, is now the wife of a carpenter at Back Creek, Wilson Co., N. C.

Lillian Hill has just closed the school she has been teaching near her home on the Uwharrie. We are glad to hear that she expects to enter school on the 9th.

Oswin White is engaged in farming at his home near Franklin, Va. He is a prominent member of Black Creek Monthly and Virginia Half Year Meetings.

Bettie Marsh, formerly Elder, a student in the 50's, is spending the evening of her days on a beautiful farm near Trinity College.

Lewis Hinshaw has lately been united in marriage with Lucy Cravin. We hear at present they are making their home with the parents of the former at Buffalo Ford, N. C.

Eunice Hill Clark, widow of John Clark, lives at Carthage, Indiana. She hoped to have spent the winter at this place but has been prevented by the illness of her grand-daughter.

Dr. Cartland and family have moved to Concord, N. C., where he succeeds Dr. Herring in the practice of dentistry. In their removal High Point sustains an inestimable loss.

On the 17th of January, Mary G. Marshburn, of Sylvester, N. C., was married to Henry Wrenn, a promising young man of Chatham Co.

The students were pleased to have a short visit from Robert Malloy on the 7th. He was on his way home from Lobdell Miss. where he has been assistant book-keeper and clerk for the well known firm of J. S. Richardson.

During the holidays J. Milton Burrows was married to Emma Newman of Knoxville, Tenn. We learn that he has a position in a Tack Factory at Harriman, a prosperous town of the same State.

Allie Marsh Copeland '80-'82, is principal of the Randleman Graded School. Her enthusiasm and success have won for her quite a reputation among the teachers of the State.

Gulia Elma Coffin is the wife of Mayor Hamilton, of Ottumwa,

Iowa. Both are highly esteemed members of the social circle in which they move.

A clipping from the Bennettsville Banner, says: Harris Bristow has moved to Brownsville, is keeping a bachelor's hall and farming. He says he is now a full grown clod-hopper. He hasn't many near neighbors, but says he is too busy to get lonely, and entertains himself by keeping at work, which he finds in plenty to do.

Addison Coffin, Mary C. Woody, John Van. Lindley, and Lorena Reynolds form the pleasant company from near or around G. C. that took sail for Europe on the 13th. With a man of such competence as their chaperon, we can have no doubt that the trip will be both beneficial and pleasant for each of them. The best wishes of their many friends go with them.

It is said that the city of Estacado, Texas, was never more shocked than at the announcement of the death of J. Wesley White, an enterprising young man of that place, who was killed in the early part of December last. He was living in a temporary dug-out which was nearly completed when heavy rains came on causing the ridge pole to break and the roof to fall in, burying the whole body, except the face and left

hand, in the debris. The body was not found for a day or two afterward. This young man went to Crosby county in 1881, with comparatively no financial resource. Step by step he rose until he became the first resident surveyor of that particular land district, and at the time of his death his estate was valued at five or six thousand dollars and he was known for a hundred miles round and respected wherever known. He was an active member of the Friends church, who was often heard in exhortation and prayer, and was one of Crosby county's best citizens.

Wm. C. Worth, of High Point, and Alfonso Perkins, of Greensboro, were present at Prof. Woody's lecture on Saturday evening the 6th.

We are glad to see Bessie M. Meader back again after a brief visit home.

Prof. Frazier paid a short visit at the College a few days since.

Genevieve Mendenhall returned from Philadelphia on the evening

of the 1st. Her numerous friends are delighted to have her once more among them even though it may only be for a short while.

We were glad to have Dr. Rowe with us last week.

Dr. Hawks and wife, of Richmond, Va., are visiting the College.

Mrs. Mary Thomas and Miss Francis Barker, of Skaneateles, N. Y., have been at Guilford several days.

Miss Barker has made quite a number of friends at Guilford. The Philagoreans are especially delighted over the prospect of a photo of "*The Chronotharnotol-etoux*."

Quite a number of Guilford students enjoyed the celebration of Joseph Peel's birthday in more ways than one. Indeed they realized that it was "good to be there." Joseph left on the 9th for the State of New York, where he goes to assist James Jones in his meetings. Our best wishes go with our worthy friend and former chief.

LOGALS.

Sunday a bad day for Valentines.

A number of students have a "cow" in their box.

Those studying science of Rhetoric have recently learned that Italy has a "running backbone."

From the *College Message* we learn that "another year has been added to those of the past."

More seats will be needed in the collection room if pupils continue to arrive.

Dr. Mendenhall lectured January 23d, on Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

D. A. Kirkpatrick comes out to the college from Greensboro quite often.

Why not begin to agitate the holiday question? Spring is approaching.

Another trip to the Pilot this spring would be pleasant for a change. Anything to break the monotony.

Guilford will assume an important part in performing the last sad rites of the State Oratorical Association.

Those who were expecting to represent Guilford at the State contest this year, should go off to some secluded spot and *explode* before the weather turns warm.

Last term the "expression of horror" was—Junior exhibition! This term—Commencement orations!

Does the Governor have any classes on the days when the "camera fiend" is around?

A Senior who has seven studies tried to inform a Junior class that the sun gave us more light during the night than during the day.

Jasper thinks it takes no more energy to fan two than one.

Some things we would like to know:

Why the boys can't have the privilege of seeing "sun set" once in a while.

Is the "law of diminishing returns" applicable to the parlor at Founders?

Would a comfortable room be more conducive to the health of the students than the *cold* hallway, where all except "committees" have to do their talking? ("An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.")

Why *more* than two persons on a committee are necessary under the circumstances.

Why "Georgie Porgie" is like the state of Texas.

Why the Juniors are always *doing* something that they never *do*.

What the "Reservation" is being reserved for.

A Tragic Trio—The violin, Hodgin and "a" tune.

It is surprising that so many students can do systematic work together and still require such a small number of regulations for their best good. Students seldom realize that there are any at all.

Now that the warm sunshine intimates the coming of spring, tennis goods creep from their winter quarters to take a "stretch and a bound."

The students in college at present probably wish the work just finished upon the young orchard, had been accomplished several years ago.

The long talked of "depot at the station" is now being constructed. It will be a great convenience to persons passing to and from the college.

Three weeks ago one could scarcely find three base balls on the premises, while now half the boys can be catching at the same time. It is an evidence that base ball is "the" game and will remain indoors but a very few months.

The recent serenade was quite an event. It first aroused the inmates of Archdale, part of whom accompanied the musicians to Founders where they had good success in gaining the attention of

the girls. The company then made their way to Pres. Hobbs's where they were rewarded by a box of apples. It was about twelve o'clock before the students returned to their rooms.

The Seniors should be great lawyers as they are the only class in school that are studying "Love as a Law."

On Tuesday evening the 2nd the Prohibition club held a very interesting and enthusiastic meeting. Those present were entertained by speeches from Mary C. Woody, F. S. Blair, R. C. Root, Addison Coffin and J. H. Peele.

The Freshmen finally got bold enough to challenge both the Seniors and Juniors for a game of foot ball, which challenge was accepted. So on Friday the 6th the two teams took the field. At first it seemed as though the Freshmen would win without any great effort, but the game closed without either class having the advantage. The tie will be played off at some later date. Score 4—4.

On Saturday, Jan. 30th, a party consisting of twenty-three Guilford boys accompanied Addison Coffin to the "Guilford Battle Ground," which is about four miles from the College; yet the walk did not make us weary, as our leader would often stop and point

out places where the venerable pioneers of North Carolina had lived and told us interesting incidents concerning their lives—stories which sounded more like romances than truths. Such stories kept up a spirit of interest and enthusiasm until we reached the Battle Ground. We soon made a tour around the place and our guide pointed out every point of interest. He showed where every line was drawn up and every place of combat. When we had finished our tour around the grounds we went into the museum to see the pictures and relics which were connected with the battle. When we came out of this pleasant little room, every one seemed to be ready for dinner, but, alas, to think that after spending such a pleasant morning, we were to make our dinner on fresh crackers only a month old and fresh sardines in musty boxes. We got back to the college about 3 o'clock, p. m., after a pleasant and profitable day. Doubtless every one who went will acknowledge that they would like to take another trip over the same ground if Addison Coffin would only be their leader.

That august body, the senior class of this institution has had a meeting. The class of '92 is said to be the most refractory body at Guilford. Like all Senior Classes

of course it is the largest strongest, most dignified and best looking, yet it has an individuality—has marks not common to the species "Senior Class." It has been the opinion for some time that this class was rather shy of class meetings. In fact it was long thought physically impossible to bring it together, and truly it was. To the young ladies belong the credit. Not only did they effect a meeting but delighted the young men in a way which the Seniors of this institution can most surely appreciate—with "a feast." In the presence of refreshments the *hearts* of this class are one, their *appetites* thirteen strong. Each one then took a slice from the cake of fortune. Jasper received the crooked pin, sign of long single blessedness; Emma the thimble, which meant poverty; Susanna the dime, which is to grow into dollars and produce for her great riches; Cora received the ring—we all know what the ring means. On the rest fortune did not smile, but left them unaided, to discover or to work out their own destiny. During this enjoyable time W. W. Mendenhall called the class to order and a permanent organization was effected with the following officers:

G. W. Wilson, President.
Virginia Ragsdale, Vice-President.
Emma L. White, Secretary.
W. W. Mendenhall, Marshal.

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

VOL. IV.

MARCH, 1892.

No. 7.

SONG OF THE OAK.

Give me room for my arms, give me room for my feet,
Let me bask in the sun, let me play with the breeze;
Let me bathe in the dews, let me dash off the sleet,
Till a century crowns me the Monarch of trees.

Let the rude hand of Art from my presence depart,
Leave me symmetry, beauty and grace undespoiled?
From my outermost limb to my innermost heart,
I am Nature's imperious yet tractable child.

When the rage of the tempest her loveliness mars,
Still the firmer my foot, still the prouder my form;
With her whirlwinds I grapple, I reach toward the stars,
Till the Monarch of trees is the Victor of storm.

But subdued by her smiles, a meek child I am seen,
And she moulds me at will by the touch of her hand,
As she tastefully fits on my kirtle of green,
Till the Victor of storm is the Pride of the land.

More subdued by her sighs, mournful, plaintive and low,
Then I stand a mere babe by my mother undressed,
Till she tenderly slips on my night-robe of snow,
And commends me to Winter's long, slumbering rest.

She will wake me again—she can scarcely refrain,
Till sweet spring-tide, the dawn of the seasons, appears;
For I feel the soft pearls dropping o'er me, called rain,
Which the children of Nature know well as her tears.

She will wake me again—she will thrill me awake
With a kiss and a smile, and the song of the dove;
A *new* kirtle of green from her ward-robe she'll take,
For the joy of her heart, for the child of her love.

And ere long where her evergreen mistletoe climbs,
Will her pet squirrels leap to the top of my crest;
In my shade her young poet lie building his rhymes,
Which my birds set to music while building their nest.

Let the stiff form of art from his presence depart,
Leave simplicity, purity, taste undefiled,
From the crown of his head, to the core of his heart,
He is nature's beloved, affectionate child.

With the snowy-white feather of fancy at top,
But the diamond of Truth at the point of his pen,
He will translate the parable teachings that drop,
In the emblems she showers on the children of men.

Let the frame of a harp of my strong frame be made;
Make its sensitive chords of my tenderest leaves,
Which the breezes may play on in sunshine or shade,
As the heart of the poet rejoices or grieves.

When the cloud passes o'er him, deep, deep be my sigh,
As he mourns o'er the sins of the land of his birth;
Softly, sweetly my tones to the sunbeams reply,
As in gladness he thinks of the "salt of the earth."

And when time shall have faded the auburn and gold
Of youth's radiant tresses to silvery gray;
Then, when all but the soul of the righteous grows old,
When the hand needs a staff, and the heart needs a stay;

Still, O lover of Virtue and Nature! still come;
Still with reverence kneel on my moss-covered sod,
And with dewy eye beaming, look up through my dome,
In communion with Nature, communion with God.

M.

A CHAPTER ABOUT INDIANS.

The Piutes and the Washoes are native Indians of Nevada. They closely resemble each other in form and feature, and their language is nearly the same.

One would judge from these facts that they were kindred and would dwell together in unity. But the fact is, they are hereditary foes and have fought many battles. When there is a quarrelsome disposition, nearness of kin only makes the quarrels hotter and more frequent. The Arabs have a story which illustrates this. One Arab meeting another says: "I see that you have lost one eye; how did it happen?"

"My brother knocked it out."

"Ah—that accounts for its being so completely knocked out."

Of late years, however, the Washoes and the Piutes have not engaged in open warfare. But their mutual dislike is as strong as ever, and you cannot insult a Washoe more deeply than to call him a Piute, or *vice versa*. In some ancient treaty of peace the victorious Piutes decreed that the Washoes should henceforth neither own or ride ponies, so you see them invariably on foot, while the Piutes ride ponies whenever they please, and I once saw a whole cavalcade of them starting up into

the mountains to gather pine nuts. On this same occasion I saw a spring wagon load of them, wrapped in gay blankets and bright red head coverings, their dark faces covered with fresh lines of paint, and was much amused at the strong contrast between their civilized conveyance and their own uncivilized selves.

The Washoes have no tribal relations, and on this account are not recognized by our government, but the Piutes have a chief; and they have a reservation allotted to them by the Government. A school has been established for the benefit of their children, and they receive help in various ways. Pyramid lake, a beautiful sheet of water thirty miles long and two or three broad, into which the Truckee river empties, is included in their reservation, and they have the sole right to take fish from its waters. Not only do they have all they want to eat, but they derive quite an income from the sale of the large fine trout which they peddle about the streets of this town or ship down to California by express.

But woe unto the Washoe Indian who dares to set foot on the shores of Pyramid lake, or presumes to obtain fish for himself.

The Piutes will not even sell fish to him, and all that he ever tastes is the scraps and offal thrown out of the camp.

In summer he can regale himself on fat grass-hoppers, and at all seasons of the year the jack rabbit bounds through the sage brush. There never was any large game here, and that perhaps accounts for the fact that the white settlers never drove out the native Indians of Nevada. They had nothing that a white man wanted; they were welcome to their pine nuts and grass-hoppers and jack rabbits, so the two races have lived in tolerance, if not in brotherly love. It is the only instance where the native race has flourished and increased after the country was settled by whites.

The railroad company allows the Indians to travel to and fro as they please on freight trains, and sometimes large companies of them go to California to pick hops in the hop season.

By some means or another, they get money enough to buy comfortable clothing, and I often see them in the stores buying hats, shoes, blankets, or whatever else they wish. Indeed, were it not for their habit of gambling away their money almost as soon as they get it, they might have many more comforts. But gamble they will—old and young, men, women and children; and it is a common

sight to witness a circle of them seated on the ground engaged in a game either with cards, or with little sticks.

But one never sees a drunken Indian here; it is a State's prison offence to sell liquor to an Indian.

They live in little huts or tents made by sticking branches into the ground, tying the tops together and covering the whole with old blankets, sacks or whatever they can find in the way of rags.

They call these dwellings wick-i-ups, and after seeing one, there seems to be an appropriateness in the name, though it is possible that a wick-i-up by any other name would smell as sweet.

In cold or wet weather, fires are made inside these dwellings, and the smoke finds its way out through the crevices. It is on this account that so many of the Indians suffer with sore eyes. Now and then one sees a thin, sick looking Indian, but the majority of them are stout, robust and strong in appearance; in fact they look to be better fed than the white people. This climate on the whole is a fine one, certainly equal if not surpassing that of Colorado; and this constant life in the open air probably has much to do in producing such physique. It is said that a case of consumption that originated here has never been known. For over three hundred days of the year we have blue skies and

cloudless sunshine, and since the human race is largely influenced by its environment, it is no wonder that the natives of Nevada are so well and strong and tread the soil with such a royal air.

The babies are carried on their mothers' backs, strapped to a board, with a little arched canopy of woven willows above their heads; a piece of cloth flung over this shields them from sunshine or rain. They generally sleep peacefully, or regard the world with the wondering gaze of childhood, but, contrary to tradition, they can and do cry sometimes. I have heard them lift up their voices in a howl that would do justice to a civilized infant.

The elderly Indian men sometimes work at chopping wood or building fences, and the women occasionally engage as washers, scrubbers and window cleaners about hotels or private houses, but in general they have an air of infinite leisure, sauntering about the streets or sitting in the sunshine on the sidewalks or along the river bank.

Why should they worry or why should they toil? Having food and raiment, they are therewith content. No such thing as social ambition disturbs them; the fever of money getting has never stirred their sluggish pulse; every desire relative to keeping up appearances and putting on style is foreign to them.

This squaw is never mortified because callers come before the front door steps are swept or the embroidered pillow shams are put in place; that Mahala (a general name for squaws) never has to run to a neighboring wick-i-up to borrow some baking powder to make biscuits because unexpected company has come to tea. This brave is never called upon to suffer the pangs of disappointed ambition because another man was appointed road supervisor; that one never lies awake nights planning how he shall pay the interest on his mortgage.

What a world of worries and anxieties they are spared. No wonder they wear a look of placid content. I sometimes imagine that they look with serene contempt upon the white people who struggle and toil and get wrinkles of worry between their eye brows, and have various and divers nervous diseases unknown to these primitive races. Fancy an Indian suffering from nervous prostration!

I had intended to tell about an old Piute squaw, whose age may be anywhere from fifty to one hundred and fifty years, who noiselessly opens the kitchen door about twice a week and seats herself at my fireside in silence, stretching out her moccasined feet and wrinkled hands to the warmth, but this article is already long enough. Perhaps "She" will figure

as the heroine in a future article. Not knowing her name, we always allude to her as "She." Any one who has read Rider Haggard's

story of that name will see the significance.

LOUISE COFFIN JONES.
Reno, Nevada.

THE OBJECT OF GOING TO COLLEGE.

It is interesting to talk with students as to the aim and object of their coming to college. Some come because they are thus compelled, by the folks at home, and the chief *aim* of this class is to kill time; some because they think it raises them in society to "go off to school." The aim of this class is to practice certain college "airs and graces"; some because they think a person, who has an education, can get along better in the world, and make more money. This class generally take a business course and devote very little time to general culture. And many, *oh so many*, especially girls, who want to get sufficient learning to teach a school—a year or two—until they get married. Others are not thinking especially of getting married, and mean to teach because they think it is the most respectable and paying thing an ordinary woman can do. Now it is this class that has our profound pity. First, because they are going to have a hard time.

Second, because they are laboring under a great mistake. They will have a hard time in the first place, because to be a teacher requires an enthusiasm that will carry its possessor over mountains of obstacles and deserts of difficulties as it were—that sees no future half so grand, no prospect so glorious as that of the teacher. One who will make every thing else to bow to this one great end, who will feel when she is enthroned in her paradise—the *school-room*—no matter how poor the surroundings or how stupid the children, that she had rather be there than to be Mrs. Harrison in the White House, and that though the *nation* should stop—her *school must* go on.

Now, extravagant as this standard may seem, if she can't reach it she would enjoy some other vocation better and it would be such a blessing to the children to be relieved of her guiding hand.

In the second place, she will have a hard time because it is the

only known profession in which no body ever did get rich and few have secured even a competence, and so many have lived and died very poor. It is the only profession in which she will have to spend years of time and dollars in money as a preparation, only to begin at about the same yearly salary, or less, than the cook, sales-lady, or factory girl gets, who never devoted one hour or cent in preparing for her work. While teaching is far from being *all* dark and *all* up hill—what is true of all trades is especially true of it, namely: That one should have a deep love for it and be “by nature fitted.”

Now we do think that girls are mistaken when they think this is about the only thing they can do; for we hear weekly, almost daily, calls for girls to cook, to nurse, to do house-work, to do almost anything that a woman can do, but to teach—and there is plenty of room at the top to teach, but it is a long, long way up.

We all know that the demand for nurses is great and that the prices paid to women are better than in other profession. There is no calling for which women are better fitted by nature than that of nurse or physician for their own sex. 'Tis a fact that trained cooks make from one to five thousand dollars annually and that they

need not be out of employment a single day. They may enjoy all the comforts of a luxurious home, and have little of its care or responsibility. They may have plenty of time for mental culture if rightly used, may always be in refined company and if worthy of it, have all the respect that any body has.

How is it that *baking*, the *one* trade of women, since “Eve” went forth in sorrow,” should be in the hands of men? That we must buy our cakes, pies, and bread, if we buy them at all, from a dirty show case surrounded by “the best Scotch snuff,” the “Daisy smoking tobacco,” and the “Star plug,” and from a man who is either smoking the “Daisy”, or chewing the “Star.” It is because men saw money in it, and women didn’t have the enterprise to take hold of it lest they might seem “strong-minded.”

The same might be said of laundrying, and in fact everything that a woman can do, if it is well and honestly done.

But there is the secret. Few girls think it of any importance that they should sweep scrupulously and dust “religiously,” arrange the furniture tastefully and put the “touch here and the fold there.” They little think that while it may not matter much to the floor, or to the furniture, that it does matter greatly to them. That it is a species of dishonesty

and carelessness which they as *women* cannot afford.

These are homely callings and dealt with in a homely way, but they are honest, therefore respectable. It is said that true greatness consists in being able to infuse sublimity into common things, and this is what a college education ought to help us to do, and the very best reason why we should seek it. For it is the very few who do not have to deal largely with the common things of life, and we

are glad that there are many who, though they may hope to do something splendid, as it is right they should, still they are bent on making the most of *themselves* and reaching the highest state of culture that is possible for them. And O! "Glad day to be," the number who have more false ideas and unworthy motives, is "growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less."

MARY O. LAMB.

THE WILD TURKEY.

This magnificent bird is by no means the least of America's gifts to the world. It is now found in a domesticated state in every country on the globe. Many have been the ambitious naturalists who have tried to promulgate the idea that the domestic turkey originally came from Africa, and the East Indies. But this is an error.

The first turkeys known in the old world were those carried to Spain by a Spaniard from Mexico, early in the sixteenth century. Afterwards they were imported into France and England. At one time the wild turkey was distributed generally throughout eastern and central United States,

but like the Indian and the Buffalo they have dwindled away before the rifle of the white man until now they are met with only in the least inhabited portions of our country. The wild turkey never migrates, except when their favorite food has become scarce in one locality, then they will move to another, where the supply may be more readily obtained. Wheat fields that border on the woods, and pine forests, are favorite resorts for them. They roost at night in tall trees, and especially when the country was new were often known to congregate in considerable numbers at a favorite roost. Early in the spring, before

the trees have yet put out their leaves, the turkey's mating season begins. The females then seek shelter in the thickets, endeavoring to avoid the males, while the latter, always gobbling, search for them constantly. The males sometimes pay their attentions to more than one female, often as many as three or four are found accompanying a single gobbler. The nest is merely a slight hollow scratched in the ground, in which is placed a layer of leaves and grass. This is hid carefully away from the eyes of the male, who would destroy the eggs should he once discover them.

The number of eggs laid in a nest varies from eight to fifteen, and are deposited at dates varying from March 15th to May 15th, owing to locality. A set of six eggs in the Guilford College Cabinet, collected in Byron county, Georgia, was taken on April 10. This clutch was evidently not yet complete, as the eggs had as yet shown no signs of incubation, and no bird was found in the immediate vicinity. The nest was made on the ground under a clump of bushes, close to a swamp, and when found the eggs were entirely covered with leaves. This the female always does, to conceal the eggs in her absence.

Within a day or two after being hatched, the young birds are able to follow the female, who has the

exclusive care of them. But the lot of the young turkeys is not an easy one. Foxes and owls are constantly on the watch for them. Wet weather thins the flocks, and still a little later on when they have attained some size, the murderous shot-gun of the pot-hunter plays great havoc among them. Few are they that ever reach maturity, and for those that do, there are innumerable traps and snares awaiting.

In the fall of the year the male birds, which during the summer have been roving around in small companies by themselves, again join their mates, and together the old and young spend the fall and winter. Owing to the destruction of these noble birds which is constantly carried on, regardless of time or season, they are each year becoming less numerous. They are still to be met with in some numbers in the Blue Ridge Mountains, within forty miles of the Capitol of the United States. But the time is probably not far off when the wild turkey will have disappeared from this country, unless laws are rigidly enforced protecting them during the nesting season.

Then when it is too late we will awake to the sad fact that one of our finest North American game birds has passed away.

T. GILBERT PEARSON.

The Guilford Collegian.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

LITERARY SOCIETEIS

OF GUILFORD COLLEGE

MARCH, 1892

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Address all business communications to
MENDENHALL & GILLESPIE,
Guilford College, N. C.

Subscription price: One year.....\$1.00
Club rates: Six copies..... 5.00
Single copies..... .10

THE COLLEGIAN is entered at Guilford College Post
Office as second class matter.

"DEAD BEATS."

The college, we are often told, is a miniature world; and one of the things it has in common with the world is its dead beats.

We are not referring to those who are always on the borrow, or even those who are in constant pursuit of a little intellectual assistance; but we mean those generous souls who, at all times whether convenient to you or not, are ready to share their company with you, even if they beat you

out of your time, your thoughts, your very self. They are ever generous to a fault; willing not only to share, but to bestow on you all their little (?) stock of idleness.

There are students at all colleges, and Guilford has one or two, possibly more, who are not exceptions to the rule. We have seen good natured members of college faculties spend valuable time entertaining day after day the same students, who seem to have a great deal more of the precious quantity than they can use; time which they owe to themselves for recreation; to their classes for study.

We frequently hear sighs for the time when intemperance shall be blotted from our fair land; when fraud and corruption in politics shall be no more; but what we are especially interested at the present writing is, that public speakers, (lecturers and ministers not excepted) may cease to speak when they have expressed their thoughts, and that our friends may go home when their *visit is over*.

G. W. W.

A "THINGLESS NAME."

Juvenal, in one of his prayers to the gods uttered these words—"ut sit mens sana in corpore sano", which interpreted means--"Let me have a sound mind in a healthy body."

From the number of editorials that have heretofore appeared in these columns concerning a thing which goes by the name of "Girls Gymnasium," one would be led to suppose that such a thing really existed at this institution.

In fact we were of this opinion ourselves until a few days ago when we made an official visit to what is supposed to be the gymnasium. Since making this visit we have come to the conclusion that if Juvenal were living to-day; had uttered the prayer given above, and in answer to this prayer had been directed by the gods to *this* gymnasium as a suitable place for physical culture, and had to depend wholly on *it* for such, he would come well nigh the truth if he were to say—"I asked you for bread and you have given me a stone," and the probabilities are that he would die a stoop-shouldered, hump-backed and feeble-minded wretch.

We do not want to criticise this gymnasium for *that* would be almost impossible. The building is conveniently located; is well built so far as we know, and is sufficiently large for present uses.

Here realities stop, and to say more about the gymnasium would necessitate drawing upon our imagination.

We sincerely hope the present condition of affairs will not long remain so.

Can the institution afford it? That is the question.

It is useless to go into any extended argument showing the need and the necessity of physical culture. It is admitted that *man* cannot be strong and vigorous in mind and body without some kind of physical culture. Why not admit the same concerning *woman*? It is equally true. She was no more intended to be weak and sickly and feeble-minded than man, yet it seems rather difficult to impress this fact upon the minds of some people.

The fact stares us in the face that the women of ancient times received more physical training in their youth than they do now.

We all have bodies. We all, it is to be hoped, have minds and souls, and there is no way for a young man or young woman to reach the highest intellectual and moral conditions until the best bodily conditions are secured. None of these conditions can be secured by a person who constantly remains in a state of inactivity, and unless there are some inducements for physical culture, this is the state too many are apt to fall into.

The Y. M. C. A. of this College feels seriously in need of a complete gymnasium, and it is working toward that end. We hope it will soon be obtained, but if we speak from an unprejudiced stand-

point, we cannot do otherwise than say—the young ladies need it ten times worse. They have the gymnasium in name, and we believe there is also a rusty horizontal bar in the building.

That's all there is of it. Is that all there is to be? We hope not, yet we realize that agitation is useless unless action follows. It is none of our business whose duty it is to do the *acting*, but action should be taken, and speedily taken.

It seems that on account of the lawns on the college grounds, tennis courts will soon have to give way; the young ladies, we believe, have the use of two. The pond near the college is a thing of the past and while it did exist there were never more than two or three boats on it, for the use of seventy-five girls. Rather slim opportunities for physical culture in these directions it seems. To sum up the whole matter—the young ladies must either take a walk for their exercise or start out in a new line—Base Ball for instance. Walking is a very good thing so far as it goes, but usually it doesn't go far enough to do any good.

Nothing short of a well equipped gymnasium for the young ladies will remedy the matter. It seems to us that some body owes it to them, and it ought to come from somewhere, but as stated above—

agitation in itself is of no avail unless action follows.

Give them a gymnasium, and if they do their duty good results will soon be apparent.

Physical culture is not only promotive of the highest types of beauty, but also of mental vigor and chivalrous virtue.

Give us strong men and strong women, and we will have a strong America.

Give us the gymnasium asked for above, and Guilford will be stronger; and *then* more women will go out from Guilford College like her of whom the poet said,

"Grace was in all her steps,
heaven in her eyes; in every gesture dignity and love."

C. F. T.

"NO MORE THAN A CALF."

A number of "Tar Heels" have heard the boy compared to the soaring eagle, the fiery horse, the stubborn mule, and the patient ox. But it is not very popular to compare a man to a calf. It may be thought that the calf has accomplishments that man cannot attain unto, but this is an error. It is true that many young men soar like eagles, many show the spirit and ambition of the fiery horse, more kick like mules and some will even work patiently like the ox; but observation has shown that man, with the assistance of

modern science and invention, may also attain many of the accomplishments of the calf.

One of the first accomplishments of the calf is to *bleat*. A great many men attain this high art.

When the mule finds anything around or near him that is disagreeable, he kicks. The calf, with greater philosophy, adjusts matters by *bleating*. This is the way a great many men do when brought face to face with disagreeable circumstances. They never think it incumbent on them to turn about and right matters, nor do they have the courage to make a manly protest—to kick; but they satisfy their conscience and give vent to their spleen by sarcasm and criticism—by bleating. A measure comes up in one of our literary societies. Our better judgment says it is not right, yet it seems popular and we do not oppose it. Afterward we go off and criticise—*bleat*. The student on the campus sees a band of college mates unite to do an unfair act—he don't kick squarely against it; don't say, "Boys, that is a little thing," but goes off to some safe distance and says, "The boys didn't do just right"—he *bleates*. In the great political parties we see fraud and trickery constantly resorted to; yet honest (?) men, after having criticised—after having bleated about the trickery of this leader or the fraud of that

party, allow themselves to be "whipped into line" and go along with the "multitude to do evil." The mule that kicks the old wagon and harness to pieces, will probably pull the load out when properly hitched. The calf will remain—a bleater. We must admire the friend who will kick manfully at the evil in us when we know he will pull us out of the difficulty. The COLLEGIAN hopes that it has many friends of this kind.

G. W. W.

LONG FACES.

Reader, do you ever have a long face? If so, when you chance to be in this predicament, go to your mirror and take a good look at yourself and then pass your own judgment upon yourself and see what conclusion you arrive at. Then, if you are not specially struck on your appearance—just for the sake of trying the experiment; for the sake of science; for the sake of finding out whether or not your nature is flexible; to see whether or not you would be able if occasion demanded it, to break the monotonous look characteristic to your nature—gradually blend that long face of yours into a more pleasing expression and note the resulting phenomena. Decide for yourself whether or not you are better looking than you were before; whether your brow

is lined with as many wrinkles as it was before; whether the shape of your mouth—with a gentle smile playing about it, is not more expressive of your ideal nature than it was when in the shape of a half moon; whether or not you would rather relieve your photographer of anxiety for his camera by wearing this *second* face, which you *can* wear if you will, than have him charge you an extra fee for insurance on account of your accustomed long face.

If you are still in doubt as to the success of the experiment, still retain your good natured countenance and start out on a stroll. Now give the matter a fair test, and see if your head hangs as low as usual; if your feet drag along on the ground like common; if you go drawing yourself along at your accustomed snail gait. Don't let this good natured face slip away from you, but cling to it and ask yourself if you are the same old pessimist you formerly were; if you do not now see more of the beauties of nature; if that huffy spirit characteristic of you, is not trying to creep away from you, and if you are not more liberal minded, tender hearted, and more sensible than you were with that long face as your dearest companion.

If you are not so dearly in love with that long face that you cannot give it up, you will doubtless

conclude that you feel a thousand times better without it; that you get along better with your associates without it; and that for the sake of your own self respect, your appearance, and your respect for others, you will leave off in the future—your long face.

If you are not better looking than you were before it will be simply because you have reached that stage of ugliness where no perceptible change can be made in your appearance.

But don't go and call yourself a fool for ever having worn a long face, for there are causes for it and remedies too. Think up the causes and the remedies will not be hard to find.

You will perhaps say you are despondent, discouraged, disappointed, overworked and forsaken, and you will give a great many other excuses for your long face, but if you only knew it, "tired nature's sweet restorer" would be a sufficient cure for any of the above named complaints.

If you will look into your daily habits, perhaps you will find out that you have been staying up too late at night, and you ought to know that the need of sleep is an imperative one, and if you resist it, you will not only not get rid of your long face, but you will finally be landed in physiological bankruptcy. Lie down and take ten hours of solid sleep—dreamless

sleep, and when you awake, look in your mirror and see if you have not undergone some sort of a transformation. Sleep will cure more such ailments as yours than medicine.

If the fault lies not in your neglect of sleep, attribute part of the blame for your long face to your not taking enough exercise. You brood over yourself and your cares and your misfortunes and everything else except the right thing; and you are always hanging around doing nothing when you ought to be hanging on to a tennis racket or a base ball. You actually reach a stage of melancholy and say you have the blues. It is human nature to believe such things as these but they are all *bogus*.

Therefore if you are fair minded you cannot do otherwise than blame yourself for your long face.

You are digging your own grave by wearing it, for the length of your face is no criterion by which you can judge the length of your days.

What you need is—to wake up. Hold up your head and you will see that the world is inhabited by others beside yourself. Get that pessimistic spirit out of you; say to Care, Misfortune, and Disappointment—"Get thee behind me,

Satan;" bury your long face in the grave of oblivion; choose the happy medium between optimism and pessimism, and your soul will be filled with sunshine even on cloudy days.

C. F. T.

A CORRECTION.

In the article entitled "First Year at New Garden Boarding School," published in the last number of the COLLEGIAN a few errors occurred which, in justice to the writer, we wish to correct.

In speaking of the number of dresses the girls were allowed to bring with them to school in those days, the reading should be thus—"two dresses for everyday and one for best." Instead of "Old Quaker Meeting" the text should read "old time Quaker Meeting." Also instead of "arranged in our best"—"arrayed in our best" should be substituted. We hope all the old students especially will take notice of these corrections, which occurred through an oversight in proof reading. Especially do we beg pardon of our readers for "unintentionally" reducing the already meagre wardrobe of the girls who attended school when the institution was in its infancy.

EDITORS.

PERSONAL.

Eva Scott remains at her home, near Franklin, Va. this term.

James Pearson is working on his father's farm near Goldsboro, N. C.

Berry Stephenson, '39, is a teacher and farmer of South-Eastern Kansas.

Jonathan Dillowyn resides in Dublin, Indiana.

Narcissa Henly has charge of a school near Snow Camp, N. C.

J. H. Stuart, '56, is now a prominent and successful physician at Minneapolis, Minn.

Barsina Osbourne is teaching at Reynolds' school house, near Center, N. C.

Ernest Murray is engaged in mercantile business at Big Falls, N. C.

Maggie Hockett visited the college a few days ago, accompanying her sister, who has entered school.

Scott Dundas is connected with a saw and planing mill at Mount Vernon, Washington.

Annie Parker has charge of a large and prosperous school at Alaska, N. C.

Catharine Morgan is the wife of

Frederick Smith and a resident of Indianola, Iowa.

Allen J. Marshburn is taking a commercial course in Prof. Thompson's school at Siler City, N. C.

Evangeline Farlow is teaching at Providence, N. C.

Thomas Parker lives near Woodland, where he is principally engaged in farming.

Rena Worth, class of '89, has met with much success as a teacher at Pleasant Grove, Alamance county, N. C.

Mary Lowe is at her home near Back Creek, N. C., caring for her aged parents.

Zimri Stuart lives near Knightstown, Indiana. He finds profit as a market gardener.

Lizzie Nutt, formerly Haltam, has for quite a number of years been making her home at Mount Airy, N. C.

Lillie Burns is now the wife of Worth Elliott, an enterprising young merchant of Hickory, N. C.

Emily Moore, formerly Carter, owns a pleasant home near Plainfield, Ind.

We are glad to note the success with which Richard Tatum has met. He has established a good mercantile business at Tatum's Station, S. C., and is also extensively engaged in farming.

Eli Hayworth farms near High Point, N. C.

Lucetta Jeanette, *nee* Reynolds, is living near High Point, N. C.

Thomas T. Hill, of Carthage, Indiana, is engaged in farming.

Martha Hunt is the wife of Dr. James M. Tomlinson, of Archdale, N. C.

Susan G. Mendenhall is now the wife of Nathan Clark, residents of Westfield, Ind.

Mattie Tilden, formerly Robins, lives at Jamestown, N. C., caring for her aged mother.

Julia and Sarah Peele are keeping house with their brother, near Woodland, N. C.

Bartlett Gardener, a student here in "ye olden times," is now a prosperous farmer of Eastern Kansas.

Thos. J. Copeland '80 has for several years been a successful drummer for the firm of Frank Baker & Co., druggists, of Baltimore.

Shubel Murrow and Mary Hockett, who since leaving school have been married, are now living near Center, N. C. The occupation of the former is that of farming.

Hermon Allen, a resident of Thornburg, Ind., has met with much success as a dentist, and is considered a most valuable citizen.

Arthur Lyon is now at New York, N. Y., engaged as an assistant book-keeper in the cigarette manufacturing establishment of W. Duke, Sons & Co.

Benjamin J Brown lives near Woodland, N. C., where he owns a store and is also engaged in farming. His greatest strength, however, is given to his religious duties.

Archie Sampson has a position in connection with an electric plant at Lynn, Mass. The rapid development of his ingenuity and skill destines him to become a great electrician.

Ida Alexander is clerking in the millinery department of her father's store. Her taste is recognized and has given much satisfaction among her customers.

Addison Worth, a student among the first days of N. G. B. S., resides at Fayetteville, N. C. Having become afflicted with paralysis several years ago he has retired from business, and is a most honored and esteemed citizen.

T. B. F. Hayworth is engaged in farming on quite an extensive scale near High Point, N. C. He manifests much interest in the Farmers' Alliance.

Priscilla Piggott English, a student in '38, the second year of N.

G. B. S., lives near Hadley, Ind. She makes her home with her grand-daughter, who was placed under her care when a child and in whose interest much of her time and labor has been spent. Now it is that the parental kindness can to some extent be repaid.

Emery Pitts a student of 1841 meets with success as a fruit tree agent. His place of residence has for many years been at High Point, N. C.

Emily Idol, now the wife of Joseph S. Ragsdale, has a very pleasant home near Jamestown, N. C. Her youngest daughter is a most valuable member of the present senior class, and undoubtedly bespeaks much credit to the noble parents.

David Morgan, a student of 1843-4, now lives at Searsboro, Iowa. He has long been connected with some railroad interest of the State, and is also a member of the U. S. Courts of law. His influence for the educational interests of the young people of the Friends' Church in Tennessee and Iowa has been quite extensive. In his declining years his health seems quite poor.

Since our last issue we have learned that the announcement in regard to the marriage of Milton Burrows is entirely false. It was

through misinformation that the mistake was made. We are glad to know that he fully expects to return to Guilford at an early date. Instead of being in a tack factory he is chief engineer of the Cumberland Manufacturing Company, one of the largest steam plants in the south.

Sophrionia R. Brown, *nee* Robinson, who was at one time a teacher at N. G. B. S., and who on her marriage resigned her place to Mary E. Mendenhall, now lives at Menola, Hertford county. She was quite a pioneer in educational matters in her new home and established an excellent private school, which has been of much benefit to the community. Of late years on account of failing health she has had to give up active school work, but her interest in educational matters is still active and earnest.

Hadley, Ind., is the home of Susanna Hadley Smith. She is a most worthy and energetic woman. The misfortune of having been twice a widow has been met with a brave and noble heart, and the fact that she has profitably managed her business and successfully educated her children, clearly shows the true worth of the woman.

 LOGALS.

Spring is before the door.

Roseola is in the rooms.

The foot-ball season ended with the ball.

Must we go to the "Pilot" this term?

The wind recently became strong enough to command the wind-mill to "get off the perch," nevertheless it has again ascended to do the out-door work for the girls.

One morning the boys in one of the cottages discovered their bread contained borax instead of soda. For recipe, write to Coltrane, Buller & Co.

Teacher: You could walk upon the Dead Sea if you had cork-boots on, provided you did not fall down.

Pupil: And skin your face.

Teacher of Geography: What are the principal products of England?

Pupil: Woolen-cutlery, (sheep-shears).

By quite an effort and sacrifice on the part of the College and people of the neighborhood, a road machine has been procured and the roads around the place have been greatly improved.

The influence which the Y. M. C. A. has over young men and especially college students is vividly shown here, by the number of active members enrolled, by the number whom attended the weekly prayer meetings, and by the intense interest which is displayed in these meetings.

Photographers frequently visit the College, but the last one that came, (who was a lady) made a more "complete round trip of the affair" than any of her predecessors. She took pictures of all the main buildings and the one of King Hall contained nearly all the students and teachers.

The celebrated Cronothaletolonton actresses, who made their debut last term, had the wrinkles of ages reprinted in a modern camera! The cottage boys were also out in full array to get the best picture they could possibly make, but —.

What college life has thrown together, let no man put asunder.

Pearson has to support "Mollie" a while longer.

We hope the boys will bend their pocket-books instead of their backs, the next time they make a contribution to the Y. M. C. A. Hall.

Our Hill presidential boom.

The new Western Union Telegraph office.

Our "first nine" pitcher standing up "horizontal."

Many have asked the question, "Is the pond going to be fixed?"

The boys seem to know that there are plenty of pies in the cupboard on Saturday nights.

A male species of "Hawks" known as the "Virginia," has recently lost his head plumage.

Beau Brummel taking an apple as the standard of "specific gravity."

One sleety morning, a cottage girl was heard to exclaim,

"Indeed I know not what to do
For we're out of wood and kindling too."

That a part of the contents of Founders is ready to enter into combustion, has recently been clearly shown.

Mr. Miller, the Prohibition lecturer and organizer, gave a plain but stirring and enthusiastic speech in King Hall on Tuesday evening the 1st.

G. Hodgkin, (who has been quite unwell,) after hearing quite a "quick" piece on the banjo, remarked that it did him more good than quinine.

A new law in physics—"Every person in the Universe attracts every other person." It however has exceptions.

The Sophs. are very independent and are going to issue a paper by that name.

Professor, explaining that Founders has more attraction for Archdale than King Hall, because it (Founders) is the largest, when the dining room is at Founders.

Of course we had a holiday on Monday, Feb. 22. Although everything which had been planned for the occasion did not come to pass, still the day was one of enjoyment.

Ask Hauser how many officers it takes to make a quorum sufficient to transact a conversation while going from King to Founders' Hall.

We regret that there were so many people of the surrounding country and quite a number of pupils who could not hear the excellent lecture given in the interests of the Y. M. C. A., by Dr. Pool, of Greensboro. He showed most clearly that because the association was *undenominational*, was composed of *young men*, and was *christian*, it had made such a healthy and unspotted record in the past and had such a promising field of work before it in the future.

Sophomores, who think they have a corner on eloquence, will all but die of envy to know that the *Wilson Mirror* gets off the following:

"Miss — was present, and shone like a resplendent Venus in that glittering firmament of sparkling jewels. When she first made her appearance we were charmed with the exquisite beauty of her lovely face, the graceful carriage of her faultless figure, and the transporting witchery of those love creating eyes in whose radiant deeps a thousand cupids floated, and each one ready to bind in love's own rapturous chains of enchantment the captive heart-beats in sweet and fond enslavement. As such all bowed in worship before her shine of loveliness. But when she began to sing, we felt that we were listening to the exquisite carolings of some sweet voiced angel, for her magnificent notes, like the lark on some balmy morning, soaring into the very highest sky of melody, and there, right under the song throbbing dome of Heaven, poured her divine creations out in floods as pure and as rich and as flawless as those grand symphonies which come ebbing forth from the stainless lips of the blest."

We commend these lines to our class in Science of Rhetoric, or our sophomores in Literature.

EXCHANGES.

With a few exceptions we have experienced genuine pleasure in looking over the February numbers of the various magazines that have come to our table. There is no doubt that the standard of college journalism is being raised, and raised rapidly. The free discussion of the sphere a college journal should occupy in college life that has been indulged in, especially among the papers themselves, during the past three or four years, has been productive of much good, and from the poorly supported, unimportant monthly sheet the college paper has become an unquestioned factor in college life. Earnest, conscientious work always had its reward, and in the present case the reward is the appreciation in which they are held in every college in the country.

The exceptions above spoken of are those papers which "fill up" with that idea constantly before them. We are all told when we begin the study of language that we will have no difficulty in translating if we can but get the idea intended to be conveyed; that the construction of the sentence will then be easy and natural for us. In like manner we have been told that if we have a clearly defined idea in our mind the form of expression will take care of

itself and adapt itself to the idea. This, we think, may be taken as true, and it would be well for the editors of those papers who think they can "make believe" by putting on a false face of wisdom, and deceive somebody, they are mistaken. Vigorous, clear-cut ideas will live and have their influence, will be recognized as a part of the world's stock of knowledge. Weak ones must perish with the moment which produced them.

Among those papers whose arrival is always welcomed, the Swarthmore *Phoenix* is one of the first. The February number is particularly good. There is the usual elevated tone, more than the usual spice of variety and attractiveness, that nice adjustment and proportion in the various departments that betokens finished work. We think the Swarthmore students have come nearer solving the problem of what a college paper should be than any of our exchanges. We venture the assertion that its interest in Swarthmore, and particularly Swarthmore's interest in it, are largely accountable for this. May its success continue.

To those of our readers who have a weakness for magazine reading, we would recommend the current numbers of the two leading periodicals of the country, *The Forum*, and *The North American*

Review. We judge a hotel in part by its bill of fare; if we may rest our judgment of a magazine upon its table of contents, we can ask for no better than those given us.

The Forum: "Political Corruption in Maryland," Charles J. Bonaparte; "The Education of the Future," Clarence King; "The Question of Free Coinage—Would Free Coinage bring European Silver here?" E. O. Leach, Director of the Mint; "Free Coinage and an Elastic Currency," Hon. R. P. Bland, Chairman of the House Committee on Coinage; "A Case of Good City Government," Prof. F. G. Peabody; "Industrial Progress in the South," Gen. E. P. Alexander, President Central Railroad of Georgia; "The Study of English," Prof. John Earle; "The Inter-Continental Railroad Problem," Courtenay DeKalb; "Authors' Complaints and Publishers' Profits: The Work of the British Society of Aulbcro," Walter Besant; "The Case of the American Author," Charles Burr Todd; "An Industrial Revolution by Good Roads," Col. A. A. Pope; "What the American Sunday Should Be," Prof. David Swing; "Methods of Restricting Immigration," Senator Wm. E. Chandler, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Immigration.

The *Review* will also be especially interesting. The leading at-

ticle is "The Issues of the Presidential Campaign," by Senator McMillan, of Michigan, Representative McMillan, of Tennessee; Senator Hiscock, of New York; Representative Bland, of Missouri; Senator Hale, of Maine; Representative Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and the Hon. W. R. Merriam, Governor of Minnesota. "Do We Live Too Fast," is discussed by Dr. Cyrus Edson, "The Anti-Slavery Conference," the Belgian Minister; "The Degeneration of Tammany," the Hon. Dorman B. Eaton; "The World's Columbian," Director General George R. Davis; "Spending Public Money," the Hon. T. B. Reed, and Hon. W. S. Holman; "An International Monetary Conference," Hon. William M. Springer; "The Highlands of Jamaica," Lady Blake; "Shall We have Free Ships?" Capt. John Cadman; "Our Commercial Relations with Chili," Wm. Eleroy Curtis; "The Olympian Religion," the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Notes and comments—"Consumption at Health Resorts," Dr. Walter F. Chappell; "Henry Clay on Nationalizing the Telegraph," Frank G. Carpenter; "Values and Wages in Mexico," M. Romero, the Mexican Minister; "Flying Machines," Julien St. Batalphe.

He is the wisest man who does not think himself so.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Prof. Richard T. Ely, of Johns Hopkins, who is probably the most distinguished political economist in America, will take charge of the school of Political Science of the University of Wisconsin.

Hon. W. C. P. Breckenridge, of Ky., has been invited to deliver the oration at the opening of the World's Fair. He was a soldier in the Confederate army, and is known as one of the greatest American orators.

The faculty of the University of Wisconsin have inaugurated a radical innovation in college government by the abolition of examinations and all excuses for absences, except when the class standing is below 85 per cent. or the absences more than 10 per cent.

The trustees of Columbia wish to move the College from its narrow limits in the scant block on Madison Avenue, to the land now occupied by Bloomingdale Asylum, between Morning-side park and River-side drive, over against the new Cathedral that is to be. On this the trustees have secured an option of two million dollars. Whether this move shall be made depends upon the help which the citizens of New York shall extend to Columbia.

Librarian Spofford says that our National Library now contains nearly 700,000 bound volumes and 200,000 pamphlets, and that the yearly increase of books is from 15,000 to 20,000. The library is now abominably crowded—space allotted to it in the Capitol building having been 15 years ago. The new building will probably not be ready for four years to come. It will cover three acres, and will hold 4,000,000 volumes.

John D. Rockefeller has tendered one million dollars, in 5 per cent. bonds to the endowment fund of the University of Chicago. He reserves the right to designate the expenses to which the income may be applied. He says of the

donation, "I make this gift as a special thank-offering to God for returning my health."

Mr. Hemphill, of S. C., has introduced a bill in the house, making the government Libraries accessible to students of any incorporated institution of higher education in the District of Columbia.

The late Dr. Thompson, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, England, was a famous coiner of epigrams. He once said of a foppish and indolent young tutor: "All the time that Mr. —— can spare from the adornment of his person, he conscientiously devotes to the neglect of his duties."

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

VOL. IV.

APRIL, 1892.

No. 8.

EASTER.

BY PROF. JOSEPH MOORE.

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant man and free
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

Many events are commemorated and the spirit of the same events infused into the minds of successive generations by the observance of a day that has been in some way connected or associated therewith. We note this to be so all the way from Christmas down to an ordinary birth-day anniversary.

These days are observed by many in the real spirit of the occasions which have made them noted. If, however, when grandfather and grand-mother celebrate the fiftieth annual return of their marriage, some of the grand-children should know little of what it means, they are nevertheless impressed with the idea that they too are having a good time. It is

often easier to observe the customs and the time of a great occasion than to enter into the real spirit which constitutes its main value. Very many who observe Christmas, do it in a way which leads the mind away from the life and love of Him who came "that we might have life, and have it more abundantly." There is no doubt, a profitable way to observe the Fourth of July, but how much of the boom and bang and hurrah of that day really signifies patriotism?

And how about Easter?

True people, possessed of intelligence and culture, never like shams—and as every day to the truest souls is a new day and a divine day, they habitually ask—how can I best employ it?

How then shall we employ Easter? In *general* terms, in such a way as to receive good to ourselves and to be helpful to others. And are not these the greatest privileges, after all, which life af-

fords—and are not the gladdest people on earth they who most exercise said privileges? In a *special* way how shall we observe Easter? By reverentially reminding ourselves and others that it is intended to commemorate the rising from the dead of our crucified Lord and Redeemer.

The word Easter occurs but once in the Bible, viz: in Acts xii. 4, where the Jews' Passover is called Easter; but the word does not occur at all in the revised version. It appears that Easter was not originally a christian festival at all, but was observed by the Magian Priests of Persia in honor of the goddess of Spring, and that christians, some centuries after Christ, turned the day to the purpose for which it is now observed.

"The custom of presenting eggs is also Persian." [See Century Dictionary.]

"The egg was regarded as symbolical of creation, or of the re-creation of Spring," and as—

"He who walks the winter woods, may feel
The heart of Nature throb beneath the snow,"

so, he who holds an egg to his ear may, in fancy, hear the pulse of that living germ within, which, under warmth and quiet, shall vegetate into a chick which, gently crashing through the shell, comes forth to air and light—a new-born creature.

We are not, I think, to regard

Easter as an institution having a high authoritative sanction, like the injunction to worship God, or the call to love our neighbor as ourselves. But while we turn what was originally a beautiful heathen observance into a reminder of the life and immortality which are revealed in the resurrection of the world's Saviour, let it be done with an intelligent gladness such as shall add strength to the resurrection life in our individual selves.

When our Lord was crucified the hope of those who believed and loved him, well nigh died with him; and when they buried him their hope was also buried. With his rising their hope gradually revived.

Their despondency is intimated in that lonely walk of two of the disciples, by the utterance—"we *hoped* it had been he that should have redeemed Israel," and besides all this, to-day is the *third day*. Sad, sinking hearts of men whose "eyes were holden," for their King was walking with them and they knew it not. It was the first Easter day. With the coming forth of the Prince of Life was a resurrection of "Hopes far scattered, tempest-shattered by the blast of Jewish hate and scorn, which made Pilate quail and convict *himself* rather than the sinless One.

What did this mean to the world

of that day, and what does it mean to-day? More than we can, even yet, fully tell.

But it must mean a broader, fuller, freer, stronger, more intelligent spiritual life to the believer.

What wonderful emphasis was given to this idea on the day of Pentecost, a few weeks later, when was fulfilled "the promise of the Father" in the pouring out of his spirit, and the promise of the Son in coming again as the convictor of sin and comforter of the trustful and obedient.

Christ came for all and he has not gone back save in so far as men have shut him out by sin and unbelief. He has not only given us an Easter, but seeks to give us three hundred and sixty-five easters in the year if we will allow him, through loving obedience, perpetually to keep us in the joy of that life that not only *leads* to victory but which *is* victory.

Does the Editor who asked for a contribution think this is sermonizing? Does the reader of a college journal think this not literary? But let my youthful friends

(for some youth have begun to be wise) think of the buried hopes, the buried talents, the buried learning, the buried lives, that with the touch of Christ's risen life upon them would be raised to plants of renown which would gladden the earth with their fragrance and fruit. Under *what* are these precious gifts so often buried? Under sin, under ignorance of things divine, under selfishness, pride, conceit, and a network of sordid aims.

Here then is the observance of Easter, that with all our feasting, and flowers, and greeting, we welcome the life that above all else gladdens, ennobles and beautifies; the life which brings "the valliant man and free, the larger heart, the kindlier hand."

"The Christ that is to be" is the Christ that *is*, but as the world gives him larger scope he will be far more and other than the world has yet taken him to be. Before Him, if the college student humble himself, he will surely "be exalted."

Earlham College, Richmond, Ind.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

There are different ways of leaving home in starting on a voyage. My tourist friend with his hand on the door knob simply said in parting "Farewell for the present," and started on his tour around the world. On the other hand the writer with heart-ache at the thought of parting was cheered with good words and earnest prayers from those present, while encouraging messages came from absent friends to scatter the foreboding.

We were to sail in the "Umbria" at 5:30 A. M. on February 13th. The ship being open to visitors the preceding day, we strolled through the great ocean steamer in company with a Guilford College alumnus. The ship had at least four decks or floors—the cabins on the promenade deck being simply elegant, and all very inviting. In wandering over the ship and prying into nooks and corners, we strayed toward the wheel-house and found ourselves in a little narrow passage filled with ropes and cables. The sailors were thick outside obeying orders implicitly or idly waiting. While peeping into this apartment into which we could find or force no entrance, the slat door of the narrow passage was closed and

we heard a gruff voice saying, "Forbidden ground," "Neptune's kingdom." Two sober faced tars having fastened the door were leaning against it and looking though upon us. They repeated their warning and added, "You cannot come out without paying toll." "How much?" we inquired. "O! you must fix that," they said. We answered, "Well, we are going across with you, we can ride here if you like." Whereupon the one looked at the other and said, "Let them out."

"If you are like this," we replied in passing out, "we shall not be afraid to cross with you." And under the mask of a sober countenance played the sunshine of mirth.

Preliminary arrangements were made for the voyage and we embarked at nightfall. The noise and hurry incident to the loading of the vessel and the arrival of passengers, continued till late at night and began again early in the morning. Before six o'clock the warning voice rang out through the vessel, "all out for New York." In a few moments the gangways were closed and we found ourselves prisoners. The machinery was put in motion—the great ship moved from the dock and we left

New York with the tide. It was yet dark, New York and Brooklyn were all atwinkle with the varied lights that shown out on the frosty morning air. When we had glided along for twenty miles over the smooth waters a pilot boat came alongside to receive the pilot who had guided the ship to the ocean. Messages and letters went to loved ones by this boat and farewells to native land. The *Umbria* quickened her speed to twenty miles an hour and soon all realized that we were out on the great Atlantic. As soon as we had escaped the land breeze the air grew milder, the ice disappeared from the decks, and all was pleasant anticipation.

Perhaps, in all, there were four hundred on board—merchants, capitalists, a young English Lord, an American Consul newly appointed for Cardiff, people returning home, young people going abroad to study.

For three days the weather continued pleasant. As we came into the gulf stream the temperature of the water rose to 56° and the air to 50° , and we were comfortable on deck. The ocean was calm as the Mississippi, or the Chowan, but from the rolling, teetering, rocking motion, the inevitable sea-sickness seized us the moment we entered our state-rooms.

On Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock the doors were thrown open, the ship's crew in their new

blue suits marched into the large dining-saloon where many of the passengers had collected, and the portly purser read the Episcopal service. Great solemnity prevailed as the prayers were read for the Queen, for the President of the United States, for those "who go down to the sea in ships," and for this special voyage that God would make it prosperous and keep us from anxious thought about those left behind who were safe in His keeping. The scripture read and the hymns sung were very appropriate and much enjoyed.

On the fourth day of the voyage we began to meet "head winds" and a "heavy sea," which made it awkward getting along." By night we had "a fresh blow." There was a storm on the coast of England and Ireland, and the elements in mid-ocean were disturbed. This condition increased day after day. Each day at noon the record of distance traversed grew smaller. Finally from the dashing of the spray no dry spot could be found on deck, and any who ventured out did so at their own peril. Woe betide the poor sea-sick passengers shut in from the sea-air. The state room, the berth, the sofa, the floor rose and fell. One could only walk safely by holding to the railing along the walls which before had seemed useless. In attempting to sit down the chair

would suddenly be where the floor had been the moment before or in attempting to step the floor suddenly came to the height of the chair—add to this discomfort the terrible sea-sickness and I think all will agree that crossing the Atlantic is no holiday excursion.

Continually the ship rose and fell like some mammoth sledge hammer, the waves were broken and fell at times like thunder on the decks. Occasionally the broken wave would sweep over the top of the ship like a torrent while tongues of it darted down the smoke stacks. At one time the broken waves which frequently flowed like rivers on the deck carried away a part of the bridge.

Thus retarded on the eighth day a horizontal rain set in. The captain was impatient! For eleven months he had not failed to enter Liverpool on time and now he was breaking his record. Every one of these waves coming at a speed of four miles an hour met the ship with all its resistance and must be broken by the weight of the ship and the force of the 14000 horse-power of the engine.

At times it seemed as if the keel of the ship sat lengthwise on one of these swells and reeled from side to side. This is perhaps what is meant by the words,

“Rocked in the cradle of the deep”

In the face of this storm captain

and crew bent every energy to reach Queenstown. The passengers were impatient at not reaching their destination before the Sabbath. All at once the rain ceased, the clouds lifted, the sun shone out and revealed in the horizon six miles distant a signal of distress. The captain forgot his record and turned to obey her majesty's law which supercedes all others on the sea. Instead of heading to the east the ship turned south and went to the rescue. The passengers were filled with interest forgetting their disappointment at delay. Soon a vessel was in plain view which proved to be the schooner, *Nathaniel*, a Welsh vessel carrying slate to Limerick. The crew in mute appeal looked at our great strong vessel and waved their hands and beckoned for help.

As our ship drew near preparation was made for lowering the life-boat but away drifted the helpless schooner and it was soon determined that it would be necessary to go around the runaway. To make this round, on account of the length of our ship, a mile's sailing was required, then the lowering of the life-boat proceeded again.

All was excitement and anxiety. It looked as though the ill-fated vessel would sink before help could reach it. At last down went the life-boat manned with

nine volunteer sailors. As the hook was loosed it fell with a plunge into the angry sea and disappeared! One breathless moment we feared they had been drawn under the ship and then we saw each brave tar in his seat with his oar dipped in the water and striking in concert to overcome the suction, the helmsman standing erect, with his oar against the ship. At first the boat did not move, they only could resist the drawing force of the ship, but in another moment with their steady stroke the boat moved out over the waves and an exultant shout arose from the decks. The power of the waves was tremendous but nearer and nearer they came to the schooner, the helmsman seeming never to make a mis-stroke. It seemed impossible for the life-boat to get near the sinking vessel. The watery space would continually widen, at last at the rear of the schooner a rope was thrown, down which the wretched crew climbed into the life-boat, except a boy of seventeen who seemed so stupefied and chilled by the sea that he let go the rope. But happily as he rose the second time a sailor caught him by the hair and thus he was rescued and carefully lifted into the life-boat more dead than alive. Back came the rescuers! the life-boat was lifted by the derrick to the level of the deck, and sailors

all aglow with their vigorous exercise lifted the rescued men on to the deck. The life-boat was swung back to its place, the life-line was wound up, the rescued men were taken to the hospital, and the *Umbria* headed again for Queenstown, but from this three hours delay the captain said as he ascended the steps to his cabin, "We shall not see land before night" The captain of the schooner stated that they had been drifting five days and nights, that the hold of their vessel was full of water and the five men, up to their waists in water, had continually worked the pumps and shifted the sails to keep from sinking. "Indeed, man! I thought the last had come for us," he said. The vessel which had become water-logged and "could not float two hours longer," was left to its fate.

Much interest was taken in the rescued men and the most irreligious could see the hand of Providence in our being thus delayed, not only in the rescuing of these unfortunates but our own preservation from the severity of the storm. \$400.00 was easily raised among the first cabin passengers for the rescued men and their rescuers. Of this sum the helmsman of the life-boat, Mr. McNought, who is fourth mate of the *Umbria* received seventy-five dollars. Only a short time before he had almost lost his life in rescuing a

sailor who had fallen overboard.

The captain of the *Nathaniel* received eighty dollars. Among the other twelve men the remainder was equally divided.

With these topics of interest to divert the passengers time passed rapidly and ere they suspected Fastuet was in sight. The ship halted off Queenstown, rockets were sent up and signals given but the sea was so rough the mail-boat did not come out so the car-load of mail to be delivered at Queenstown was carried on to Liverpool. The Sabbath morning dawned bright and beautiful. The rocking had ceased and the ship

moved quietly in the Irish Sea.

The mountains of Wales were plainly visible, and it was a real comfort to rest the eye upon something beside the sky and the sea. By twelve o'clock we had reached the bar over which the ship could not pass until the tide arose, but a tender came alongside to which the passengers were transferred and in this open boat with a sail of nine miles the voyage was completed. As we left the *Umbria* a rousing cheer was given to captain and crew. We landed at Liverpool before three o'clock and the Atlantic lay behind us.

W.

WHO BELIEVES IN WITCHES?

Probably some of the readers of THE COLLEGIAN have noticed during the year in some of our leading magazines, a number of articles on Witch-craft—notably among these one from J. M. Buckley in the February *Century*. From some of these we make a brief review; not claiming credit for original investigation, and using largely the exact words of other writers. Do you believe in witches? You may hoot at the question, yet, reader, men of mightier intellects than yours have believed and feared. When Stock-

ton writes a story about charms, witches, haunts, &c., we say this is one of Stockton's "yarns." Yet we find the great literary genius of all ages reveling in fairies, witches and demons. Shakespeare makes them all but standing in your presence. Hermia and Lysander, under the influence of the fairies; Cæsar's ghost at Philippi; Hamlet's father's spirit, "doomed for a certain time to walk the night;" Spenser's Dragon and Bunyan's Goblins, seem almost as real to us as the Cæsar who stood in the Roman senate

on the fatal Ides, or Bedford jail and the author of the great allegory himself.

The vividness of many of these pictures can be accounted for in one way—in the same way that we account for the fancies of Arabic literature at the period of Haroun Alraschid—that is, that their creators believed in *fairies, ghosts and witches*. Some might suppose that witch-craft (so called) and its influence ended with the famous Salem witch-craft; yet it is assured, and on good authority too, that its baleful spell still holds at least four-fifths of the human race in its chains.

Witch-craft is still believed in by a large number of the people of the United States, especially by foreign born population; by the ignorant classes; by many Roman Catholics, and most of the negroes. In Canada the belief is more prevalent than in the United States. The same may be said of the West Indies and of South America. In fact the ignorant Catholic population everywhere believe in charms and witch-craft. In Italy, Greece, the Balkan states, and in fact in all Europe, except England and Scotland, the peasants fear evil eyes, spells, enchantments and witches. As to the less enlightened nations of the world, who accept other religion than Christianity, probably not one in a thousand ques-

tions the existence or the power of these things. Witch-craft, as generally understood, means supernatural power which an individual may derive from communion with a familiar spirit. As defined by an eminent English lawyer of the 17th century: "A witch is a person which hath conference with the devil, to consult with him to do some act." In 1655, English law defined witch-craft as a covenant with a familiar spirit, that should be punished with death. We may suppose that the Salem witch-craft and the punishment of that alleged crime, was only the fanaticism of the Puritan colonists; yet if we will examine we will find that at that time and for almost a hundred years after, the great statesmen and ecclesiastics of England met and enacted laws against witch-craft, and the most distinguished lawyers and jurists that England or the world has ever produced, pronounced these laws just, and even sat on the bench and gave the sentence of death against those accused of witch-craft. We refer to no less personages than Sir William Blackstone and Sir Matthew Hale; the one whose commentaries are now recognized as authority on the laws of nations and are studied by every lawyer; the other considered one of the most just and able men that ever sat on the bench of the highest court of

England — whose work on the common law of England was for nearly two hundred years authority on pleading in all the courts of justice. Kings and Popes have believed in witch-craft. Queen Elizabeth and her successor, King James, were specialists in having laws enacted against witches. Rudolph II. invited Tycho Bahe and Kepler to Prague to study Astronomy, or rather Astrology, that he might learn his fate by their calculations of the planets. Kepler himself was very superstitious, not only concerning Astrology, but of spells and charms and even witches.

Many noted reformers believed in witch-craft. Luther and Calvin were not exceptions to the rule. And in later times, in his early life, even John Wesley seems to have had the same belief; but he afterward repudiated his former ideas of witch-craft. Witch-craft has been spoken of in connection with the mysterious sounds and motions about Epworth Rectory, occupied by Samuel and Susanna Wesley, the parents of the great founders of Methodism. It was said that at times the house would shake in a peculiar manner; the candles would suddenly go out; if the family were at meals the trencher would dance on the table. The children soon became accustomed to this, and would say when the noises began: "There comes

old Jeffrey." It would bark like a dog, mew like a cat, and imitate other sounds made by animals. For a time it was especially noticeable. At the time of the accession of the house of Hanover, a difficulty about politics arose between Samuel and Susanna. Afterwards, when Samuel Wesley would pray for the King and the Prince of Wales, these noises were particularly violent. It seems that the reason for them was never known, but as deep thinkers as Adam Clark and Richard Watson thought it worth while to write about them. The noise excited the family very little. Some of the members of the parish thought that the rector's house was bewitched on account of his politics; others that some of the worldly members of the parish whom the rector had rebuked for their wickedness, had put a spell on his house. * * * *

The question is asked: "Whence came the delusion, witch-craft?" From ignorance in Europe; from the superstition in Europe which heathenism and Romanism had transmitted for centuries. Many thought it was taught in the Bible, from the law that Moses gave about the punishment of witch-craft, as: "I suffer not a witch to live;" from others, which speak of witches bringing up disembodied spirits, as in Samuel; and those passages which speak of sorcery,

magicians, augury, wizards, &c. Many persons who were condemned to death in England and Germany were set free if they would confess that they were witches. No one was executed at Salem for witch-craft if they confessed it—hence those who were condemned were persuaded by their friends to confess. It was an easy matter for a man to attribute the sickness or death of his friend to some supernatural power of his enemy, and because of his hate, accuse that enemy of witch-craft, knowing that if he made his case strong it was death to the man accused. Thousands suffered death over Europe for this fanaticism, and now the world looks with horror on its past folly. How does the study of witch-craft benefit us?

First, the student of history and literature is enabled to understand many things which would otherwise be dark. Wayland Smith, in Scott's *Kenilworth*, becomes a more interesting character to the one that knows something of the Necromancy and Black Art of that time and the laws against them. Second, we may more appreciate the age in which we live; we may realize that this old world has been struggling for centuries against error; and that to-day we of the 19th century enjoy a superior enlightenment, not from any labor or merit of our own, but because we may reap a golden harvest, sown and cultivated by the labor and sufferings of nineteen centuries.

G. W. W.

THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

BY DR. J. W. MORGAN.

The burial places of the early Christians were the Catacombs, and those in and around Rome are the most extensive in the world. The Roman law prohibited the interment of the dead within the precincts of the city—hence we find their burying places situated between the first and third milestones beyond the Aurelian wall. The Catacombs extend

around the city in a wide circle; and upwards of forty, varying greatly in extent, have been discovered—all covering about six hundred acres.

The most noted Catacombs and most frequently visited are those of Saint Callistus, on the Appian Way, $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles from the city gate.

One fine afternoon we took a carriage and drove out through

the great wall at this gate and passed over the Appian Way—the very road over which Paul entered the city—and a part of this road-bed now has iron railing round it, to protect the original stones on which he walked—so claimed.

Our driver stopped in front of a small brick house near the road side, and all round was an open parcel of ground with a few scattering olive trees on it, but nothing to indicate the remarkable honey-comb condition of the earth beneath the surface.

We secured a guide and paid one lerie admission, and each one of our party was given a candle, or rather a long wax taper, and down we entered stone steps till we were about 40 feet below the surface. At the foot of the steps was a small chamber, from this we followed our guide through narrow passages, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 feet wide, and on each side were loculi or recesses, in which the bodies were placed.

We first passed the tombs of popes—then tombs of martyrs, who died in 258. For miles and miles on through narrow winding passages we followed our guide, until we were weary with the walk—all the time from 25 to 40 feet under ground.

Only now and then a few fragments of the bones of bodies could be seen—all gone to dust hundreds of years ago. Sometimes

a few fragments of a coffin or a piece of glass were to be seen. The passages extend one above another and wind round in every direction, until the whole district is perfectly honey-combed, and only an expert guide can direct parties through. If the whole of these subterranean passages were placed in a continuous line, their total length would be about five hundred and fifty miles!

The temperature of the Catacombs is mild and warm; the vaults are almost always dry and the air pure. Over some of the tombs may be seen inscriptions in Greek and Latin, or the name and "*in pace.*"

During the third century the persecuted Christians frequently sought refuge in the Catacombs, but they were sometimes followed into these subterranean places of refuge and there arrested or slain. The Catacombs are no longer used for burying purposes. On the 22d of each November these I visited are illuminated and opened to the public.

It is hard to comprehend the immense amount of labor it required to make these subterranean passages, or what was done with the earth taken out—but it is only in keeping with other wonderful structures at Rome.

Another strange scene we visited is in the basement of a church, where all the rooms are graceful-

ly decorated with human bones! in each room is a skeleton of a

The walls and ceiling of one monk, dressed in his old brown large room is entirely covered with coat, with sandals on his feet, and skulls, another with bones of the standing against the wall, with a spine, another with arms and hands bunch of keys at his side!

and one with ribs, another with *Oskaloosa, Iowa.*
the lower limbs and feet. And

The Guilford Collegian.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

LITERARY SOCIETIES

OF GUILFORD COLLEGE

APRIL, 1892

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Address all business communications to
MENDENHALL & GILLESPIE,
Guilford College, N. C.

Subscription price: One year.....\$1.00
Club rates: Six copies..... 5.00
Single copies..... 10

THE COLLEGIAN is entered at Guilford College Post
Office as second class matter.

ORATORICAL BUDS.

Usually, at about this season of the year the little buds of oratory, which are being developed and cultivated to some extent in almost every college begin to blossom forth and emit their fragrant odors. These buds that flourish so abundantly at this time of year are of various kinds and species and are used for many different purposes.

At Guilford we are *warned* of the approach of the prolific season

in which they grow, by the "Junior buds," which blossom even in mid-winter and remain in bloom a *long time* with all the life and vigor and beauty of a summer rose. We are next favored with the first few buds of spring—probably two or more in number, which are handled carefully—as they are rare, and are usually dedicated for entertainment decorations.

Then come the genuine oratorical buds proper—the dainties, which often bloom so immaturely—that is, they are sometimes in bloom almost as soon as they germinate. But as a usual thing their stay among us is short. Their odor is often delightful; they hold their heads high and grandly for a while and then this stage passes away and a majority of them assume the characteristics of the weeping willow, and return to the shades from whence they sprang—hoping for a more auspicious time to flutter their wings and fly.

Even at this point of the season it might seem to some that the oratorical buds are literally perennial, but there comes still another time in the season when another species of buds begin to flourish and grow and blossom and become fragrant and loud.

This season approaches during the latter part of the month of May and the buds are called "commencement buds."

"The last shall be first." So shall it be in this case and taking it for granted that our readers will bear with us a little, we desire to contribute a few feeble lines on the last named order of buds—as a sort of testimonial, hoping that at some future day this may be followed by a memorial on the same subject.

The Commencement bud is synonymous of the term—Commencement oration, hence we shall hereafter use the latter term and shall always use the plural number. Too much of any good thing is as unwholesome as the same amount of a bad thing, unless what we claim to be physiological facts are but theories.

This assertion may with propriety be applied to Commencement orations. Of course there are two things to be considered—quality and quantity, but it is the quantity of which we wish to speak. As far back as we have any record of the customs of our colleges, one of the oldest of these customs seems to have been that of having graduates to deliver orations on the day of the college commencement. Ever since the origin of this custom it has been in vogue in nearly every college in the country. The custom, we doubt not, was originally a good one and would be a good one still if it could exist under the same conditions as formerly.

But to-day the country is full of students and our colleges are each year sending out large numbers of graduates, and on this account this question has forced itself upon those in charge of many of our institutions—"Is it necessary that every graduate shall deliver a graduating oration?"

Some of the colleges have remained silent, others have answered in the affirmative and others still in the negative.

But it seems that the most progressive of our institutions are abandoning the old custom and selecting a few of the best speakers for the occasion. Why should not Guilford be numbered among this class of institutions on this line, if there are any good reasons why a change would be better? It is an imposition on humanity to listen to a dozen or more orations in addition to an address and other exercises which are always incident to the occasion, when they follow one after another without a break.

The Literary Societies always select their best material to represent them in all contests. The same may be said of all such organizations, and why would not the same rule work equally well with Senior classes? We see no reason why it *would* not, nor why it *should* not. There is a limit to almost everything, and we believe there should be a limit to Senior

orations, with respect to quantity, for after a half dozen or more orations are gone through with, the law of diminishing returns is almost sure to set in.

C. F. T.

WHAT AND HOW TO READ.

Every intelligent person is impressed with the advantage and necessity of reading. It would be useless to spend any time showing the advantages and need of reading—yet it is the one sadly neglected part of the college course; and many read a great deal, who are not well read. We all know the narrow sphere of the man who does not read. He knows nothing outside of his daily routine and the affairs of his neighbors. The past to him is void. His soul is tied to the present and the small spot in which he makes his daily round.

In reading there are two questions that face us. I: What are we to read? II: How are we to read? It is hard to know what to read, because of the great number of books. 'Tis said: "That in the future the man who has not been guilty of authorship will be considered a miracle of self-denial." Since we cannot read every thing, the true plan is to read one or two standard works in each department of literature, then con-

fine our reading to that department which suits our particular taste.

Now as to how we should read: Before beginning, if possible let us learn something of the author and the circumstances of his life, as that will give interest. Read the preface, for in it the author tells us his reasons for writing the book. Read the table of contents, as that gives us the plan of the book. Follow closely the author's line of thought, understand his ideas, and enter into all his feelings. Anything less than this is not worthy the name of reading. Note the most valuable passages. Write a summary of the facts in your own language. Apply the results of your reading to your daily life, as this is the end for which all knowledge is desirable.

M. O. L.

ARE WE PROGRESSING?

Is higher education in the south keeping abreast with its industrial development? This is a question that we would do well to consider. Many would doubtless say that it was; but it seems to us if we make a careful investigation, we are bound to answer in the negative. While new industries are being opened on every hand, and others are increasing, the interest in our high schools and colleges advances more slowly. The advantages that these offer is indeed greater

than ever, and the interest increases; yet this is a moderate development, while that of our industrial interest is phenomenal. We would not retard progress along any line; far from it; but we need to wake up to the advantages—yes, to the necessity—of higher education; not to ask our material development to wait, but push bravely forward the cause of higher education, so that it may not only be abreast with, but may lead every other interest.

G. W. W.

COMMENTS.

Guilford College is noted more, perhaps, for slow and steady strides, than grand phenomenal leaps in the scale of progress. Long noted for pure morals, healthy discipline, and substantial instruction she now comes to the front as a college in which it is eminently safe to place your boy or girl, resting assured that his or her moral and spiritual welfare will be earnestly looked after. The only school in the State, if not in the South, of the same rank which has extended equal privileges to both sexes she now boasts of a senior class of seven girls and five boys. Adding as she has each year to her course of study she now has a well equipped senior class, every member of which is strong and will

doubtless do honor to their Alma Mater.

In the other classes one can but note the quiet earnest purpose and the universal good will that exists among all the students. So far as our observation goes we do not think we have known as much real, honest effort put forth in any term lately, as has been in this. And we believe that this will *go down* as a term of industry and good fellowship. M. O. L.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

"One of the best correctives of wild theories both in social and religious things, is a thorough knowledge of *History*. It will teach men that their theories are not new. Show the weakness of those theories and their most dangerous tendencies." The great teacher of society is history. There may be questions that history can not answer, but there are very few that may not be lighted up by a careful study of the past. That "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing" is more true of history than of any other science. It is this little learning that makes the malcontent and the demagogue; that makes the mountain of many molehill social problem. History, the experience of the past, though not infalible, is nevertheless our wisest teacher. A philosophic study of the

events of history, events great and small, would help to answer a large part of the puzzling questions of to-day, and aid in the solution of many a knotty problem.

G. W. W.

Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

Although the proceedings of the Sixteenth Annual Convention of the Y. M. C. A. recently held in Greensboro have been given in many of our State papers, we do not deem it amiss to comment briefly on the convention in these columns. In the first place the convention was a grand success. Yet we cannot wonder at this; for when such a body of young men—christians, pure hearted and full of promise, gather together—having a common aim in view—the salvation of young men—how could their works be otherwise than grand and noble? To the good people of Greensboro, who opened their homes for the delegates, the convention is greatly indebted. To the convention, composed, as expressed by one of Greensboro's prominent citizens, of the purest and noblest of the young men of North Carolina, Greensboro should feel doubly grateful for the new life it inspired into her people and her association for the uplifting of humanity.

It was grand to sit in such a convention and hear such men as

Dr. Creecy and Dr. Hume and Mr. Southgate and Mr. Gales and a great many others, who were present. The Convention was indeed fortunate in selecting as its chairman, Capt. Wm. Black, that consecrated good natured and business-like gentleman from Maxton. The secretaries elected were T. C. Diggs of Henderson, and H. P. Boggs of Trinity College.

The music was all under the direction of Mr. Fitch Taylor of Asheville and under his leadership the old church rang more than once with good music.

On the first evening of the convention was the address of Dr. Creecy, of Charlotte, whose subject was, "The Winning of Young Men to Christ, the Crowning Work of the Association." His address was eloquent and touching, and was without doubt the crowning stone of the day's work. The second day's work was for the most part devoted to business matters claiming the attention of the convention. The reports of the associations and the State committee were also given on this day and were highly satisfactory.

On the third day Mr. W. R. Gales, the assistant State Secretary, read one of the best papers of the entire convention on "The Young Men's Meeting."

This paper was ordered to be printed in tract form and distributed throughout the State. The

State Secretary of Virginia also gave orders for two hundred copies of it.

In the afternoon, Department conferences were held at different places in the city, the one of chief interest to us being the College conference. Mr. Brockmann, of the International Committee, presiding.

Mr. Brockman is thoroughly devoted to his work and made the meeting full of interest to all who attended. At the night session, Mr. Brockmann gave an address on the "Intercollegiate Y. M. C. A. Among Students of America and Other Lands." The Sunday services were largely attended. In the forenoon, the churches were mostly filled by visiting ministers. The afternoon was devoted to Men's, Boys', and Ladies' meetings. At the night service, Dr. Hume delivered a short but deep address on "The Bible, the Book for this age."

After this came the farewell exercises, and the Sixteenth Annual Convention was at an end. We are glad to state that the requisite amount of money for carrying on the State Work during the next year is now assured, and Coulter and Gales will again be with us

and go on with their good work.

It was an inspiration to attend this convention, and we firmly believe that no one attended it who did not return to his work better prepared to fight the battle of life and with a clearer conception of his duty to his fellow men.

C. F. T.

COMING EVENTS AT THE COLLEGE.

April 15: Y. W. C. T. U. Entertainment.

" 23: Lecture—Prof. H. H. Williams.

May 6: Freshman Class Entertainment.

" 13: Henry Clay Oratorical Contest.

" 14: Philagorean Oratorical Contest.

" 14: Baseball—Live Oaks and G. C.

" 25: John Bright Entertainment.

" 26. Commencement.

The date for the Websterian Oratorical Contest has not as yet been announced.

There will be a Literary Address delivered at some time during Commencement week.

The students will probably visit the Pilot again either this month or first of next month.

Pres. Isaac Sharpless, of Haverford College, will deliver the Annual Address this year.

PERSONAL.

Elijah Hare has a position as clerk at Holland, Va.

Claude McCauley is at Selma, N. C., studying telegraphy.

Emily Smith, *nee* Pearson, lives near Pikeville, Wayne Co., N. C.

Joe Hayes is clerking at Car-bonton, Moore county, N. C.

Herbert Russell is attending school at Charlotte, N. C.

James M. Millikan has charge of the postoffice at Randleman, N. C.

Ernest Benbow is working on the farm at Oak Ridge.

Lonnie Hollowell is clerking in a restaurant at Goldsboro, N. C.

Thomas McAdoo is attending a private school in Greensboro.

Arthur Cheek is attending the Davis School at Winston.

George Parker and wife, formerly Mary J. Peele, own a very pleasant home near Woodland.

Thomas Wakefield is aiding his father with the farming at Friendship.

Emmet Kirkpatrick is now a partner of the Greensboro, Furniture Co.

Macajah Cox, a student here about fifteen years ago, is now farming near Goldsboro.

Jack Saunders is at Baltimore studying denistry. We wish him success in his undertaking.

Archie Palmer has a position as clerk in his brother's drug store at Gulf, N. C.

Eleazer Davis is engaged in farming at his home near New Market, N. C.

David Kirkpatrick has charge of his father's business in the brickyard at Greensboro.

Albert Tapscott is occupied with farming at his home at Union Ridge, N. C.

Jane and Nellie Wakefield are at their home at Friendship. We are always glad to have them visit the college.

We are glad to welcome Addie Wilson, of Brunswick, Randolph county, who has entered school for the latter half of the session.

Joe Millikan, a graduate of the Commercial course here, is now book-keeper for the Randleman Manufacturing Co. of Randleman.

Wm. B. Hockett, a student of the Boarding School, now farms at Centre, N. C. Much of his time is also devoted to religious work.

Charles L. Van Noppen, formerly of the class of '92, makes his headquarters at Cleveland, Alabama, representing Charles L. Webster & Co. of New York.

Wm. Mendenhall and wife, formerly Mattie A. Blair, are now residents of Greensboro, the former being Superintendent of the Guilford Lumber Co.

We regret that Myrtle Freeman did not enter school this term as was her expectation, but hope, however, that she may return in the fall.

Nathaniel B. Crenshaw has for several years been real estate agent for the Girard Life and Trust Co. of Philadelphia.

E. B. Hodgkin, a student of N. G. B. S. in the spring of '84 and '86, is now superintendent of the J. Van. Lindley orchard at Southern Pines, Moore Co., N. C.

Nathan Spencer farms near New Market, N. C. He is also a devoted church worker, is quite old, and now in poor health.

At the residence of the bride's parents, near Goldsboro, on March 16th, George Edgerton and Emma Jones were united in marriage. THE COLLEGIAN extends congratulations.

Bertha Bellinger, at one time a member of the class of '91, is now living at Tallapoosa, Ga., where she has formed many new acquaintances and seems well satisfied with her surroundings.

Besides being extensively engaged in the cotton manufacturing

business, L. Banks Holt is also a very successful farmer and stock-raiser. He is a most honored and influential citizen of Graham.

Charles Ragan is again with us. He is taking a course in the Commercial Department, also gives much attention to base ball. We can well imagine the delight of the B. B. Club to have so tried and worthy a member again enter their ranks.

David Elliot, an early student, is living at Carthage, Ind. He and his wife moved to that place from Elgin, Ill., about three months ago. They are much interested in church work and seem satisfied with their home, yet Elgin associations often haunt their memories.

On March 24th, at the residence of the bride's parents, near Burlington, Banks Teague, of Chapel Hill, was united in marriage with Fannie Holt. The former was at one time a student of this place; he now has a position as agent and telegraph operator at Chapel Hill for the R. & D. Railroad.

Samuel Pickett lives near Burlington, N. C., where he farms to some extent. He is also numbered with the teachers of Alamance county. We are glad to learn that his loyalty to Guilford College remains the same, and he is often heard to speak of the pleasant memories connected with his stay at this place.

 LOGALS.

April fool.

A "cat-racket" in Archdale.

Mid-term examinations are past.

A central union telegraph exchange at Archdale.

The equinox and storm have come and gone.

The Y. M. C. A. Hall is not the place for private socials.

The Sophs have won a match game of tennis over the Juniors.

The third and fourth nines of base ball are booming.

The sleety weather of March has changed to the most delightful spring weather. One was enjoyed mostly by those who could skate on the plank walk, and the other by those who participate in base ball and tennis.

Mr. Gales, the assistant secretary of the State Y. M. C. A., gave us a short visit since our last issue. We certainly appreciate his work, and will be glad to welcome him among us at any time.

Teacher—When the lion attacked the sheep, did David run home?

Student whose mind and eyes were fastened upon a girl over the way—Yes.

The botany class has been or-

ganized. Woe unto the beauties for they shall be plucked while in their prime!

A boy who said one Sabbath morning that he was so lazy he did not know what to do, received from a girl this most valuable advice—"Behave yourself."

By some mysterious method the bell-rope was made long (or short) enough to reach to the barn one morning not long since.

On account of unavoidable circumstances, the match game of base ball between the second nines of Guilford and Oak Ridge, did not occur on Saturday, the 2nd as was intended.

A peacock in most beautiful plumage has recently been mounted and set on exhibition in the museum.

An interesting Demorest gold medal contest occurred on the 5th. Nearly all the students attended and were well entertained, for the speaking was good and interspersed with songs by the Prohibition choir. The class was entirely composed of girls. Miss Cornelia Kersey won the medal. A large bouquet of flowers was given to Miss Estella Vestal as a prize for second best speaker.

Among those who have visited the College since our last issue, are E. M. Armfield, '86, Leonard

Van Noppen, '90, and Roland Hayes, '93—the two latter now being at the University—W. T. Parker, David White, Byron White, Robert Hodgkin, W. C. Hammond, Frank Thornton and G. E. Petty.

LECTURE.—On the evening of April 23d, at 7.30 o'clock, Prof. Henry Horace Williams, of the University of North Carolina, will lecture at the College in the interest of the Philagorean Society.

Prof. Williams is one of the best known educators and lecturers in the State, being a graduate of both the University and Yale College, and has also travelled extensively in Europe.

Every one within reach of the college should avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing Prof. Williams. His lecture will interest *all*, and we are sure no one who hears him will be disappointed.

Among the visitors at the Clay entertainment we were glad to see the following old students: Wm. Worth and E. A. White, Raleigh; A. J. Tomlinson, Herb and Hattie Tomlinson, Myrtle Freeman and O. E. Wilson, Archdale; Prof. Lee T. Blair, A. E. Blair, Roe. J. Petty, Anna Jones, Hattie Mendenhall, Mary White, Addison Hodgkin and

D. A. Kirkpatrick, Greensboro; Charles Hauser, Yadkinville; Paul Lindley and Oscar Teague, Pomona; Sue Hinshaw, Randleman; Gulielma Henley, Deep River; Zella McCulloch, Graham, and W. T. Woodley, Greensboro.

On the evening of the 2nd, the Henry Clay Literary Society gave its annual entertainment. The exercises were as follows :

SONG—Roses Must Die With the Year.
ORATION—A Glorious But Fallen Nation. E. S. White.

COMEDY—Shall Our Mothers Vote.
SONG—The Two Roses.

DISCUSSION—*Question* : Does humanity derive greater benefits from electricity than from steam?

Affirmative : J. P. Parker.

Negative : H. W. Reynolds;

STUMP SPEECH ON DEAD ISSUES—G. W. Hodgkin.

A TRIBUTE—W. W. Mendenhall.

SONG—To the Bravest.

PROPHECIES—C. F. Tomlinson.

The exercises were a credit to the Society, and the people who were packed in the large collection room at King Hall, heartily enjoyed the occasion.

Quite a large delegation from Guilford College attended the State Y. M. C. A. Convention, and report that it was a grand success.

EXCHANGES.

In an article which appeared in the February number of the COLLEGIAN complaint was made against the Trinity and Davidson men because they had withdrawn from the State Oratorical Association, (and thereby virtually killed it); and had given no valid reasons for so doing. The *Archive* for March meets the question squarely, and without any show of resentment, gives Trinity's reasons for withdrawing. They are as follows:

1. This would not be a State Inter-Collegiate Association as was thought it would become when Trinity entered, hence would not command the respect of the State.

2. The experience of the first year, with only two colleges in the Association, proved to Trinity that the expenses of such a contest were more than would justify continuing in such an association.

3. It was not the intention of Trinity when entering to remain in an association composed of only two colleges. When the Association was formed it was thought that all the colleges would eventually come in, and thus accomplish the ends for which it was organized. Earnest efforts were made the first year to get other colleges in also; last year again it was tried, and it was by Trinity's vote

that Guilford got in. The other colleges still refused to come, thereby again foiling the original intentions of the Association. Now that the Association is decreasing, instead of growing, Trinity feels that she can come out of it without compromising in the least her principles, since it does not come up to the original intentions.

The first two reasons do not appear to us to have much weight. There is no reply to be made to the last, however, for if Trinity had no intention of remaining in an association composed of only two colleges, she had a perfect right to withdraw if others could not be induced to join. We do think the action hasty, yet we are glad she has given her reasons fully and openly.

The case is different with Davidson. She persistently dodges the question. After voting against Guilford's admission, and then withdrawing from the Association because all the colleges did not join, she ought to be able to advance some good reason for her actions. This she persistently refuses to do. In the last issue of *The Monthly* there appears an article, a paragraph from which we quote:

"With this issue we have the pleasure of announcing that the four principal Colleges of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, Davidson,

Trinity, and Wake Forest, have been invited by the Teachers' Assembly to hold a contest at their meeting at Morehead City in July, a handsome medal being presented by the Assembly. This is certainly a kind offer made by the Assembly and we hope that the Colleges will accept. Davidson is now considering the invitation very favorably and will doubtless accept, for our boys have always taken the greatest interest in oratory. Two years ago we made a very decided effort to organize just such an association, composed of these same Colleges, but after making the effort for two years and getting only one of them (Trinity) to join with us we were compelled to give it up. We hope however, that the barriers in the way have been removed by this time, and that the invitation so kindly extended by the Teachers' Assembly may be accepted by the other three Colleges so that we may have a State Oratorical Association indeed and in truth."

We do not know the author of the article in question, but we judge from the blue pencil marks around the margin that he was in some way connected with the now defunct association, and intended his remarks as a sly, back-handed

rejoinder to the COLLEGIAN'S article in the February number. There is one thing we should like to know, and that is why Davidson should be so anxious to join an Oratorical Association, composed of four Colleges, merely a side show at the Teachers' Assembly, when she withdrew but a few months since from an association in which three Colleges were represented, and in which Chapel Hill and Wake Forest might have been included, had a disposition to consider the claims of worthy applicants been shown. Then, too, it would have been and was an independent organization, not merely a secondary affair, as it must necessarily be at Morehead.

If Guilford is the insignificant institution the *Monthly* intimates it is, Davidson must have a great deal of assurance to think that Wake Forest and the University will enter an Oratorical Association with her, when last May the "insignificant" college left her so far behind. She has a new system of reasoning, surely.

Mary Anna Forsyth, a former teacher at Westtown Boarding School visited the College for several days recently.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Harvard has graduated 17,000 students.

Williams, Dartmouth and Columbia have dispensed with commencement exercises.

There are in the world 147 educational institutions called universities, the largest of which is in Paris, with 9,215 students.

Several colleges are considering the plan of making Monday a holiday instead of Saturday, but as yet few institutions of note have adopted such a course.

Subscriptions are being rapidly sent in to aid Columbia College in her proposed change of location from New York City to Bloomington. The total cost of the change will be between one and one-half and two millions of dollars.

Oberlin College is about to introduce a novel feature in the line of field sports. It is proposed to introduce the Greek-Olympian games, and all the contestants are to appear in Grecian costume.

Henry E. Bourne, of Norwich, Conn., has accepted the chair of History in the Woman's College of Western Reserve University, and Miss Emma M. Perkins, of Cleveland, the chair of Latin.

A new feature in the English

Department at Columbia is, that each sophomore is given the life and work of some author to study and lecture upon to his class.

Prof. William J. Tucker, of Andover Theological Seminary, has declined the presidency of Dartmouth College. The reasons he now assigns are that he is in the midst of such definite and far reaching plans in Andover Seminary for the broadening of the Christian church and adjusting it to its new relations to society and to the world, that he could not carry over to Dartmouth the first great enthusiasm necessary to noble and effective service. He also feels that he has a particular and important duty to perform toward the Seminary.

John H. Finley, editor of "*The Charities Review*," published by the Charity Organization Society, has been elected to the presidency of Knox College, Galesburg, Ill. Mr. Finley is probably the youngest College president in the country, being only twenty-eight years of age. He is a native of Illinois and a B. A. of Knox College—his post graduate studies in political and social science having been pursued at Johns Hopkins University, where, with Prof. Ely, he wrote a book on taxation in American states and cities (1888.)

CLIPPINGS.

What penance are you doing this Lenten season, Mrs. McSimpler? asked the Rev. Dr. Thirdly.

Oh, I come to hear you preach every Sunday, was the cheerful reply.

"Say," said the elderly farmer-looking man, "I want a little piece put in the paper that I want a woman who can cook, wash, iron, milk four cows, and manage a market wagon."

"All right," said the advertising clerk. "Shall I state what wages will be paid?"

"Wages nothin'!" shouted the farmer-looking man. "I want to marry her."

What is the difference between a college student and a man who has a college degree conferred on him for his erudition? One gets his learning by degrees and the other gets his degrees by his learning.—*New York Press*.

Teacher—"All things are made out of nothing."

Johnny—"And what was nothing made out of?"—*Harper's Bazar*.

A certain pretentious individual was under discussion at a club house the other evening. "He claims to be an agnostic doesn't he?" "Only as to religion," replied the other. "As to every thing else he knows it all."

How is this dauber? "You have painted Father Time with a mowing machine instead of a scythe." "That's all right, we artists of the modern school keep up with modern inventions."

John G. Whittier has written a letter to Archbishop Tache, thanking him for ringing the bells of St. Boniface, referred to in Whittier's poem. "Red River Voyageur," on the poet's birthday recently.

ODD ENGLISH.—What we discharge: A vessel, a gun, a servant, a debt and a duty.

With what we are charged: A board bill, a crime, a trust, a burden and electricity.

We keep our word, we keep a book, we keep well, we keep a holiday, we keep company, we keep silence, and some of us keep school.—*Ex.*

ENERGETIC WOMEN.—"But a short time ago the world was duly informed that the young ladies of a Michigan town, having determined each to contribute the sum of one dollar, directly and specifically earned for that purpose, to a local charitable institution, offered to cut and split up firewood at the rate of a dollar a cord. The offer was readily and numerously accepted, and on the appointed day the young women of the town, armed with axe and buck-saw, stood at the wood pile

and plied the woodman's art in the midst of a crowd of admiring and betting beholders.

Scarcely had the news of this proceeding time to cool, when a new announcement from the Wolverine State gave rise to another surprise, and revealed the surprising energy of Michigan women in a new light. The public library of the town of Otsego was deeply in debt, and the belles of the town decided to liquidate the debt out of their own earnings.

The methods resorted to were various, but all of them were successful. One lady earned her money by putting trimmings on a coffin in preparation for a prospective high-class, stylish, fashionable funeral. Another earned hers by selling shamrocks on the streets on St. Patrick's day. Mrs. Miles, the president of the association, stood on a step-ladder and washed windows, looking out on the principal promenade, duly besprinkling curious wayfarers as she plied her congenial occupation.

But, in all probability, the greatest effort and success of the occasion were attributable to Miss Creyan. She succeeded in getting inspiration enough to enable her to perform the difficult feat of writing a spring poem in the month of March, and she still further achieved the unparalleled success of selling it to an editor and get-

ting paid for it. When, in the raw climate of Michigan, a girl can get money for her spring poetry in the month of March, the women of the State need fear neither a library debt nor any other."

Proud father—showing off his boy before company, "My son, which would you rather be Shakespeare or Edison?"

Little son—after meditation, "I'd rather be Edison." "Yes, why?" Cause he ain't dead.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe recently said of Longfellow, that his personal charm was in a delicacy of mind which was truly cosmopolitan; he had a vivid appreciation of what was beautiful and noble, and he represented the purest taste and most perfect feeling. Was there ever given a finer definition of a gentleman?

No one should be allowed to teach in any school, whose moral character and associations are not good. It is not necessary that teachers should profess christianity, but it is necessary that in all matters essential to good citizenship they should be example to their pupils.—*Advocate*,

General Neal Dow celebrated the eighty-eighth anniversary of his birth day on March 19. He is in excellent health and spirits, and his activity at such an age is remarkable.

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

VOL. IV.

MAY, 1892.

No. 9.

SOME MORE ABOUT INDIANS.

BY LOUISE COFFIN JONES.

There is an unwritten law among the Chinese here to the effect that not more than one laundry shall occupy one and the same block. There may be as many "washee houses" as the Celestial proprietors may choose to set up or as the town can support, but woe unto him who trespasses upon his neighbor's rights, and hangs out his sign "Wing Lee, Washing and Ironing," with the same in Chinese characters, in a block already occupied. The attempt was made once not long ago, but a fight soon occurred between the party of the first, and the party of the second part; the surrounding atmosphere was filled with Mongolian hair and tea chest profanity, and had it not been for the interference of a police-man, it might have ended, as did the famous battle of the Kilkenny cats, in the total annihilation of both combatants.

There seems to be some such law among the Indians who infest this town, only instead of claiming a block apiece, they are satisfied with a house apiece. Each family has its familiar spirit, so to speak, and may console itself with the reflection that if it did not have one Indian beggar sitting at its gates, it would have another.

They have districted the town so thoroughly that no house is overlooked, and none receives more than its share.

When we first established ourselves in this place we temporarily rented a furnished house, the home of a prominent lawyer who wished to go for awhile to one of the new cities on Puget Sound. We had not been settled long before the fact presented itself that not only had we succeeded to all the comforts of a home, but to at least one of the discomforts connected therewith.

It was a bright September morning. I had just seen all the rest of the family, including the hired girl, whirled away in a hack to spend the day at the State Fair, and had turned back into the house to spend a quiet day reading and writing. Suddenly on the back porch I heard a heavy yet stealthy tread. There was something about it suggestive of the plantigrade, and instantly there flashed into my mind a story with a moral which was often related to me in my childhood,—with especial emphasis on the moral. It was to the effect that once upon a time a naughty little girl would not hold her head still and allow her mother to comb and part her hair. So the rest of the family all went off to meeting and left her at home alone. From the window she watched the carriage till it receded into the dim distance and became a mere black speck in the road. Presently the black speck seemed to be growing larger and coming toward her. With dilating eyes and a guilty conscience she beheld it coming nearer and nearer and soon saw that her worst fears were realized,—it was a big bear.

In vain she fled to the innermost room of the house and hid herself between the straw bed and feather bed. Nemesis was upon her track. The bear followed, found her and ate her up.

While remembering this im-

pressive story I made my way to the back porch, and there stood an Indian squaw, with jet black eyes and hair, a complexion like burnt umber and a costume in which red and yellow predominated. She was neither young nor old, but in the prime of life, and looked as if nothing but the tomahawk or old age could ever kill her, so stout and strong did she appear. She gazed at me in bewilderment, evidently expecting to see another face. On my asking her what she wanted she replied "nothing," with a good natured grin, but still stood there in her moccasined tracks.

After an interval of silence she asked, "Got no biscuits? got no coffee?" I told her, "No; all gone." After another interval she remarked, "Heap hog or die," which means "very hungry." Then I told her to sit down and I would bring her something. An examination of the refrigerator revealed some cold victuals which I brought out to her, also some light bread. But she was not satisfied; she wanted hot biscuits and coffee. I pointed to some apples on the ground under the trees, and told her to help herself, but she replied with scorn, "Heap sour apples, no good," then bundling her fragments in an old sack she carried, she shook the dust off her feet and departed, sending back this Parthian arrow

as she left the premises, "No good squaw!" So we parted with mutual relief.

Soon after moving into our present home an old squaw, who looked like a mummy come to life again, quietly opened the door, stepped in and seated herself by the fire. Then I knew that she had marked me for her own, and felt that it would be useless to say:

"Take thy beak from out my heart,
And thy form from off my door,"

for she would probably reply in the Piute language, "Nevermore." She is evidently always hungry, and always in need of clothing. In fact she might be called the grim personation of Want. Were it not that her knowledge of English is so limited I would enter into conversation with her and ask her why she does not go to one of the Indian reservations, either at Pyramid Lake or Walker River, where she could be fed, clothed and cared for. After partaking of the food set before her in silence, and carefully putting away any scraps that remain in an old sack she always carries, she makes her introductory speech, always in the same words, "Me poor Piute squaw, got no house, got no man, got no money," and then begins to beg. Cast off clothing, old shoes, stockings, particularly children's stockings seem to be the objects of her desire, and

sometimes she brings an Indian boy or girl with her and calls attention to their ragged and scanty clothing.

Twice a week regularly she makes her appearance, and when I see her far down the street, making a bee line for the house, her blanket streaming in the wind, the words of General Grant come to mind, "I propose to move on your works immediately." She seems eager to have everything she can get; nothing comes amiss. She even requests that the coffee grounds be saved and given to her. The wick-i-up in which she lives must look like a rat's nest. How interesting it would be to talk with her, to ask her about her early life, the history of her tribe, her belief about the future life in the happy hunting grounds; but to do that, it would be necessary to understand her own language.

A reporter for one of our daily papers who claims to understand the Piute language published the following not long ago:

"I am surprised that nothing has appeared of late in the papers concerning our old pioneer pine-nut-eaters.

"Miss Up-to-Date, a young Indian woman with a negligee dress and an embroidery lace curtain painted on her face in crimson face wash, gave me the following society notes and told me she would like to see them in print.

As her father stands high in Indian society, having eaten a whole buffalo at one sitting, I give the notes to the world:

"Miss Painted Face has a lovely new blanket. It is a red and green striped one, and is very becoming to her complexion.

"It is rumored that Mr. Big Liar and Miss Woman-With-Man's-Shoes-On will soon occupy the same wick-i-up for life.

"Miss Lover-Of-Fire-Water has returned from a visit to the Pyramid Lake Reservation. She occupied a berth on the blind baggage.

"A great game of poker was played yesterday between Heap-Cheat'em and Man-No-Afraid-Of-Four-Aces. There were ten cents and four red beads for the winner.

"Chief Heap-Smooth was arrested yesterday for selling whiskey to a white man.

"Mr. No-Socks and Mr. Borrowed-Overalls have returned from Truckee. They report the snow up there too deep to pick up any old clothes or cigar stubs.

"The upper society is greatly shocked over the report that Miss Giddy-Girl has eloped with old Buck-Without-A-Cent. They think strongly of changing the color of their face paint.

"Man-With-Tobacco-Juice-Around-His-Mouth now sports a regular turkey feather in his hat. He used to wear a chicken feather.

"There will be a grand ball given by Mrs. Old-Enough-To-Die, out in the sage brush back of Chinatown in the near future. All gents are requested to bring their hunting knives with them."

This closes the society notes. It is possible that Mrs. Old-Enough-To-Die is my squaw acquaintance.

CRICKET IN ENGLAND.

BY PRES. L. L. HOBBS.

In America we live too fast, and wear too long faces. We can scarcely take time to eat—do not take enough; sleep too little, and wear out too soon. If as business men we were to take interest in baseball, cricket, or lawn tennis, some would think us beside ours-

selves. In England I was impressed with the general interest which is taken in outdoor exercise of various kinds. William White, an ex-Mayor of Birmingham, about 60 years old, a minister of the Gospel, the chief Gardener of the city, an alderman, a leading spirit in

the Adult schools, who has not been tardy at the meetings of the schools at 7:30 A. M. for *forty years*, told me he sometimes rides his bicycle ten miles before breakfast!

I was with him on a seventh day afternoon, always a half holiday in England, when he told me there would be one hundred and twenty-six match games of cricket that afternoon in Birmingham alone! twenty-two times one hundred and twenty-six men on the grounds at one time in one city! Do you not suppose that the fact that the busy ex-mayor never failed to attend the morning classes for forty years, unless absent from home, is in some way connected with his habitual active life and out-door exercise?

Health of body, mind and soul is promoted by the out-door life and cricket and foot ball matches fostered by our English brethren over the Atlantic.

The air cells in some peoples lungs are like raisins, shrivelled up. They ought to be like well-grown grapes.

I stood on the Cam, at Cambridge University, or rather on the beautiful somewhat elevated bridge over that small stream, and beheld a scene which I should be glad to have transplanted on our grounds:—grounds as clean as if they had been washed in clean water, green grass everywhere

except in the walks, trees large and mighty in strength, young men—the whole university, grounds, buildings, churches, and men, for young men—(there is a college there for women) gliding under that bridge in long slender graceful boats,—a group yonder playing lawn tennis as if that was a part of the curriculum. It would be a vast help to some of us could we merely participate in those healthful sports under the shadow of those tall oaks, on the banks of that stream and in the clean coolness of those grounds.

One of the illustrations, in the London *Illustrated Weekly*, of the German Emperor and party, is a boat scene. The Queen, the Prince of Wales, Princess Louise, the greatest dignitaries in the realm, perhaps in the world, on a boat!

The Thames is full of boats. Men with brawny arms developed by rowing, beautiful women pulling the oars,—all seeming to show how much those English people prize strength and health of body. Too much solitude is fraught with danger.

Cricket is the national game, and is engaged in by the people of all classes, and, I have no doubt, is the means of developing the strength of the English youth while in school and of keeping up the interest in the game for the sake of giving a wholesome activity

to the aristocratic classes who have plenty of money and little to do. Foot ball takes the place of cricket in the cold season.

The English do nothing by halves, and are intolerant of frauds. Their love of frankness leads them to believe other people are frank. They show their love of fair play in cricket as well as in diplomacy. There is no toleration of gambling in their amateur games, and the least dishonesty is so repugnant to the public spirit that it is seldom attempted. A young man may learn honesty, if he has not learned it before, by being associated with these honest men. The best class of people

take part in the games, and thus they are on a high level of morality.

With such a public spirit at their back, such beauty of lawns and lanes and fields and grounds, by which to be mellowed and gradually ripened into manhood, with time to sleep, time to eat four times a day, time to play, and with it all, time to study and read and come in touch with all the learning of the present time, and be impressed by the art and architecture of churches and cathedrals—the young Englishman has a fair opportunity to learn, to be good, and to live long in the land to which he is fondly devoted.

REMINISCENCES OF NEW GARDEN BOARDING SCHOOL.

BY E.

When we remember in the fifty years that New Garden Boarding School has been in existence, something of the difficulties encountered, the obstacles overcome and all along the way the perseverance of a faithful few, through all discouragements, till now it has emerged into the great highway and taken its place among the colleges of the land, on a broader, firmer basis and with increased facilities for usefulness, well may we exclaim "What hath God wrought!"

Some of us remember the evening collections, when Joseph John Gurney, Nathan Hunt, and other eminent ministers of the gospel were present, and their fervent prayers for rich blessings on the institution, that its influence for good might go on increasing through all coming years. What an army of young people have gone out from those walls, and, scattered all over the land, have taken their places among the world's workers—the work they have done and are doing largely

influenced by the training and instruction received while there. With profound reverence for all that was great and good in the past, yet when contrasting that with the present, I own to something almost akin to envy for those who are taking up their life work in the clear light of the present day, which intensifies the meaning of the line "we can make our lives sublime."

With us there was such dearth of reading matter, and what we had was mostly restricted to Friends' Journals. On Sabbath afternoons the students were all collected in one of the school rooms, and the superintendent or one of the teachers would read to us from some Friend's writings. For a good while we had the Journal of Daniel Wheeler, and while very interesting and instructive to mature minds, that or similar reading had little of interest or profit for children, besides giving a gloomy and unsatisfactory impression of a religious life. While there might one day be the record of a bright and uplifting experience, the next entry would probably be of unexplainable gloom and low spiritual condition. Often I wondered to myself why there could not be a straight along cheerful kind of religion, but thought the trouble was all with myself. With a thirst for reading and little else accessible, I con-

tinued to pore over many such volumes, but all left much the same impression, and I came to be of the opinion later on, that it was not profitable to keep the finger on the spiritual pulse and record all the minute changes. Indeed it seems in looking back, that the new dispensation had not yet been ushered in for us; that we lived largely under the old. Even texts of sermons were mostly from the old Prophets. I congratulate the young people of to-day that so much of the vague, far-away and unattainable that hung about spiritual things has been dispelled. Then, if you became "religious" it meant to grow sober and turn away from worldly enjoyments. Now we see young people entering into and enjoying with a zest, all the innocent pleasures of social life, bending their energies to intellectual pursuits, and at the same time nobly, openly and understandingly loyal to Christ as their best friend through all. Some one has recently written how in early life she spent hours every day in the attic reading Kempis' "Imitation of Christ" and in meditation, but thinks now she would have imitated Christ better if she had been down in the kitchen helping her mother instead. So I am inclined to think it would have been a benefit to us if we could have had more light on the present and practical, instead of

so much of the long past, without any clue as to how we could make it helpful to us; the distance seemed so great between what we read and our common every day life. I imagine the students of to-day would think it the old dispensation if confined to the reading we had, and were deprived of some of the common conveniences of the present time. Then, rubber overshoes were unknown; matches had not yet come into use, though I remember a box of them at home, kept as a curiosity, to show our friends that fire could be produced by striking the little sticks on a rough surface. We had just emerged from the era of "tallow dips" into the use of moulded candles, and it was quite a task for those who had the care of the numerous candlesticks and snuffers. Another thing belonging to that period was the privilege of paying twenty-five cents in silver for every letter that came to us through the post office. Not long since I looked into the "Life of Byron," and saw in his diary an allusion to the excellent literature he often found in the paper lining of trunks, and it brought to mind what a common occurrence it was to see my trunk open and some girl sitting on the floor in front of it reading a long interesting story in the "Greensboro Patriot," with which the top was lined. It is difficult for me to imagine Guilford

College other than it was when I knew it in the early years as New Garden Boarding School, and should almost expect to see the blackboard that extended over one wall of the recitation room yet covered with the figures drawn to illustrate some question in Natural Philosophy, a part of which I had the privilege or honor of drawing. To us dwelling in the western hemisphere of Founders' Hall, the eastern half was an undiscovered country, but vague rumors sometimes reached us from it. Once it was that raids had been made on the potato bins in the cellar and piles of them roasted in the school room fire place. When it came to the ears of the superintendent he devised a plan to stop it, so one evening took a large basket of sweet potatoes into the school room and looking each way and smiling, said "boys, I thought the evenings were long, and it might help to pass off the time if you had some potatoes to roast," and proceeded to empty them out on the hearth, chatted pleasantly awhile and went out, leaving the boys with no more heart in them to visit the cellar.

There was in some of the COLLEGIANS an allusion to a trip by some of the students to Pilot Mountain. I hoped they had better success than our party in 1844, for we failed to find a house where we could spend the night, and

after driving till twelve o'clock, concluded to stop and feed the horses, and so spent the night in our carriages and slept as best we could, with the result of not feeling very energetic next morning in climbing to the summit of the mountain, but the grand view repaid for all our discomfort. Since that time I have seen much fine mountain scenery, but nothing like the view from the Pinnacle of Pilot Mountain. It is unique and no where duplicated.

SUMMER SCHOOL AT KNOXVILLE.

Another college year, to which we looked forward with anticipation a few months ago, will soon be gone. However zealously the individual student has performed the required duties of the curriculum, or those which have been voluntarily assumed, it is with a sense of relief that the end of the summer term is reached. And yet to the true student the summer weeks do not mean an entire divorce from intellectual effort, but rather a change from the accustomed channel of thought of the college year. The vacation has ceased to be given wholly to recreation and the search for pleasure. The multiplication of summer gatherings for the special study and investigation of religious, social and kindred problems attract many a student who desires the vacation to be not only restful but profitable as well.

Among college students, none is more widely known, or has greater attractions than the conference at Northfield, Mass., where for six years, between four and five hundred students, representing every section of the United States, the Canadian Provinces, and many foreign countries, have met for two weeks of Bible study, rest and recreation. Its remarkable success led to the establishment of a similar school at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, two years ago, and here representatives of many Western institutions have enjoyed the advantages which come only from the association with men of recognized ability as instructors, and from the personal contact of man with man. In response to a strong demand on the part of southern students, the present year will see the inauguration of a conference of like character, which will be held on the grounds of the State University of Tennessee, at Knoxville. The following dates have been chosen, which will make possible the attendance of students with little if

any interference with other plans for the vacation: Knoxville, June 18-29; Lake Geneva, June 25 to July 6; Northfield, July 2-13.

The general features which have made Northfield so attractive in the past will be observed at each of the three gatherings. Prominent speakers, representing all lines of Christian activity, have already been secured and others are yet to be announced. Provision has been made for the supervision of the athletics, which ensures the usual interest in this department. The Bible-classes are to be in charge of unusually strong men as leaders, and the missionary interest will receive equally prominent attention.

Better locations than those selected could scarcely have been found for these gatherings. The southern students will find the buildings and grounds of the Tennessee State University admirably adapted to the purposes of the conference, and they can hardly fail to be attracted by such speakers as Rev. R. A. Torrey, of Chicago; Dr. John A. Broadus, of Louisville; Rev. John William Jones, of Richmond; Professor J. Henry Smith, of Davidson College; Dr. Frank K. Sanders, of

Yale University; Professor Frank Smith, of the University of Virginia; Dr. W. R. Lambeth, of Japan, and others yet to be announced. Professor W. W. Moore, so popular at Northfield, will be warmly welcomed by every student in attendance. We are also assured of the attendance of L. D. Wishard, the first college secretary, who has just returned from his long foreign journey in investigating the student bodies of other countries.

With such Bible-class leaders as Mr. Edwin F. See, of Brooklyn, and Gilbert A. Beaver, of Pa., and Mr. P. C. Phillips, of Louisville, in charge of athletics, a successful conference can but result.

All southern students, and any others to whom this gathering is accessible, should consider, seriously, the great opportunities here presented before forming definite plans for the vacation. The advantages of meeting with those of other institutions can but broaden our horizon, and the privilege of being listeners to those who have achieved distinction should be eagerly coveted. Let us aid in making the influence of these twelve days felt upon the colleges of the South.

The Guilford Collegian.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

LITERARY SOCIETIES
OF GUILFORD COLLEGE.

MAY, 1892

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Address all business communications to
MENDENHALL & GILLESPIE,
Guilford College, N. C.

Subscription price: One year.....\$1.00
Club rates: Six copies..... 5.00
Single copies..... .10

THE COLLEGIAN is entered at Guilford College Post
Office as second class matter.

NOVEL READING.

The great purpose of novels is to teach human character, and a very important purpose it is. Since man is the noblest work of God and made in his own image, therefore let us study man. By knowing human character we can best do our duty to ourselves, to our neighbor and to our God. It is true that the Holy Scriptures are the highest exponents of the human heart, and that there are many books whose business it is

to teach human nature. The most pretentious of which are histories and biographies, and if these were as they should be, they would satisfy the imagination and we would not care to call in the novelist; but as they are, they only deal with the *great* men and *great* geniuses, while we want to know about every day people like ourselves, who are placed in very much the same circumstances, and tempted as we are, and may be models or warnings to us. This is the knowledge that the novelist undertakes to give. While the parable of the prodigal son may not be true, the incident of the infatuated boy seizing his patrimony, spending it in riotous living, and coming back to be a beggar to be forgiven is alas! too true, and is occurring every day.

We believe that the keen, satirical, warm-hearted Thackeray has acted a fatherly part in picturing such characters as Harry Foker, Captain Costigan, and Joseph Sedley. Such idlers, toadies and profligates are the misleaders of youth against whom they need to be warned. He has brought before us the Vanity Fair of London, and shown us its streets, clubs and theatres, bustling with the votaries of fashion, in colors that can never fade.

What happiness Dickens has conferred upon the thousands who read his books. His joyous

humor, sunny geniality and great sympathy are exhilarating. He dwells with such intense rapture upon the varying scenes of nature. He dives into the busy haunts of men with such delight and takes an interest in all their affairs. He points out in such a tender way the good qualities that lurk under the mean and rough exterior of the poor man. What a charm he throws around his most insignificant characters.

Dickens' humor has indeed been one of the best tonics ever invented, and he himself one of the great benefactors of the age.

M. O. L.

ARE YOU LOSING TIME?

The writer, while musing over airy nothings some days ago with the hopes that the spirit would be moved and that a subject for an editorial might present itself, seemed to have his attention drawn by some attractive force to a small calendar which hung above the table. There was nothing about the calendar which at first glance seemed so attractive, but above the table of dates the *one* striking feature appeared in the form of a few humble lines which ran thus:

Count that day lost
Whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand
No worthy action done.

Those words would fill a vol-

ume, for there is an eternal truth expressed in them, the value of which cannot be over-estimated. A day lost! Twenty-four hours gone! One three hundred and sixty-fifth part of a whole year used to no purpose if on that day no worthy action is done!

There are many people with whom we come in contact daily, who are losing *valuable* time in this way unconsciously.

Possibly there are very few of us who are not numbered in this class, and when each one considers the matter with reference to himself, the truthfulness of those lines is appalling. It is true that to the ambitious youth, life seems full of promise, and the future seems to glitter with possibilities, but life is as much of a reality in youth as in old age. Let the person who thinks he is rendering so much service to his fellows and who thinks his life is teeming with worthy deeds and actions, stand still for a moment in his present position in life and look backward over the days of his life that are past. If he rightly considers his past life he will see many gaps in it that are still open; many days and hours that have been utterly lost, and then how long a time will his past life seem to have been. Then let him look, with all his pride, and conscious of of all his aspirations, into the future, and how short will seem the

time in which he expects to accomplish so many good deeds and fill up the gaps that have been left behind! It will seem that a greater part of his life has passed when he compares what he *has* done with what he *expects* to do.

Then what an opportune time it is, when the sun is just descending to review the day's work and measure the good—the worthy deeds alongside the unworthy! When this is done each one can readily decide for himself whether or not he has done a worthy action. It will also impress this thought upon the mind, that one moment of time is as valuable as another, and it will cause one to realize the short time of life, for, in the beautiful words of Horace,

Day treads upon the heel of day,
And new moons haste to wane away.

C. F. T.

THE Y. W. C. T. U. OF G. C.

The Y. W. C. T. U. of Guilford College, the pioneer band of the State, still maintains its record for good work.

Under its five different heads of work, The "Flower Mission" has sent flowers to cheer the sick. The committee on "Pledge and Membership" have secured a long list of names to the pledge, among which were the children, almost without exception.

The "Missionary" Committee have sent several articles to help furnish the new home at Blue Ridge Mission. They have held several meetings and organized the children into a band which promises much for the future.

In the "Department of Literature," tracts have been distributed among the students and some sent away.

The Y's are now looking forward to the erection of a Hall which, among other things, is to include the much-talked of gymnasium.

The entertainment given April 16, was a decided success. One of its most interesting features was a paper, "The Passion Play at Ober Amergau," by Miss Barker, of N. Y. While the "Famous Smith Family" furnished an unlimited supply of fun.

After the literary exercises refreshments were served which in addition to admittance fees netted about twenty-five dollars.

"All honor to the Guilford Y's.
For they were the first to organize.
And have ever led the band's desire.

"The girls in our band are fifty-four.
With honoraries of near a score.
And we only wish that they were more.

"We have shown you our aim and our
work,
And from no task will we ever shirk,
So long as wrong shall around us lurk."

M. O. L.

GOOD LISTENERS.

In their delineation of the character of noted personages, authors very often state in unmistakable terms that the hero was "a good listener."

This characteristic of people—who possess it—is usually regarded as unimportant, yet it is just the opposite—it is highly *important*. A good reader is a fortunate person; a good speaker pleases others and doubtless pleases himself; but personally considered, the good listener is the more fortunate of all, for he not only receives more personal benefit in the way of intellectual equipment, but with this acquirement he is enabled to become both a better reader and a better speaker.

We have often wondered, when reading prolonged articles on the art of reading and speaking effectively, why the art of listening is so rarely ever brought to light and elucidated.

Although some may advance the argument that it is *natural* for a person to be a good listener, and that a poor listener has only formed a bad habit that continues to grow, yet we believe listening, in its truest sense, is as much an art as reading or speaking, and should be cultivated.

Now why is it so important, or we might say imperative, that a person seeking knowledge should

be a good listener? One has but to think over this question a moment and it will be readily answered.

If listening is a habit it is one which the college student should endeavor to cultivate in the proper direction; if it is an art he can ill afford not to develop his listening *powers* while at college. A student's knowledge is not all gained from text books, by any means, neither from observation to a very great degree, but a great deal of it is gained by hearing—listening to other people. Especially is this true at Universities and Colleges where the lecture system is in vogue. Then how important it is that every student who has any definite end in view should be prepared and fully equipped to take advantage of these opportunities. The person who can listen attentively to and retain a sermon, a lecture, or any discourse given by another, possesses a rare quality and one that well might be sought after.

It is very seldom the case that a person can listen to more than one thing at a time and do it well, hence when listening to one thing the mind should be free from all other things.

There is a time for listening to every thing—even for listening to our own thoughts, and what a pleasant sensation it is when we are surrounded by quietude and stillness to listen to and interpret

the words of our thoughts, which often seem almost audible.

Column after column and page after page might be written on this subject, and still the *thought* would not be exhausted. It has only been our purpose to impress upon our minds the importance of being a good listener and the benefit derived therefrom, and if we have succeeded in this in any measure, our mission has been fulfilled.

C. F. T.

OUR JUNE NUMBER.

Do you wish to have a full account of the exercises of Commencement week at Guilford College? If so the June number of THE COLLEGIAN will satisfy your desire. We expect to make it a special point to give a very complete account of the Commencement exercises in *every particular*, and we hope our friends will appreciate the effort enough to send in their subscriptions.

If it will interest you to know who of the old students and what prominent visitors attend Commencement, and how the members of the Faculty and many of the students expect to spend their vacation, THE COLLEGIAN will try to tell you all these things.

If you come to Commencement yourself, we will let other people know you have been here.

Guilford expects to have its best Commencement this year, and not even a rainy day will prevent it.

EDITORS.

THE PILOT TRIP.

On the bright morning of May 6th, nearly all the students together with friends from the neighborhood, started to the Battle Ground to board the train destined to carry them to the Pilot. At 8 A. M. the train rolled round and at 10 A. M. the merry passengers were safely landed at the foot of the celebrated mountain. After a somewhat tedious walk to the spring—which is about half-way up the mountain, dinner was served to the hungry excursionists, after which the tramp toward the pinnacle—further on, was begun. The remainder of the day was spent in visiting the different points of interest and in collecting specimens and mementos in remembrance of the occasion. At 6 o'clock the weary travelers again boarded the homeward bound train, and at 9:30 P. M. all had safely returned to the college, highly elated over the pleasures of the day.

PERSONAL.

William H. Long is practicing law at Greenville, N. C.

Jacob Brower is clerking in his father's store at Mount Airy, N. C.

Samuel Davis is now on the farm at Sumner, N. C.

Martha White, nee Lindley, now resides in Hesper, Kan.

John McDonald is farming near Ashboro, N. C.

Ellen Wilson is at her home at Yadkinville, N. C.

David Settle, Jr., is attending the Greensboro Graded School.

Alden Hadley has returned to his home at Monrovia, Indiana.

Edwin D. Steele is attorney at law, and Mayor of High Point, N. C.

Estelle Patton is at her home at Cedar Grove, Orange county, N. C.

Jerome B. Tomlinson is engaged in the mercantile business at Demorest, Ga.

Susanna Osbourne, '91, has charge of a school in Currituck county, N. C.

Dr. David Stanton is a very successful physician of High Point, N. C.

Silas Smith, of Pikeville, is running on the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad.

Samuel Stanton is a very successful farmer of Level Cross, N. C.

Rodema Spencer now has a position in the *Workman* printing office at Greensboro.

Anna Starbuck began teaching school at Colfax, N. C., on April 29th.

Joseph H. Peele, class of '91, is now attending a Bible Training School at Cleveland, Ohio.

Thaddeus Fraley is a railroad agent for the Cape Fear Railroad at Franklinsville, N. C.

R. T. White is in the office of the Butte and Boston Mining Co., Butte City, Montana.

Emma Perkins is at her home at Goldsboro. We hear that she expects to attend commencement.

Willie Ragsdale is assisting his father in the Oakdale Manufacturing Company, Jamestown, N. C.

Joseph M. Lee is still at Augusta, Ga. He has lately joined the Baptist church of that place.

Nora Meredith will graduate this year at the Lynnvile High School, Lynnvile, Iowa.

Frank Woodroffe is book-keeper for the Woodroffe Lumber Co., Greensboro, N. C.

Adrian Worth is at Charlotte, N. C., in the employ of the Richmond & Danville Railroad Co.

J. T. Winslow has a position as clerk in William Mooring's store at Ashboro, N. C.

We regret that Thomas Costen, class of '95, has been called home on account of his father's illness.

Sherman Diffie travels for the Odell Hardware Co., of Greensboro. He made a flying visit to the College a few days since.

Jessica Johnson, '90, stopped at the College a few days, en route for her home in Morganton, Tennessee.

Francis Wilson is in the East Tennessee University, at Knoxville. He is a persevering young man and will yet make his mark in the world.

Julia and Carrie Ballinger are expecting to return home from Mexico after the close of their school in June. The former has a leave of absence for two years.

James M. Diffie is Superintendent of the Southern Cotton Seed Oil Co., of Atlanta, Ga. He has been suddenly called home on account of the death of his father.

Gertrude Mendenhall, ex-Professor of Natural Science, is teaching at Bedford City, Virginia. She expects to return to her native State on June 10th.

We are pleased to note that Roland H. Hayes, '93, and Leonard C. Van Noppen, '90, were chosen to represent the Dialectic Society

of the University of North Carolina in the semi-annual Debate which occurred on May 7th, 1892.

Dr. J. M. Worth, a former student, resides in Asheboro, N. C. He was at one time the State Treasurer of North Carolina. At present he has extensive interests in manufacturing enterprises.

David and Isabella White are now living at Reidsville, N. C. They are connected with the College as Trustee and member of the visiting committee, and so are often present with us. Their son Josiah and wife are now on a visit with them.

W. L. Pearson, a student in 1868, has for several years been connected with Penn College, Iowa, as Professor of Greek and Latin. He spent four years not long since at college in Berlin, preparing himself more fully for his profession.

MARRIAGES.

On March 17th, Flora Anderson and John Clodfelter were united in marriage, Joseph Potts officiating. They will settle on a farm near High Point, N. C.

Thomas Hodgkin was married to Ida Huges of Ohio, on 4th of Feb. The former is now a minister of Quaker, Michigan.

On the evening of April 20th, Walter Petty, a former student, and Annie Smith of Savannah, Ga., were united in marriage.

Anna Stout and Elwood Spencer were married near the first of April. They will continue to make their home in Greensboro, N. C.

In Friends' Meeting House, at High Point, on April 21st, Mary A. Anderson and T. Y. Hamilton of Greensboro were united in marriage. Greensboro will be their future home.

On March 7th, Prof. E. P. Mendenhall, Principal of the Swepsonville Institute, married Mattie Davis, his assistant. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. R. Coppedge, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Graham.

On the evening of April 17th, Mrs. Ida Lambert (known to the students of '85-6 as Ida Lindley) was married to Edward Smith, of Greensboro. Their future home will be in Raleigh where the latter will be engaged in photography.

We learn that Amanda Grier was married on the evening of April 6th, to Joseph Peters of Friendsville, Tenn., and that they will settle on a farm near the village.

On April 11th, at the home of the bride's parents, Stottville, N. Y., Anna Bundy was united in marriage to Rev. J. B. Jacobs, of Webb City, Mo.

LOGALS.

Orations! Orations! Orations!

Preparation for commencement.

There was quite a demand for crow eggs about Easter.

Prep—This is certainly a hot "sulky" day.

It is quite a sight to see the fine drove of "college cattle" grazing in the neighboring rye fields.

Flowers have been sent from different parts of the state for the Botany class to analyze.

Teacher.—What kind of plants would grow in an oven?

Senior.—Hot weather plants.

The class in Physics are occupying their time in making experiments.

Teacher.—Who are the settlers of South Africa?

Pupil.—People from Israel.

Ask Miss H—— H. if she does not like to read the "Hiram College Journal?"

One of our Soph's has been observed looking for *his* name in the index of "Mombert's Great Lives."

A TOLERATION PROHIBITED.
A. R. has despaired of the idea brought out in the xxiii Psalm, that there is pleasure in being led through green pastures and at the same time comforted by the rod of rebuke—short socials.

David Kirkpatrick came out on the first. We are always glad to have David with us.

We understand that the young ladies have again postponed their trip to Raleigh's Cross Roads.

The class meetings which seemed so full of enthusiasm at the beginning of the term are cooling down.

Prof. E. C. Perisho has delivered several lectures upon the "Russian Jews" at different points in the state.

It is said that three new dudes—veritable rivals of Beau Brummel himself—have appeared in town.

On Easter Sabbath David Sampson gave a most noteworthy address upon "The Doctrines Held by Friends."

The Base Ball entertainment, which occurred April 9th, was a success, and the boys realized a neat little sum for their sundry expenses.

Improvements upon the lawn are made every spring, and within a few years it can be made one of the most beautiful places in the state.

No one within reach of the college should fail to hear Dr. Creecy's address on the evening of May 25. It will be a rare literary treat and is looked forward to with delight by the students.

We were glad to see Addison Hodgin on the 30th. It is hoped by *some* that the same buggy will accompany him on his next visit to G. C.

Mr. D. N. Caviness, of the College Deputation Committee of the Y. M. C. A., visited us on the 22d and 23d. He gave two practical and effective talks to the association and students.

Snow, (a colored boy) when asked how many eggs he would bring to the house if in one nest he found six, in another five, and in another eight, answered, "I'd bring em all."

Prof. J. W. Woody recently gave a very interesting lecture, accompanied with experiments showing the different effects of electricity. Nearly the whole school realized the physiological effect.

Quite a interest was manifested on Wednesday morning last, when President Hobbs announced that the beautiful boquet of flowers on his desk, were to be sold, and read a note from Mrs. J. B. Smith, addressed to president of Y. M. C. A., asking him to sell them and apply the proceeds to buying a chair for the Y. M. C. A. Hall.

It was suggested that President Hobbs sell them—auction them off *one* at a time. Bidding became lively and even exciting, and the twenty-one fine tulips and peonies brought \$6.05.

Hon. Ed. M. Wilson, of Guilford College, delivered one of his masterly address on Prohibition at Colfax, N. C., on April 24th. It is also rumored that he made use of an opportunity to incorporate a good dinner in his political platform.

It is common to say that the entertainment just witnessed is the best, but without flattery we may say that the Y. W. C. T. U. ought to have "the papers," for their entertainment was a witness to the fact that our girls are not destitute of either ingenuity, industry or fun.

Some of the old tennis courts have been sown in grass and two others have been made which will probably be better than the old ones. Why is it we can't have some match games of tennis with players of other places? It would increase the interest in tennis and thus bring out some of the latent genius in tennis playing.

The time for devotional exercises at the opening of school each morning was for several mornings occupied in reading a letter from Addison Coffin, who is now making a tour around the world in company with J. Van. Lindley, a member of the board of trustees.

Addison Coffin is well known to the readers of the COLLEGIAN by his contributed articles, which

are always full of interest, but his letter was, if possible, more interesting. It was filled with instruction and amusement.

BASE BALL.

The game of the season was played on the ground of the home club on Saturday April 30th. The opposing team was the "Live Oaks" of Oak Ridge Institute. We can justly compliment both teams for their extra good playing. No finer game has been played on the grounds for four years. Score by innings as given below:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
G. C.	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	0-4
L. O.	1	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0-4

The tie was played off with the tenth inning resulting in one run for Oak Ridge making the score 5 for the Live Oaks and 4 for the G. C's.

Struck out by Smith (G. C.) 10. Struck out by Stephens (L. O.) 10. G. C. base hits 13. L. O., base hits 4. "G. C's." left on bases 9. "L. O's" left on bases 5. Earned runs—"G. C." 3. Live Oaks 1.

Both teams did fine fielding, but without any boasting all who saw the game will admit that the "G. C's" did the finest playing and were only beaten on account of battery errors. Stephens—the celebrated "left hander" of the Live Oak team was batted hard by the home team, while Smith—

"G. C." held his own from beginning to end. The game was umpired by Mr. Fitzsimmons of Greensboro.

A large and enthusiastic crowd was present and a considerable amount was realized from gate fees.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK AT GUILFORD COLLEGE.

Please note the revised program of Commencement week exercises as given below, and try to attend them all:

May 13th, at 7:30 P. M., Henry Clay Annual Oratorical Contest. Prize, Gold Medal.

May 14th, at 7:30 P. M., Philogorean Annual Oratorical Contest. Prize, Gold Medal.

May 21st, at 7:30 P. M., Websterian Annual Oratorical Contest. Prize, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

May 24th, at 7:30 P. M., Annual Public Entertainment of the John Bright Literary Society.

May 25th, at 7:30 P. M., Rev. W. S. Creasy, D. D., of Charlotte, will deliver the annual address before the Literary Societies.

May 26th, Commencement Day. Exercises at 10 A. M.

Baccalaureate address by President Isaac Sharpless, of Haverford College, Penn.

Another good move which is about to be taken by the Henry Clay and Websterian Societies is to require candidates competing for the improvement medals to have members of the societies at least one year, before they can receive any votes for such medals. This step ought to have been taken long ago, and it is to be hoped that a regulation to this effect will be made at once and fully enforced next year.

"G. C." VS. DAVIS SCHOOL.

With the third game of the season the "G. C.'s" have scored a victory. The team visited Winston on May 7th, where a match game was played with the Davis School team, resulting in a score of 12 for Guilford and 5 for Davis School. The game by innings is given below:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
"G. C."	2	3	2	0	1	0	0	4	—12
D. S.	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0—5

Errors: G. C., 5; D. S., 11. Base hits, G. C. 13, two of which were 2 b.h., one 3 b.h., and one home run by Ragsdale. D. S., 6. Struck out by Smith of G. C., 12, Struck out by Sharp of D. S., 7. Although Guilford made a greater number of errors than usual, the victory was an easy one.

The team is getting in fine shape now, and we predict victory for it in the games that are to follow.

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THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1892.

NO. 10.

THE SOUTHERN TRIO.

Literary productions, like fossils, are the indices of the life of an age. In them we read the history of a people. "The past but lives in words; a thousand ages were blank, if books had not evoked their ghosts."

England may boast of her Victorian Poets, as those who shall hand down in song the history of the present age, but side by side with them America places her Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes.

Our fathers builded better than they knew, when, regardless of literature as such, they were felling the forests, constructing a Government, opening schools, and creating a virtuous public sentiment, thus making a literature possible. They prepared the soil; the seeds were sown, and from the tales of voyagers and the narratives of Jamestown and Plymouth colonies, American literature has

developed by successive steps until it now stands upon its own merit.

In literature no less than in politics, as the natural result of environment, do we have a North and a South. New England, with her bracing climate, natural resources and important centers of culture, has had more favorable conditions for decided literary progress than the "sunny South" or great Western plains. Not until the past half century has the South been recognized as an important factor in American literature.

"Ordinary places became shrines by human visitations, not by the presence of a god." What has turned the eyes of this generation to the literary claims of the Southland, and what has embalmed the noblest qualities of her people, manifested in their heroic endurance through a long period of suffering and deprivation, but the

beautiful verses of Sidney Lanier, the immortal lines of Father Ryan, and the sweet songs of Paul Hayne?

These singers the literary world now delights to remember in biographical sketch, memorial tablet or commendatory verse.

Sidney Lanier was a youth of promise. He graduated with valedictory honors at Oglethorpe College, Ga., in his eighteenth year. The next year he was called to a tutorship in the same institution. Then came that great struggle, the shadow of which had been cast before, and all the colleges of the South were closed and the progress of every youth aspiring to literary distinction impeded.

Sidney Lanier went from his class room to the camp at the age of nineteen, and served as a private during the whole war. In the last year, when stationed near Petersburg, where there was access to a small local library, we find him eagerly grasping this opportunity of study and self-improvement. But just as he picked up the thread of literary life, he felt the premonitions of that fatal disease, consumption, which was destined sooner or later to cut it in twain.

Soon afterward, being put in command of a vessel, he was captured and imprisoned for five months. The hardships of these

dark days are pictured in "Tiger Lillies," a novel which he wrote two years afterward. A chapter of this book, introducing the scenes of those four sad years, is a most remarkable metaphor, in which he represents war as a strange, enormous, terrible flower, which the early spring of 1861 brought to bloom. He speaks of the condition essential to its growth, gives the arguments of those interested in its cultivation, and shows how Christ opposed it. His own position he gave in these emphatic words: "It is supposed that seed of this American specimen yet remain in the land, but as for this author (who with many friends has suffered from its unhealthy odor) he could find it in his heart to wish fervently that this seed, if there be verily any, might perish in the germ, utterly out of sight, and life, and memory, no matter in whose granary they are cherished."

After peace was restored he returned home, but soon sought skies unclouded by the effects of war, that he might stay that dreadful disease following him now more closely. Receiving no benefit he determined to devote himself to music and literature so long as he might keep death at bay. Seeking a land of books, he settled in Baltimore, and became widely known by his two courses of lectures delivered at Johns Hopkins

University, on the "Science of English Verse" and "The English Novel."

A complete volume of his poems, published a few years ago, proves the author a true poet, "bent upon no middle flight."

The South has been unfortunate in the loss of promising poets. When Sidney Lanier had endured the hardships and trials of war, and by determined effort had obtained favorable conditions for the full expansion of his talents in literary work, he died, scarcely having attained to half the number of years allotted to man.

His works, his words, and his life show to us that he was a man of rare ability, of high aim and wonderful tenacity of purpose; one who held in highest regard the ties of home and kindred; for three times during his service as private he was offered promotion, but refused on the ground of separation from his brother who served with him; he was a lover of the true and the beautiful—to the students of Johns Hopkins he said, "Unless you are suffused with beauty, truth, goodness, wisdom and love, abandon the hope that the ages will accept you as an artist."

Because of the simplicity, beauty, and purity of thought in his songs, the name of Father Ryan has become a household word in the South.

In early life Abram J. Ryan

manifested great reverence for sacred things and places, and gave promise of future devotion to the priesthood. Consequently every influence tending to fit him for this special calling was thrown around him. Having completed the necessary preparatory studies he was sent to an ecclesiastical seminary at Niagara, New York. After having finished the usual course of the seminary with distinction, he was ordained priest and entered upon his mission. From this time little is known of him until the beginning of the civil war when he entered upon the service of chaplain in the Confederate army. It was during these four years of change and journeying from one station to another that he produced many of his most beautiful poems. A man of strong conviction, and firm adherence to principle, he was slow to accept the results of the war as all for the best. Many of his poems partake of a patriotic nature, yet they sustain the author in his statement that he never wrote a line for hate's sake. The following lines from the "Conquered Banner," one of his most noted poems display no harsh sentiment:

"Furl that banner for 'tis weary
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best,
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
Weep for those who fell before it
Pardon those who trailed and tore it,
Furl it, hide it, let it rest."

When entire freedom had been restored to the South and the great heart of the North had gone out in sympathy, and her hand of mercy had been extended to the people in their affliction during the yellow fever epidemic of 1878, all doubt as to the position of the two factions toward each other was swept away. And it was then that "Father Ryan" took down his harp which for years had hung upon the weeping willows of the South, touched its chords and in tones rich and sweet, produced his poem "Reunited," a fitting commemoration of the deed:

Between the Northland, bride of Snow
And Southland, brightest Sun's fair bride,
Swept, deepening ever in its flow
The stormy wake in war's dark tide;
No hand might clasp across the tears
And blood and anguish of four deathless years.

The Northland, strong in love, and great,
Forgot the stormy days of strife;
Forgot that souls with dreams of hate
Or unforgiveness e'er were rife,
Forgotten was each thought and hushed,
Save—she was generous and her foe was crushed

No hand might clasp from land to land;
Yea! there was one to bridge the tide:
For at the touch of Mercy's hand
The North and South stood side by side:
The Bride of Snow, the Bride of Sun
In Charity's espousals are made one.

Of the many evidences left on record that he was a man of high character none are more expressive than this simple tribute to his mother:

"But God is sweet:
My mother told me so
When I knelt at her feet,
Long, so long ago:
She clasped my hands and smiled:
Ah! then I was a child;

I knew not harm;
My mother's arm
Was flung around me, and I felt
That when I knelt
To listen to my mother's prayer
God was with my mother there."

The Charleston of South Carolina forty years ago was a very different place from what it is to-day. The Huguenot element with its aristocracy was strong; there was a large admixture of good English blood and a decided literary element pervaded the town. Its conditions for literary progress might be said to compare favorably with those of any of the New England towns in their earliest history. The poetic element in this Southern city culminated in the person of Paul Hamilton Hayne. This writer was the descendent of an aristocratic English family whose members took an active part in the earlier civilization of South Carolina.

Paul Hayne, having graduated at Charleston College about the age of twenty-one, immediately entered upon an active literary life. He began with journalism and such was his success that for a period of forty years he contributed at different times to every magazine of note in the South, and in the North his name appeared upon the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine* and other journals of equal note. His first volume of poems was published in 1855 and two

years later his second volume appeared.

It was at this point of his success that Fort Sumpter was taken, and for a time his progress in literary work was checked by the destructive influences of war.

Being reduced to abject poverty by the burning of his handsome residence in Charleston and the destruction of all his property, we find him, after the close of the war, in a little cottage upon the barren hills of Georgia. From the portico of this humble dwelling there appeared a dreary waste of brush, pine thickets, monotonous hills, broken valleys, and straggling forests; at night the hooting of the owl was a constant reminder of the intense dreariness. Such environment was far from ones ideal of a poet's home. But though desolation hovered so near, it never crossed the threshold of this humble dwelling. Inside was the imperishable beauty of perfect harmony and devotion.

That Paul Hayne lived in such environment, and, upon a carpenter's work-bench as his desk, wrote many of his best poems, maintaining the even tenor of his ways with scarcely a change in the meaning or manner of his singing speaks to all the world that "man's spirit may dwell in ampler spheres than that in which his body lives and moves."

The most fitting monument

erected to his memory is the church of "The Heavenly Rest," which stands among the pines near his home, bearing upon a tablet placed in the wall this inscription: "This church is built to the glory of God and in memory of Paul Hamilton Hayne, poet, Christian, philanthropist."

These poets are no more. Their work is accomplished. And the South may well honor the singers who have voiced her purest sentiment in language clear and beautiful. They began their work in a crisis of history, but sang through good and evil days alike.

The works of Sidney Lanier, rich in creative power and dominated by the author's intense love of the "beauty of holiness," point to a new South and a new literature following the old slave era. His songs, which are only those of the morning of life, show what a loss Southern literature sustains in the early death of so promising a poet.

The poems of Father Ryan, in which beauty, simplicity, purity, and sublimity are so happily blended, lift the mind above common levels and will always remain as music to appreciative ears.

Paul Hayne's verses of lovely nature have gained for him a wider reputation than his war lyrics. "He has made the melancholy moanings of his Georgia Pines sob through his verses; he has

given voices to the 'Midnight Thunder,' to the 'Windless Rain,' to 'Woodland Phases,' and 'The Aspect of Southern Pines.' "

Just what place these poets will hold in literature has not yet been determined. It is not asserted that their works possess the elaborate finish of the great masters, whose productions have withstood the severest criticism of ages, and yet remain the highest models of

poetic excellence, but they have done *their* work in *their* sphere, and have been the chief instruments in establishing the claim of the South in American Literature.

Let the South delight to call them her sons of genius, whose hearts were in sympathy with her hopes and aspirations and

"Who uttered through their all unwordly songs,
Truths that for man might else have slumbered long."

THE DESTRUCTION OF OUR AMERICAN BIRDS.

This is an age of philanthropy. No longer is the wounded warrior murdered, or the unbeliever burned at the stake. The captured city of to-day is not sacked by the victorious army, nor do the Vikings or Buccaneers make hostile descents upon our coasts.

Man has at last awakened from his long stupor of feelingless cruelty, and no more does he desire the barbarous pleasures of the Dark Ages. The sports of the amphitheatre are now found only upon the pages of history. Great as has been the growth of the humane feeling, it is not yet perfect. Man, it would seem, has almost lost sight of the fact that he was placed upon this earth to use the things therein, and not to destroy them.

So great has been his destructiveness upon wild animals that in many sections some varieties have become entirely exterminated. This slaughter has not all been waged to destroy ravenous beasts, nor has man's want for food at any time been so great as to warrant the annihilation of the whole species. The last wolf was killed in England a little over two hundred years ago, and the last bear perished even before that. The deer have nearly all been driven out of the Eastern United States, and the alligators of the southern swamps are fast dwindling away before the rifle of the tourist and pleasure seeker. Fifteen years ago there roamed over the plains of the far west countless thousands of Buffalo. To-day, with the ex-

ception of a few small companies, making in all perhaps five hundred individuals, the American Bison is a thing of the past. Upon the island of Mauritius there once lived a large pigeon-like bird—the Dodo. It being exclusively terrestrial in its habits and having no use for its wings for long generations, had become almost wingless. At length came man, and the Dodo, unable to fly, quickly succumbed to his ravages.

The Auk, that great Penguin of the northern seas, formerly frequented the coast of North America south as far as Massachusetts. It was also incapable of flight, and soon after the colonization of America was driven from our coast. Yet man pursued it, and the last one is supposed to have been killed in Iceland about fifty years ago.

The Prairie Chicken was once as common upon the plains of Long Island as it is now upon the prairies of Iowa and Wisconsin.

We can hardly credit the stories our fathers tell us of the *immense* flocks of Wild Pigeons which were so common throughout all Central United States. They tell us of flights of thousands—yea, millions, and square miles of pigeons, that darkened the sun for hours, and the sound of whose wings was like the roar of a distant cataract, and when they lit they would break down the branches of the trees

with their weight. But these vast flights at length began to decrease and about 1855 suddenly ceased. Where have they gone?

We stare each other in the face and ask this question. Yet it is easily answered when we remember what a business it became to net these birds for market. They were caught, oftentimes as many as a thousand in a day, in a single net, the average market price for them being six cents a dozen. Occasionally a small flock is seen even to-day, but such sights are not common. These are only past examples of animal extirpation and cannot now be helped. But are we at this time doing any thing to needlessly destroy animal life? *We are.*

It is not the terrestrial Dodo, neither is it the wingless Auk that we are now slaying; but it is the thousands upon thousands of our best songsters and brightest plumaged birds that are now falling a prey to the despotic rule of man. This is not done by the collecting naturalist, for he limits himself to a few of the species; nor is the sportsman's gun so very destructive. But the great havoc is played by the murderous work of the plume hunter—men who spend their entire time in the woods and by the lakes killing birds for their plumes and feathers.

But why is there a demand for such articles? It is simply this:—

about twelve years ago there appeared one night, at a ball in Paris, a woman wearing upon her head a small dead bird. She sought to win admirers by a new kind of adornment, not caring from what source it came. What a thoughtless, what a cruel thing to do? Yet see how many women have followed her example. Thus originated the fashion which gives to the plume hunter his dreadful employment. Until one investigates, he has no idea of the vast amount of birds required for this purpose. Not less than *five millions* of our song birds together with hundreds of thousands of others are annually slain to supply the demands of our American women, which but for them would remain unharmed. In one month, one million Bobolinks were killed near Philadelphia. Cape Cod in the same length of time furnished forty thousand Terns. Nearly one hundred thousand Heron plumes are annually shipped from the swamps of Florida. South America sends her millions of humming-birds to London; and New York eagerly stretches out her hand to receive the Jays and Trogons of Honduras. Should this slaughter continue it will not only exterminate our best songsters, but it will become disastrous to many of our farming industries. In many parts of New England plums and peaches of several varieties, were formally grown to great perfection. But owing to the ravages of insects which the diminishing number of birds are unable to destroy, the growth of these fruits is now largely a failure. The cruelty, too, with which

plumed birds are taken, is enough to fill one with disgust. As the plumes of the Heron, which are much sought after, are only present during the nesting season, it is then that they are mostly killed. In the Cypress swamps of Florida I have stood and gazed with horror upon the ghastly heaps of dead and putrifying Herons, while near by the smouldering embers of a camp fire also bore witness of the recent presence of the plume-hunter. But this was not all; on every hand, and from the Cypress limbs above me, came the screams of hundreds of starving young birds, while ever and anon, weakened by exposure and starvation, one would fall to the ground with a sickening thud. It is bad enough for any cause, to see such sights; but when we know all this is done that women—yes, *even christian* women,—may decorate themselves with plumes, it becomes infinitely worse. What a relief it is to pass along the street and see a bonnet without a dead bird or a bunch of feathers upon it. I care not how plain the face may be beneath it, if the true womanly spirit is there.

O what a heartless custom! "Fashion" in New York slays her millions, and Paris her tens of millions in the remotest corners of the earth. Lake Okeechobee and the Everglades are to-day full of blood, torn feathers and screams of anguish; and all this is to satisfy fancy and pride. That staring little corpse from the bonnet of her whom we term the gentle sex, cries for vengeance because of this great wrong. O fashion! how many crimes are done in thy name!

The Guilford Collegian.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

LITERARY SOCIETIES

OF GUILFORD COLLEGE

JUNE, 1892

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Subscription price: One year.....\$1.00

Club rates: Six copies..... 5.00

Single copies..... .10

THE COLLEGIAN is entered at Guilford College Post
Office as second class matter.

A PARTING WORD.

It is with feelings of both relief and regret that the present staff turns over editorial duties to other hands. A relief because the responsibilities connected with the position are no longer ours; a regret because a work of *pleasure* is about to be given up, for we have not found the sea of college Journalism to be such a tempest-

uous one. On the contrary to those who have an interest in the duties which devolve upon them, there is a fascination about College Journalism which is an inspiration in itself.

Aside from the above mentioned consideration we are fully aware that as the field of College Journalism becomes enlarged, in an equal measure does the position of College Editor become more elevated in dignity, and usefulness.

Those of us who have been connected with the COLLEGIAN staff for quite a length of time, feel that we are giving up a duty—the pleasures of which cannot be realized to the same extent in the performance of any other duty, yet we cannot do otherwise than extend to our successors the right hand of fellowship.

It is our hope, our desire and our belief that the COLLEGIAN'S usefulness has just begun. The Editors who preceded us left a record of which they may well feel proud, and those who are to follow us have a golden opportunity to display their fitness and ability as College Editors.

With these parting words we must say to the COLLEGIAN, the sanctum, to each other, and many of us to the institution, "Farewell, a word that must be and has been; a sound that makes us linger, yet, farewell!"

THE COTTAGE SYSTEM.

The friends of the College who are interested in the "Cottage Plan," will be glad to learn that during the past term thirty-two girls have availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded of studying in the college. All except two of the Quarterly meetings of the N. C. Yearly Meeting have been represented. Many of these have taken high rank both in their classes and the general life of the college, and most of them are christian girls.

Every term enforces the truth that the greatest need of the college, at the present time, is a home sufficiently large to accommodate twenty or thirty girls, and so arranged as to render the home-keeping as light as possible. The girls to be under the care of a good, motherly woman, who will teach them domestic service and have general oversight.

A RETROSPECT.

Commencement! Commencement! How much that means to the senior students, in whose honor the occasion is celebrated. To some it means one thing and to some another; but to all it means a short respite at least from hard study, eager anticipation and nervous strain. Of course the day is one of mingled pleasure, excitement and anxiety—a round of re-

mark, congratulation and attention. And when night comes the weary Alumnus lays himself down to sleep with a sense of relief, each with his own particular feelings.

After the night follows the morning, with its hurry and bustle, separations and farewells, in which again is mingled pain and pleasure. With some the pleasure of going home is paramount, but with those who have finished, it is as if they were leaving home—since so much of their life has been spent in the college.

But it is those who remain for a longer or shorter period, who have time for meditation and reflection.

As he goes through the deserted halls, so silent and still, and views the fading flowers, the decorated auditorium, and all that remains of the day's festivities, he realizes how soon our greatest pleasures are past, and perchance feels that it is vanity, vanity. And vanity indeed it would be, if he had no higher motive than simply the public acknowledgment of superior scholarship and being honored as a graduate of a college.

But to the sensible graduate we think it means much more than this.

It means that he has had superior advantages. It means that he has been blessed above ninety-nine per cent. of his fellows, and

that he has used these advantages reasonably well. It means that he has a degree that will commend him to refined and intelligent society, and that there now devolves upon him new duties and new responsibilities which well performed will bring greater pleasure. It means that his chances for usefulness and therefore pleasure, are greatly increased, and while there may be pangs at the severance of strong ties, still he goes forth with high hopes, all of which may not and will not be realized. But of this he may rest assured, that he or she is a stronger, better man or woman than it was possible to be without this training.

M. O. L.

THE BRYN MAWR SCHOLARSHIP.

After a close contest the \$400 scholarship, (which Bryn Mawr College offers yearly to a woman graduate of Guilford), was awarded to Virginia Ragsdale, of Jamestown, N. C. The class of '92 and the institution may congratulate themselves on their representative. She has made a fine record at Guilford, and without boasting, we prophesy that the representatives of our sister Col-

leges, Earlham and Penn, will have to keep awake if their record goes ahead of Guilford's.

THE FOOLISHNESS OF WAR.

War is no more essential to the preservation of national honor than is dueling to the preservation of individual honor. In any of its forms it is a relic of barbarism, and the most expensive. So long as we permit this relic of barbarism to exist we must pay a heavy tax for its maintenance, and that tax will fall most heavily upon the poor. Take a few figures. The late civil war cost this nation the immense sum of \$6,189,920.908, to which must be added the Southern debt of \$200,000,000. This was the immediate outlay—over \$8,000,000,000. Besides this, we pay annually in pensions and interest over \$150,000,000. These figures tell, however, only a small part of the story. Figures can never express the weight of terrible burdens which the war laid upon the shoulders of the people—the precious lives wasted, the waste of labor, the waste of years of work—these are beyond computation.—*Ex.*

PERSONAL.

There was *one* young *man* named Hodgkin from Center at Guilford Commencement.

There was *one* young *woman* from Center who attended Guilford Commencement and her name was Hodgkin.

David White, jr., came over from Reidsville with his sister, Sallie, who remained some time at Guilford.

Capt. Bristowe came up to enjoy Commencement with us, and say a good word for "Base-Ball." Of course we were glad to see him.

Martha Hammond represented a large constituency at Archdale and Trinity College during Commencement week. She represented them well and we enjoyed her presence.

Oscar Wilson and Ella Lee were married on May 26th at the home of Albert Peel. They are both well-known and popular old students of Guilford. They have our best wishes.

The editors of the COLLEGIAN (we should say the whole staff, for we don't want to slight the senior member of the financial management) were more than glad to see Eula Dixon. We hope she will be at Guilford next term.

W. H. Long, who is one of the "49-ers," with some of the students, notably one of the editors, came upon us unawares. "Will" does not exemplify the statement that the lawyer must starve seven years before he can earn his salt. From appearances he must have a good practice.

We are pleased to announce to the readers of the COLLEGIAN that Leonard C. Van Noppen, '90, graduated with honors as a Bachelor of Letters in the class of '92 at the University. He was one of the seven orators chosen to represent the class on Commencement day. He won a prize of books (\$15) for the best Historical Essay on North Carolina, and also stood third as an orator on Commencement day.

We mention some of the old students of Guilford, who were with us during commencement. Of course it is not possible for us to note all. Some, however have distinguished themselves in several ways—mostly by remaining away from Guilford a considerable while. Among these are the following:

A. E. Alexander spent some time with us. He has sold out his business at Liberty and will locate for a time at his home in High Point.

BOGALS.

The girl I did not leave behind me. Refer to Peter John.

The new Y. M. C. A. Hand-Book will be ready in a few days.

A mere question of time: "Who will come out ahead; Eugene W. or Chas. B.?"

A young man with his hands full: "One at a time, please, ladies!"—Iulus.

Slow about leaving—The class of '92. Only one gone on the 27th.

Worthy of note.—Those buggies on the campus the day after commencement.

A question for the graduating classes of all our colleges: "What are you going to do now?"

We are glad to see Everett King improving so rapidly. He went home on June 1st.

Who will stay during vacation? Vernon Brown and Thomas Barrow have already been put under the care of Thos. Matthews.

Marion Chilton had a tough wrestle with the measles, but ere this we suppose she has spent several days at home.

If one member of the class of '92 pursues all the professions and occupations that he has said he would, he will have to bring many of his *latent* faculties into play.

The new catalogue is quite an improvement. It is well gotten up and does *justice* to the College.

Gertrude W. Mendenhall has been elected professor of Mathematics in the North Carolina Industrial Normal, at Greensboro.

Dr. Nereus Mendenhall and daughter, Miss Gertrude, will go to Minneapolis, Minn., about 10th and will spend the summer with Junius P. Mendenhall.

Gilbert Pearson left on Thursday, May 27th, for Eastern Carolina and Virginia. He goes on a collecting trip for the cabinet. He will go to the Dismal Swamps and other places where interesting specimens may be collected.

A special train was sent up from Greensboro, to carry the Guilford students. It was also very conveniently arranged to check their baggage through, and saved them much trouble and confusion at Greensboro.

We have often heard of "two hearts that beat as one" of two heads on one pair of shoulders, and two names inscribed in one little ring, but not until the evening of May 27th had we seen two names printed on the same "Sar-atogo," or as better known at G. C., on the same "Terrapin."

If any one questions the growth of the higher institutions of learn-

ing in North Carolina, let him try to count the students at the Greensboro waiting room, some morning after the closing exercises of two or three Colleges in this section. The number might be estimated as some of our Guilford students estimated the stars that could be seen with the naked eye—up in the millions.

The Guilford College grounds become more and more attractive. Never have we seen them so beautiful as they now are; and it seems that we may all leave, having in our minds a picture of Guilford, which is a thing of beauty and of joy forever.

The prospects for a Base Ball team next term are better than they ever have been. It is more than likely that eight of the present team will return, and several young men who are *first rate* players, have already decided to enter school next fall.

One of the finest games of ball ever played in North Carolina, came off at Oak Ridge Institute, May 14, between the Oak Ridge and Guilford College nines. At the end of the ninth inning the score stood Oak Ridge 4, Guilford 4. The game was called during the tenth inning, as the teams did not think it best to play longer.

Our Cabinet of Natural History does not lose any of its interest. Our curator is still collecting, and

in the last month has added many finely mounted specimens of birds, bugs and reptiles; all fine songsters of most beautiful plumage.

Our active collector wants the editors to remember him during vacation, and even promises to give us a portion of the plumage of a Buzzard's wing, as a slight token of his affection and esteem.

In more senses than one, this has been Guilford's most prosperous year. The health of the students has been remarkable—we might say phenomenal. With the exceptions of a few cases of La Grippe, Roseola, &c, we have had no sickness. Many students have not had to miss a single day from recitation.

Mr. L. A. Coulter, State Sec'y Y. M. C. A., spent Wednesday evening, May 18th, at the College. We are always glad to have him with us. He gave us an interesting talk on the Student's Summer Gathering at Knoxville. We hope that several of the Guilford students will be able to take advantage of the opportunities afforded for Bible study, and that our association will derive great benefit from the knowledge and inspiration which they gain there.

The new Catalogue notes improvements in several departments. The course in Latin has been raised. The departments of History and Literature have been

better filled this year than ever before. But the most marked improvement, to our mind, is in the commercial department. We do not think that it is asserting too much to say that Guilford offers to young men and women who desire a commercial education, advantages which cannot be surpassed in the South. The treasurer of the institution has also given to the whole school an example of correct business principles in the management of the office and in his financial dealings with them.

The following have been elected on the staff of THE COLLEGIAN, by the Henry Clay and Websterian Societies. We are not yet able to report from the Philagorean.

HENRY CLAY.

Editor—C. F. Tomlinson.

Assistant Editor—J. P. Parker.

Financial Manager—E. S. White.

WEBSTERIAN.

Editor—E. E. Gillespie.

Assistant Editor—F. W. Grabbs.

Financial Manager—H. B. Worth.

The following are the officers of the Y. M. C. A. for next term:

President—F. W. Grabbs.

Vice President—J. P. Parker.

Recording Secretary—Ed. C. Blair.

Corresponding Sec'y—E. O. Reynolds.

Treasurer—H. B. Worth.

Quite a number of our Guilford prohibitionists had the pleasure of meeting Hon. John P. St. John,

in Greensboro, on Friday, 27th. He was on his way to Charlotte, where he spoke on the 28th.

OUR FACULTY DURING VACATION:—President Hobbs will probably hold a number of Educational Meetings over North Carolina, especially among the different quarterly meetings of the Yearly Meeting.

Mary E. Mendenhall will spend part of vacation at home, at Deep River, and part among friends in Northern States.

Prof. Woody will attend the Teachers' Assembly at Morehead.

Prof. Perisho will "be there," but just where we can not now state. His "radiating point" will be somewhere in the constellation around Guilford College.

Julia White will go to Belvidere, before entering Bryn Mawr this fall.

Prof. Davis will remain at Guilford. He will devote himself to the study of Philology in general, and Spelling Reform and Jersey cattle in particular.

Lydia Blair will keep house in the Davis cottage.

Priscilla Hackney will remain at Founder's, and will have to spend most of her time and energy in keeping Thos. Matthews at work.

Mary Petty objected to being interviewed, and we are unable to obtain any satisfactory information

as to her intents for spending vacation. We heard it intimated that she would go to Roanoke, Va. She was there during the holidays you know.

Prof. Root expects to attend the Harvard Summer School.

Sallie Stevens will pursue a more extensive course of short hand at Tryon City, N. C.

CONTESTS.

HENRY CLAY ANNUAL ORATORICAL CONTEST.

On the evening of May 13th occurred the annual contest of the Henry Clay Literary Society. This being the first contest held during the year an unusually large audience was in attendance to hear the youthful orators speak.

The President, after extending a cordial greeting to the audience announced the first oration to be, "The Indians of Florida," by Vernon L. Brown. This production showed historical research on the subject treated.

Milo Hammond delivered a good oration on "The Mutability of Literature," giving the causes of its mutability as well as the results.

"An Immoral Commodity," by Walter W. Mendenhall, was a production containing strong arguments against the use and sale of tobacco. The manner in which

it was delivered made a forcible impression.

Herbert W. Reynolds followed with an oration entitled, "Character the Hope of the Nation." This oration showed that the subject had been given careful study.

"A Savage," a biographical sketch of Pontiac, the chieftain of the Ottawa Indians, was delivered by Samuel Long, after which the judges retired and returned a verdict that Walter W. Mendenhall was entitled to the prize—a beautiful gold medal. Dr. Solomon Pool, of Greensboro, made the presentation speech in which he displayed a vein of humor which delighted the audience and contestants as well. The Improvement Medal was then presented to Byron B. Hauser by Jessica Johnson, in a most pleasing manner.

With this, the seventh contest of the society, another year's work for honors in oratory was brought to a close.

PHILAGOREAN ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The second oratorical contest of the Philagorean Society was a great success. This interesting part of the Commencement week exercises came off on the evening of May 14th. The first exercise of the evening was a duet by Amy Stevens and Gertrude Darden, after which the orations were delivered as given below:

1: "HUMBLE HEROINES," by Mary O. Lamb.

2: "PHYSICAL CULTURE," by Bertha White.

3: "OUR NATIONAL HOLIDAYS," by Gertrude Darden.

4: "THE GOSPEL OF WEALTH," by M. Edna Farlow.

5: "FRIEDRICH FRÖBEL," by Eunice M. Darden.

The contest was interesting throughout, and in literary merit was fully up to the usual standard.

After deliberating for quite a length of time the judges decided that Edna Farlow, '92, was entitled to the beautiful gold medal which is given annually by Prof. John W. Woody.

Miss Jessica Johnson, '90, an ex-Philagorean, presented the medal in a speech full of interest and to the point, after which Prof. F. S. Blair presented a handsome bouquet to the second best speaker, Eunice M. Darden.

Although the young ladies have had but two oratorical contests, both have proven more successful than was anticipated, and has no doubt strengthened and revived the oratorical powers of those who participated in them. THE COLLEGIAN is glad to extend congratulations.

WEBSTERIAN ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The sixth annual oratorical contest of the Websterian Society occurred on the evening of May 21st. The first oration delivered

was by E. M. Wilson, '92, whose subject was "The College Man." The orator was master of his subject and treated it in a very original manner.

T. Gilbert Pearson, '96, followed with an oration entitled "The Destruction of North American Birds," to which the audience listened with strict attention.

The third oration was by Henry A. White, '94, who spoke on "The Future of Africa." This oration evinced careful preparation and was presented in such a favorable manner as to place the orator among those of high rank.

The last oration was on "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," by F. Walter Grabbs. This production was mainly historical, and was written in such a clear and concise manner as to be full of interest.

The judges, after carefully considering the merits of the different productions, together with the oratorical powers displayed, awarded the prize—a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary—to Edwin M. Wilson, '92. The prize was delivered by Prof. R. C. Root.

Geo. W. Wilson then presented the prize for greatest improvement during the year to Ottis E. Mendenhall.

This contest was of a high order, and was a credit to the institution.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

This year it did not rain during Guilford Commencement. From first to last the weather was clear and pleasant. The attendance was large and the order perfect. The entertainment of the John Bright Society came on the evening of the 24th. The following program was well rendered:

- I. Quartette—The Pilgrim Fathers.
- II. Notes on the World's Fair, by Cora E. White.
- III. The Burial of Cæsar, by S. A. Malloy.
- IV. The Hexagon, by C. F. Tomlinson.
- V. Tableaux—The Veiled Nun; The Reading Girl; Charlotte Corday.
- VI. Recitation—The Daughter of Herodias, by Amy Stevens.
- VII. Cousin Jedediah.
- VIII. Place Aux Dames, by Laura Worth, Berta Tomlinson, Virginia Ragsdale, Emma Stanley.
- IX. "Is it so Nominated in the Bond."
- X. Chorus—Freedom's Banner.

The exercises that were especially interesting were: The excellent paper, "Notes on the World's Fair," the Hexagon, the recitation, "The Daughter of Herodias," and the play, "Place Aux Dames."

THE ADDRESS BEFORE THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

On the evening of the 25th, Dr. Creasy, of Charlotte, was to deliver the address before the literary societies, but was unable to come on account of a serious hurt which his wife had received on the morning of the same day. From the *Charlotte Observer* of the 26th, we have the following:

"Mrs. Dr. Creasy was painfully hurt yesterday morning. She stepped up on a

chair to put a box on top of the ward robe, when the chair tilted, causing her to fall. She fell directly across the chair and was hurt painfully in the breast, besides being rendered breathless for a minute or so."

President Isaac Sharpless, of Haverford College, had arrived on the early morning train, and at the request of President Hobbs, kindly consented to speak in Dr. Creasy's place, and addressed the large audience on "The Educational Institutions of England."

It has never been our pleasure to hear a more interesting and instructive address. Dr. Sharpless at once convinced his audience that he was master of his subject, and expressed his thoughts in a most practical and interesting manner.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

The exercises of Commencement day began at 10.30. The first oration, by Sue J. Farlow, was a production of extraordinary merit and was well delivered. The effect of parts of this oration upon the audience was almost dramatic. At the request of quite a number, THE COLLEGIAN has secured this production, which appears in this issue.

The next was the oration by W. J. Thompson, on "The Russian Famine," which was well received.

The oration, "The Better Way," by Martha J. Henly, was a strong and telling appeal for the principles of peace.

The oration, "The Home a Factor in Government," prepared by Mary C. Massey, was omitted, she having resigned her privilege of speaking.

Ed. M. Wilson spoke on "The Golden Age of Athens." His oration showed a considerable knowledge of Greek History and Literature, and was well delivered.

The orations, "Man Conquers by his Hand," by Laura Worth, and "A People Without Law," by M. Edna Farlow, were omitted. Both these young ladies had well-prepared orations, but gave up the privilege of delivering them, obeying the command, "In honor preferring one another."

Walter W. Mendenhall's oration on "The True Missionary," showed much thought, and was full of the best sentiment.

Much to the disappointment of her many friends, Virginia Ragsdale resigned the privilege of speaking her oration, "The Formative Power of Literature."

The oration on "James Russell Lowell," by Emma L. White, was a production of real literary merit, and was well received.

The closing oration was given by George W. Wilson, on "The Modern Accolade," after which President Hobbs made a short but well chosen address to the class.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Edwin Mood Wilson and Susanna Jones Farlow, and that of Bachelor of Science upon William Jasper Thompson, Martha Jane Henley, Mary Catherine Massey, Laura Delphina Worth, Margaret Edna Farlow, Walter William Mendenhall, Virginia Ragsdale, George Wood Wilson, and Emma Laura White.

Diplomas were then awarded to those who had completed the commercial course: To W. H. Pickard, H. B. Worth and Z. B. Richardson.

Certificates of proficiency in Type-writing and Short-hand were awarded to Nettie Ellis and Ella Lee.

The baccalaureate address, by President Sharpless, was a treat to all who heard it. He spoke for nearly an hour upon "The Advantages of Higher Culture." Dr. Sharpless is not an orator, but he is a constant student and a profound thinker. No one could listen to him without being convinced "that learning has its own reward."

Those who attended during the whole week nominated Guilford commencement *a success*, and all went away feeling that "it was good to be there."

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